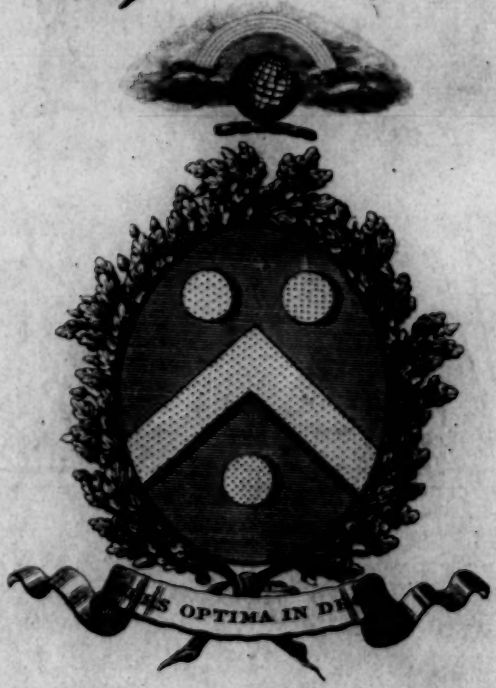
Hope Essays 286.



John Thomas Hope.

THE

CULLER.

Ista tamen mala sunt, quasi non manifesta negemus:
Haec mala sunt: sed tu meliora facis. MART.

GLASGOW,
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1795.

[illegible]

THE CULLER.

VOL. I. Wedneſday 12th Aug. 1795. No. I.

TO THE PUBLIC.

IT is intended by this addreſs, ſhortly, to inform the reader of the Editors' plan, and of their reaſons for the preſent undertaking.

The annals of this country do not preſent a time, when the acquiſition of knowledge was ſo great, or the ſtudy of learning ſo general, as the preſent. The nature of this undertaking can, therefore, be in nowiſe unacceptable. To exhibit to the Public a choice ſelection, of extracts from Hiſtory, of Remarks on life and manners, of Biographical ſketches, of Anecdotes of illuſtrious characters, of Poetry, &c. from books of merit, not *generally* known, with an original Eſſay, at a time, will be the province of THE CULLER.

That ſome ſelections may be preſented to a few of our readers, of ſubjects already known to them, is not to be doubted, but, it will be recollected, that this publication is, from its deſign and ſmall charge, peculiarly calculated for thoſe who are not poſſeſſed of means ſufficient to pur-

chaſe ſcarce and valuable books, or, who have not leiſure to peruſe and diſcern the remarkable occurrences, which large and voluminous works contain. Expecting therefore, the kind indulgence and patronage of the Public, the Editors ſhall only add, that neither trouble, nor expenſe, will be ſpared, to obtain a ſelection of matter, the leaſt known, and to render THE CULLER as uſeful, inſtructive, and entertaining as poſſible.

FONDNESS OF THE DANES FOR A VIOLENT DEATH.

The martial ſpirit of the Pagan Danes was attended with a moſt prodigious prodigality of life, and fondneſs for a violent death. The many ſtrange accounts that are given of this in their ancient hiſtories would appear incredible, if they were not ſo well atteſted. On receiving mortal wounds in battle, they were ſo far from uttering groans and lamentations, or exhibiting any marks of fear or ſorrow, that they commonly began to laugh and ſing. Theſe expreſſions of joy at the approach of a violent death, which were ſincere and unaffected, proceeded from the nature and acquired boldneſs of their ferocious ſpirits—from their ardent love of military fame,—and from

the thoughts of thoſe endleſs ſcenes of fighting, feaſting, and carouſing, which they expected in the hall of Odin. The ſurviving friends of thoſe who fell in battle, after having fought bravely, and killed a number of their enemies, were ſo far from bewailing their fate, that they rejoiced in their death, as an event equally happy to themſelves and honourable to their family. The famous Siward, a Daniſh earl of Northumberland, being told that his favourite ſon was killed in a battle againſt the Scots, aſked, with much anxiety, whether his wounds were behind or before, and being anſwered, that they were all before-he cried out, in a tranſport of joy,—"Now I am "perfectly happy! that was a death worthy of "me and my ſon." Thoſe Daniſh warriors who had courted a violent death in many battles, and had been ſo unfortunate as not to find it, became unhappy and diſcontented at the approach of old age, full of the moſt dreadful apprehenſions that they ſhould die of ſome diſeaſe, and thereby be excluded from the ſociety of heroes, and the hall of Odin. To prevent this, they either perſuaded ſome of their friends to diſpatch them, or put a violent end to their own lives. Starcather, a celebrated Daniſh captain, who had ſpent his whole life in arms and combats, was ſo unfortunate as not to meet with any perſon who had ſtrength and courage enough to beat out his brains. As ſoon as he obſerved his ſight begin to fail, he became very diſconſo-

late, and apprehenſive that he ſhould be ſo unhappy as to die in his bed. To avoid ſo great a calamity, he put a gold chain of conſiderable value about his neck, which he declared he would beſtow upon the firſt brave man he could meet with, who would do him the favour to cut off his head: nor was it long before he met with one who did him that friendly office, and won his chain. Even after the Danes embraced the Chriſtian religion, and were thereby deprived of the religious motives to prefer a violent death, their warriors continued for ſome time to eſteem that the moſt deſirable kind of exit, and to abhor the thoughts of dying of lingering diſeaſes, and in their beds. Earl Siward, already mentioned (who was as good a Chriſtian as any Dane could be, who had ſpent his whole life in ſcenes of ſlaughter) being ſeized with a dyſentery in his old age, and ſenſible that his end was drawing near, felt much uneaſineſs about the manner of his death, of which he was quite aſhamed: "Alas! ſaid he, that I have eſcaped death in "ſo many battles, to yield up my life in this "tame diſgraceful manner like a cow! I beſeech "you, my dear friends, dreſs me in my impenetrable coat of mail, gird my truſty ſword "about my body, place my helmet on my "head, my ſhield in my left hand, and my gilded battle-axe in my right, that I may die in "the dreſs at leaſt of a warrior, ſince I cannot "have the happineſs to die in battle." All this

was done, and he expired with ſome degree of honour and ſatisfaction. Chriſtianity, however, by degrees, abated this unnatural furious ſpirit of the Danes, made them leſs prodigal of life, and leſs fond of a violent death, to their own advantage, and the repoſe of the reſt of mankind.

REFLECTIONS ON TASTE.

Taſte, according to the common acceptation of the word, ſignifies the preference that is given to one object rather than another; and in this ſenſe philoſophers may, perhaps, deem it a ſerious kind of trifling, to digeſt any reflections on a ſubject ſo often deſcanted upon, and ſo well underſtood by the virtuoſi of every age.

But if we conſider the term as applicable to the manners of men, it may, perhaps, be found not undeſerving of our attention: that it has ſuch a reference, ancient and modern hiſtory will ſufficiently inform us.

It is almoſt impoſſible for us, even at this diſtance of time, to conſider the taſte of the Greeks or Romans, without connecting the idea alſo of their peculiar *manners*, and comparing them with thoſe of other nations at the ſeveral periods of their exiſtence.

Every one knows that the taſte of the Athenians led them to the cultivation of hiſtory, philoſophy, and the finer arts. Rome, the great rival of

Greece, whoſe peculiar talent it was to imitate and improve upon the excellencies both of her neighbours and of the nations ſhe had conquered, diſdained not to form herſelf upon Grecian model, yet, while Rome flouriſhed, there were ſuch diſtinguiſhing features in her character, owing to the tincture of her native manners, as ſerved ſufficiently to diſcriminate the copy from its original.

When the taſte of Rome became vitiated, their manners ſoon became ſo likewiſe; and the ſame luxury which enervated individuals weakened the ſtate alſo, contributing, perhaps, more than the diviſion of the empire, the incurſion of the Goths and Vandals in the Weſt, or the conqueſt of the Saracens in the Eaſt, to the downfal of the great miſtreſs of the conquered world.

To compare the ancient Greeks and Romans with their modern ſucceſſors, would be an affront to common ſenſe. The former are complete ſlaves, and bear a ſlaviſh mind—The latter, who ſet up for a refined taſte, inherit little elſe but what was frivolous in the character and luxurious in the taſte of the inhabitants of the Campania of Italy.

The Arabians, once the great contemners of learning and the arts, after the deſtruction of the Eaſtern Empire, beeame, in ſome meaſure, the reſtorers of them to the European nations, which had for a long time been involved in a night of the groſſeſt ignorance. In proportion as the

knowledge that had thus dawned from the Eaſt made its advances, taſte, ever attendant on civilization, made its advances alſo; and it will be obſerved, that as they went hand in hand, they contributed to the refinement of manners, and to the common happineſs of mankind.

But it has ſince fallen out as formerly, (every thing human being ſubject to abuſe and corruption) that taſte in every European nation has been in ſome meaſure vitiated—ſimilar cauſes are generally found to produce ſimilar effects, in all ages.

It is not to be ſuppoſed that a man's being no judge of poetry or painting, having no ear to muſic, or a wrong conception of philoſophy and hiſtory, which may occaſion people to ſay he has a bad taſte, is the mean I intend to convey; I aim only at that vitiated taſte which, by affecting the manners, too often corrupts alſo the morals of both ſexes; which has proved not only the deſtruction of individuals, but has alſo occaſioned the downfal of mighty ſtates and empires.

A frivolous taſte in men enervates their minds, at the ſame time that it leads to manners which weaken their bodies, and thereby renders them of little ſervice to the community. The like carried to exceſs in women, makes them unfit for domeſtic duties, and true ſocial enjoyment. A taſte inclining people to gaming, and an exceſs of the pleaſures of the table, renders them callous to the feelings of the heart, and abſorbed in

ſelfiſhneſs; conſequently, unfit for friendſhip, and inſenſible to the love of their country. Finally, a taſte for falſe pleaſure cannot fail to injure a nation internally, by bringing numbers of its youth to diſgrace and untimely ends, and its females to miſery and proſtitution—whilſt a *general diſſipation of manners*, the concomitant of *falſe taſte*, (a name under which many vices are hidden) occaſions a nation to loſe, by degrees, its virtue, dignity, and conſequence; and, by inſenſible degrees, introducing corruption, ſaps the pillars of the conſtitution, and thus brings about the ſubverſion of the ſtate, and the period of its exiſtence.

ON THE LIMITS OF THE HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

Poor Doctor! theſe limits are every-where. Art thou for knowing how it comes to paſs that thine arm and thy leg obey thy will, and thy liver does not? would'ſt thou inveſtigate how thought is formed in thy minute underſtanding, and the child in that woman's womb? I give thee what time thou wilt. Tell me alſo what is matter? Thy equals have written ten thouſand volumes on this article: ſome qualities of this ſubſtance they have found, and children know them as well as thyſelf; but what is that ſubſtance eſſentially? and what is that to which thou haſt given the appellation of ſpirit, from a

Latin word ſignifying a breath, in the want of a better, becauſe thou haſt no idea of it?

See this grain of corn which I throw into the ground, and tell me how it riſes again to ſhoot forth a ſtem with an ear? Inform me how the ſame ground produces an apple on this, and a cheſnut on that next to it: I could fill a folio with ſuch queſtions, to which thy anſwer ought to be, I know not.

And yet thou haſt taken thy degrees, and weareſt a furred gown and cap, and art called *Maſter*. And there is another fool who, priding himſelf upon a petty employment in a paultry town, conceives that he has likewiſe purchaſed the privilege of judging and condemning what he does not underſtand.

Montaigne's motto was, *What do I know? (Que ſai-je?)* and thine is, *What do I not know? (Que ne ſai-je pas.)*

ORMAH;

AN EASTERN TALE.

Let pride be humbled in the duſt, let the arm of Omnipotence be univerſally acknowledged to over-rule the actions of men, and let every murmur at the diſpenſations of Providence be ſilenced at the reflection of their juſtice.

Ormah, the ſon of Coulor, the ſovereign of nations, was very early one of the moſt accom-

pliſhed young men of the eaſt: he was born to the expectation of wealth, and the exerciſe of power; but his heart was ſoon elated with the conſciouſneſs of rank, and the pageantry of ſhew; and he forgot that authority is no longer deſirable than while it is obeyed through love; and that no ſtate is leſs enviable, than that which excites at once fear and contempt.

No ſooner was he ſeated on the throne of his paternal dominions, than he aſſumed an air very different from that which is the reſult of true dignity. His commands were delivered in menaces rather than in words, his edicts were thundered with the awe of irrevocable ſeverity, and every appearance he made in public was only a prelude to violence, rapine, and murder.

Reſtrained by no ideas of juſtice, and controuled by no advice, he ſought for gratification only from the diſplay of arbitrary power, and dreaded nothing ſo much as the imputation of puſillanimity and irreſolution. The prime Vizier was diſgraced and baniſhed, for daring to open his lips in defence of an innocent perſon, whom Ormah had condemned to death, without offering even a ſhadow of reaſon for the ſeverity of ſuch a decree; and every good, and every conſcientious man, under his government, either deplored in private the miſery of his ſituation, or met inevitable fate in daring to oppoſe it. Such was the unhappy diſpoſition of the Sovereign, whom Providence had placed at the

head of millions of ſubjects, that in a few years after his aſſuming the reins of government, he had not a man in his dominions whoſe heart was warm in his intereſt through love, or attached to his perſon through gratitude.—He beheld with horror the deſertion of his court, and uttered menaces of revenge, and denunciations of the ſevereſt wrath, at being prevented from the exerciſe of his former power; and as ſovereign ſway was in his eſtimation of no value, without being diſplayed in acts of tyranny and deſpotiſm, he iſſued an order for every miniſter under his government to attend his perſon on an appointed day, on pain of the utmoſt ſeverity that offended majeſty could inflict. The orders at firſt were heard with terror; and irreſolution ſeized on every dependant on the throne. In a ſhort time the conſternation which they had occaſioned ſunk into ſettled deliberation, and as the tranſition from fear to hate is only a natural conſequence, a conſpiracy was formed againſt the Sultan Ormah, and reſiſtance to his commands reſolved on by the unanimous concurrence of thouſands, whom only the fame of his cruelty had yet reached. To ſtrengthen their hands, and enſure ſucceſs to their undertakings, they applied to a neighbouring prince to eſpouſe their cauſe, and to lead them on to deliverance or death. Between regal powers, jealouſy and ſecret hate generally ſubſiſt: an occaſion to weaken or to enſnare one another will always be

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eagerly ſought; and honour, which ought to be more ſacred, and more binding in the higher ranks of life, will be often ſacrificed to party revenge, perſonal pique, or ſelfiſh and intereſted views.

His neighbour Abdullah thought this a valuable opportunity of aggrandizing his power, and extending his dominions. He embraced with eagerneſs the execution of the plan which was offered to him; and before Ormah could be apprized of the revolt of his ſubjects, he had marched an army of a hundred thouſand men into the heart of his kingdom. The ſervile attendants on the perſon of Ormah dreaded to inform him of an event ſo fatal to his authority, and ſo dangerous to his perſon, and although rumours were ſpread abroad through all the imperial city and palace, that a conſpiracy was formed, and ripe for execution, they tried to amuſe him with a belief that theſe reports were groundleſs, and that they were well aſſured he might expect to ſee his Officers appear on the day appointed for their attendance, to court his ſmiles, and acknowledge an implicit obedience to his will.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

ANECDOTE OF ROBERT DUKE OF NORMANDY.

The following curious Anecdote, which is preſerved by John Brompton, will ſerve, to ſhow

the wit, politeneſs, and generoſity of the Normans.—When Robert duke of Normandy, father of William the Conqueror, was at Conſtantinople, in his way to the Holy Land, he lived in uncommon ſplendour, and was greatly celebrated for his wit, his affability, and other virtues. Of theſe many remarkable examples were related to the emperor; who reſolved to put the reality of them to a trial. With this view he invited the duke and all his nobles to a feaſt in the great hall of the Imperial Palace, but took care to have all the tables and ſeats filled with gueſts, before the arrival of the Normans, of whom he commanded them to take no notice. When the duke, followed by his nobles in their richeſt dreſſes, entered the hall; obſerving that all the ſeats were filled with gueſts, and that none of them returned his civilities, or offered him any accommodation, he walked, without the leaſt appearance of ſurpriſe or diſcompoſure, to an empty ſpace, at one end of the room, took off his cloak, folded it very carefully, laid it upon the floor, and ſat down upon it; in all which he was imitated by his followers. In this poſture they dined, on ſuch diſhes as were ſet before them, with every appearance of the moſt perfect ſatisfaction with their entertainment. When the feaſt was ended, the duke and his nobles roſe, took leave of the company in the moſt graceful manner, and walk-

ed out of the hall in their doublets, leaving their cloaks, which were of great value, behind them on the floor. The emperor, who had admired their whole behaviour, was quite ſurpriſed at this laſt part of it; and ſent one of his courtiers to entreat the duke and his followers to put on their cloaks. "Go, ſaid the duke, and tell your "maſter, that it is not the cuſtom of the Nor- "mans to carry about with them the ſeats which "they uſe at an entertainment." Could any thing be more delicate than this rebuke, or more noble, polite, and manly, than this deportment?

ODE TO IMAGINATION.

HAIL! creation's ſportive child,
Whom the Hours, in wanton play,
Laid, when ev'ry planet ſmil'd,
On the flow'ry lap of May.

Swifter than the bird of Jove,
Thy fleet courſe no limits found;
From thy birth decreed to rove,
Scorning ev'ry earthly bound!

Doſt thou greet the roſy dawn,
When the morn firſt ſtreaks the ſky;
Or, at ev'ning, trace the lawn,
While the lengthen'd ſhadows die.

Doſt thou in the flow'ry brake,
Couch, while gentle zephyrs ſleep;
Or thy airy cradle make
On the rock that ſkirts the deep:

Or, ſublimely doſt thou riſe
Far above the mountain's height,
Skimming o'er the changing ſkies,
By the dancing meteor's light?

'Twas when Hebe, beauteous maid!
Near th' Aonian fount reclin'd;
Dreaming in the blifsful ſhade,
Kiſs'd by ev'ry paſſing wind:

Zephyrus, that gaily rov'd,
Wanton claſp'd her to his breaſt,
While celeſtial bliſs ſhe prov'd,
In his eager arms compreſs'd.

Offspring of the dear embrace,
As thy father bold and free;
All thy mother's winning grace,
Lovely charmer, lives in thee!

Tho' thy pencil can diſplay
Horrid ſcenes, and proſpects drear
Such as reaſon's ſelf betray,
Captive to the coward Fear.

Tho' with dye of Stygian ſtreams,
Theſe the felon's couch invade;
Tho' they haunt the murd rer's dreams,
Glaring thro' his ſable ſhade:

Still to me propitious found,
I invoke thy ſoothing pow'r;
View thee ſtill with brightneſs crown'd,
Solace of the gloomy hour.

Come, then, goddeſs! with thee bring
Views that charm the mental ſight;
From æthereal founts that ſpring,
Day-dreams of ſupreme delight!

Point out fancied proſpects, far
Stretch'd beyond our mortal ken;
Waſt me in thy winged car,
Tow'ring o'er the haunts of men.

So ſhall nought impede my flight
O'er the univerſal bound;
Nor yon glittering orbs of light,
Nor creation's flaming bound.

Clouded is the preſent ſcene!
Be oblivion o'er it caſt;
While thy pow'r, in garb ſerene,
Wakes the image of the paſt.

Or, ſubmiſs, at thy command,
Future days, as preſent, wait;
Burſting time's eternal band,
Snatch'd beyond the pow'r of fate.

Raptur'd thus, the bard may deem
After-ages read his verſe;
Raptur'd, may as fondly dream
After-plaudits crown his hearſe.

Thus Imagination's ſun
Gilds the various landſcape o'er;
Till life's little proſpect done,
It cloſes, to unfold no more.

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THE CULLER.

VOL. I. Wedneſday 19th Aug. 1795. No. II.

THE ROVER. N°. I.

Diſce docendus adhuc, quæ cenſet amiculus, ut ſi
Cæcus iter monſtrare velit: tamen aſpice ſi quid
Et nos, quod cures proprium feciſſe, loquamur.

HOR.

Yet hear what thy unſkilful friend can ſay,
As if one blind pretends to ſhew the way:
Yet ſee a while, if what is fairly ſhown
Be good, and ſuch as you may make your own.

CREECH.

No Author, perhaps, ever gave his writings to the world without ſome degree of diffidence and anxiety. He is well aware of the great difficulty there is in obtaining univerſal approbation, and of the ſcrutinizing gaze of thouſands to which he is expoſed. Hence he endeavours to ſteer clear of every heterodox opinion, and to publiſh nothing till he hath uſed his utmoſt ſkill in giving it the fineſt poliſh.

But, as a certain degree of diffidence is of infinite uſe to a writer in the formation of his compoſitions, ſo, too much often deprives mankind of many excellent performances, and obſcures for ever the nobleſt endowments. How many volumes have been ſuppreſſed thro' diſtruſt and timidity, that might have gained their

authors the applauſe and ſupport of learning and genius, or expoſed them to the attacks and calumniations of inferior wits! The majority are more ready to find fault than to approve; and the ſlighteſt neglect may furniſh employment for the pens of numberleſs cynical critics. The application of an adverb or prepoſition in a way ſomewhat incompatible with the common, may provide matter for a whole week's diſcourſe to a circle of witcrackers, or be an excellent ſubject for a ſquib in the corner of a newſpaper. If the philoſophers, hiſtorians, and poets, who have rendered their names immortal, had not been poſſeſſed of confidence enough to diſregard and contemn theſe tranſitory trifles, ſtill would the herd of mortals have remained in ignorance and barbarity. But as an author, conſcious of his own ſuperiority, deſires only the commendation of men poſſeſſed of real ſenſe and talents, he looks upon theſe petty cavillers as ſo many flies that may buzz for a moment about his ears, but can never become the inveterate diſturbers of his repoſe.

Yet, ſo far am I from claiming univerſal approbation, from a conſciouſneſs of my own abilities, that I deſire my kind readers would grant me all poſſible indulgence. Nor do I mean by this a ſervile entreaty of favour and partiality, but only in as far as candour and generoſity will allow. And when it is remembered that my chief aim, through the channel of this

paper, ſhall be to detect vice, and expoſe immorality; to inſtruct the ignorant, and encourage the virtuous; to comfort the dejected, and ſupport the weak; it is hoped that the *deſign* will, at leaſt, meet the approbation of the Public. But ſhould the execution of it fall ſhort of expectation, the *undertaking* will, nevertheleſs, prove laudable; and though plaudits be withheld diſappointment will not follow: for when I conſider the many exquiſite productions of this nature which have long been in every one's poſſeſſion, and the unbounded applauſe with which they have been received, I look forward with ſolicitude and anxiety, and ſhall think myſelf amply rewarded, ſhould I only be conſidered as having come in ſight of thoſe whoſe writings "give ardor to virtue and confidence to truth."

I might here, according to the cuſtom of many of my predeceſſors, give the reader an account of my birth and parentage; but as this would be no more than a dry detail, containing neither inſtruction nor amuſement, I ſhall paſs it over in ſilence. I muſt not neglect, however, to deſire all thoſe who would wiſh to correſpond with THE ROVER, to direct their communications *to the care of* THE PUBLISHER *of this paper*, who will be duly attentive in forwarding them to its Author.

O.

AN EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS AND A FLUCTUATION OF FASHIONS, THE FOLLOWING EXTRACTS WILL SHOW, HAVE NOT TAKEN THEIR RISE IN THE PRESENT AGE ALONE, BUT WERE IN USE, AND CARRIED TO A MORE RIDICULOUS HEIGHT BY OUR ANCESTORS.

The writers of this period (1388) complain as much of the faſhions as of the too great expenſe of dreſs. Theſe faſhions frequently changed; and ſome of them appeared to have been very fantaſtical, inconvenient, and indecent. "The "Engliſhmen haunted ſo moche into the folye "of ſtrawngers, that every yire thei chawnged "them in divirſe ſchappes and diſgiſſinggs of "clothingge; now longe, now large, now wide, "now ſtraite; and every day clothingges newe, "and deſtitute and diſirte from alle honeſte oft "old array, and goode uſage; and another tyme "to ſchorte clothes and ſtreite waiſted, with "full ſlives, and tapetis of curtotes, and hodes "over longge and large, alle to nagged and "knet on every ſide, and alle to ſlatteredde, "and alſo bottenedde, that iff I weth ſhall ſey, "they were more lyke to turmentours and "deviles in their clothingge, and alſo in their "ſchoying (ſhoeing), and other array, than "they ſeemed to be lyke men. And thette the "wemmenne weren more nycely arraiedde,

" and paſſed the menne in alle maner of arraies
" and curious clothingge." Geoffrey Chaucer's account of the dreſſes of his age is not more favourable. " Alas! may not a man ſi as in
" our daies the ſinnefull coſtlewe arraie of
" clothing, and namely in to moche ſuperfluite,
" or elſe into diſordinate ſcantineſſe? As to the
" firſt,—ſuperfluite in clothinge, that maketh it
" ſo dire, to the harme of the peple, not only
" the coſt of embrowdering, the diſguiſed in-
" denting or barring, ounding, paling, winding,
" or binding and ſemblable waſte of clothe, in
" vanite: but there is alſo the coſtlewe fur-
" in ther gounes, ſo moche pouncing of cheſel
" to make holes, ſo moche dagging with ſhires
" forth, with the ſuperfluite in length of the
" foreſaid gounes, trailing in the dong and in
" the mire, on horſe and alſo on fote, as well of
" man as of woman upon that other ſide, to
" ſpeke of the horrible diſordinate ſcantineſſe
" of clothing, as ben theſe cuttid ſloppes or
" hand ſelines (breeches,) that through ther
" ſhortneſs cover not the ſhamefull members of
" manne, to wicked intent. Alas! ſome of hem
" ſkewe the boſſe of their ſhape, and the hor-
" rible ſwole members, in the wrapping of their
" hoſen, and alſo the buttokes of them, as farre
" as it were the hinder part of a ſhe appe in the
" full of the mone.—Now as to the outragious
" array of women, God wote, that though the

" viſages of ſome of hem ſeme full chaſte and " debonaire, yet notify in ther array or attire " licorouſneſs and pride." The remainder is too indelicate to be inſerted.—Petrarch expreſſed his diſapprobation of the dreſſes of his time in ſtill ſtronger terms, in a letter to the pope, A. D. 1366. " Who can ſee with pa- " tience the monſtrous fantaſtical faſhions " which the people of our times have in- " vented to deform, rather than adorn, their " perſons? Who can behold without indigna- " tion, their long pointed ſhoes—their caps " with feathers—their hair twiſted, and hang- " ing down like tails—the foreheads of young " men, as well as women, formed into a kind " of furrows, with ivory headed pins—their " bellies ſo cruelly ſqueezed with cords, that " they ſuffer as much pain from vanity, as the " martyrs ſuffered for religion—and eſpecially " thoſe indecent parts of their dreſs which are " extremely offenſive to every modeſt eye? Our " anceſtors would not have believed, that it " was poſſible for the wit of this vain gene- " ration of ours to invent ſo many baſe, bar- " barous, horrid, ridiculous faſhions (beſides " thoſe already mentioned) to diſfigure and diſ- " grace itſelf, as we have the mortification to " ſee every day."

What could be more inconvenient than their long-pointed ſhoes, with which they could not walk till they were faſtened to their knees

with chains? The upper parts of these shoes were cut in imitation of a church-window. Chaucer's Spruce Parish—Clerk Absolom

Had Paul'is windowes corven on his shose.

These shoes were called *crackowes;* and continued in fashion about three centuries, in spite of the bulls of Popes, the decrees of Councils, and the declamations of the Clergy against them.

The following description of the beau of the fourteenth century, will, it is believed, not be unacceptable to our readers.—What could exhibit a more fantastical appearance than an English beau of the fourteenth century? He wore long-pointed shoes, fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains; hose of one colour on one leg, and of another colour on the other; short breeches, which did not reach to the middle of his thighs, and discloſed the shape of all the parts included in them; a coat, one half white, and the other half black or blue; a long beard; a silk hood buttoned under his chin, embroidered with groteſque figures of animals, dancing men, &c.; and sometimes ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones. This dress, which was the very top of the mode in the reign of Edwaard III. appeared so ridiculous to the Scots (who probably could not afford to be such egregious fops) that they made the following satirical verses upon it:

Long beirds hirtileſs,
Peinted whoods witleſs,
Gay cotes gracelies,
Maketh Englond thriftelies.

The dreſs of the gay and faſhionable ladies, who frequented the public diverſions of thoſe times, was not more decent or becoming. It is thus deſcribed by Knyghton, A. D. 1348. "Theſe tournaments are attended by many "ladies of the firſt rank and greateſt beauty, "but not always of the moſt untainted repu- "tation. Theſe ladies are dreſſed in party- "coloured tunics, one half being of one co- "lour, and the other half of another; their lir- "ripipes or tippets are very ſhort; their caps "remarkably little, and wrapt about their heads "with cords; their girdles and pouches are or- "namented with gold and ſilver, and they wear "ſhort ſwords, called *daggers*, before them, a "little below their navels; they are mounted "on the fineſt horſes, with the richeſt furni- "ture. Thus equipped, they ride from place "to place in queſt of tournaments, by which "they diſſipate their fortunes, and ſometimes "ruin their reputations."

DESCRIPTION OF THE STRUCTURE AND MODE OF MULTIPLYING OF THE POLYPUS.

Many inſects are deſtitute of particular or- gans. Some want eyes, ears, brain, and noſtrils.

Others have an acute ſenſe of ſmelling, though we know not the form or ſituation of the organ. The inferior ſpecies of inſects have no internal lungs, but receive air by lateral pores, and ſometimes by long tubes, or trachae, which protrude from different parts of the body. Many inſects have no heart, or general reſervoir, for the reception and propulſion of the blood. But we diſcover by the microſcope, that their blood circulates by the pulſation of arteries, and that their different fluids are ſecreted by glands. In a word, Nature, in the ſtructure and functions of animals, deſcends, by degrees almoſt imperceptibly, from man to the Polypus, a being, which, ever ſince its oeconomy and properties were diſcovered by M. Trembley, has continued to aſtoniſh both Philoſophers and Naturaliſts. The ſtructure of the Polypus, which inhabits freſh water-pools and ditches, is extremely ſimple. Its body conſiſts of a ſingle tube, with long *tentacula*, or arms, at one extremity, by which it ſeizes ſmall worms and conveys them to its mouth. It has no proper head, heart, ſtomach, or inteſtines of any kind. This ſimplicity of ſtructure gives riſe to an equal ſimplicity in the oeconomy and functions of the animal. The Polypus, though it has no diſtinction of ſex, is extremely prolific. When about to multiply, a ſmall protuberance, or bud, appears on the ſurface of its body. This bud gradually ſwells and extends. It includes not a

young polypus, but is the real animal in miniature, united to the mother as a ſucker to the parent-tree. The food taken by the mother paſſes into the young by means of a communicating aperture. When the ſhooting polypus has acquired a certain growth, this aperture gradually cloſes, and the young drops off, to multiply its ſpecies in the ſame manner. As every part of a polypus is capable of ſending off ſhoots, it often happens, that the young, before parting from the mother, begin to ſhoot; and the parent-animal carries ſeveral generations on her own body.

There is another ſingularity in the hiſtory of the Polypus. When cut to pieces in every direction fancy can ſuggeſt, it not only continues to exiſt, but each ſection ſoon becomes an animal of the ſame kind. What is ſtill more ſurpriſing, when inverted as a man inverts the finger of a glove, the Polypus ſeems to have ſuffered no material injury; for it ſoon begins to take food, and to perform every other natural function. Here we have a wonderful inſtance of animal ductility. No diviſion, however minute, can deprive theſe worms of life. What infallibly deſtroys other animals, ſerves only, in the Polypus, to multiply the number of individuals. M. Trembley, in the courſe of his experiments, diſcovered, that different portions of one Polypus could be ingrafted on another. Two tranſverſe ſections brought into contact quickly

unite, and form one animal, though each ſection belongs to a different ſpecies. The head of one ſpecies may be ingrafted on the body of another. When a Polypus is introduced by the tail into another's body, the two heads unite, and form one individual. Purſuing theſe ſtrange operations, M. Trembley gave ſcope to his fancy, and, by repeatedly ſplitting the head and part of the body, formed hydras more complicated than ever ſtruck the imagination of the moſt romantic fabuliſts.

ORMAH;

AN EASTERN TALE.

[*Concluded from our laſt.*]

Mankind are eaſily induced to believe what they wiſh. The weary traveller of the deſert thinks at the utmoſt extent of viſion he can diſcover the riſing grove, or the winding ſtream: he proceeds in his journey, and is diſappointed; yet hope again relieves him, and amuſes him with ſurer belief. Such was the mind of Ormah: he could not ſhut his ears againſt the voice of truth, and the warnings of approaching danger; but he endeavoured to ſuppreſs their operations, by indulging the deluſions of hope; and reſted his confidence, when he could no longer exert his power, on thoſe whom he only regarded as the ſlaves of his will; and who, in their turns, deſpiſed him, as the object of their terror.

Abdullah, by haſty marches, in a few days reached the capital; and Ormah, in confuſion and deſpair, the very morning on which he expected to receive the homage of his ſubjects, and the adulation of his court, ſaw it completely inveſted. A heart conſcious of its own demerits, on ſuch an occaſion, muſt ſuffer every pang. Bravery never aſſociates with cruelty, nor can reſolution be united to tyrannic oppreſſion. Ormah neither tried to divert the ſtorm by activity, nor to combat it with compoſure. He neither expoſtulated with his attendants, who were about to deſert him, for their deceit, nor did he conſult with them how to act: he was diſtracted, and unreſolved. He knew that his commands would carry no weight with them; that it was in vain to attempt to arm men who owed him neither allegiance nor regard. He ran raving round the palace, and bewailed his fate, with expreſſions which denoted the moſt abject abaſement of mind: at laſt he reſolved to change his dreſs, and to attempt his eſcape. Without making a ſingle perſon privy to his deſign, he ſallied out of his palace in the habit of a peaſant; and, by the inſignificance of his appearance, attracted no notice, and underwent no examination from the ſoldiers of his enemy, through whoſe ranks he was obliged to paſs. Without any particular road in view, he travelled on with the utmoſt ſpeed, till darkneſs and fatigue obliged him to look about for a place

to reſt in. As fearful of ſeeing the face of a ſubject as of an enemy, he ſtudiouſly avoided their dwellings; and ſubſiſted on the ſpontaneous produce of the earth, which luxury had before taught him to deſpiſe, but were now rendered delicious by neceſſity. To exceed the bounds of his own dominions was his only fixed object.

For many days he allowed himſelf but a ſhort time for reſt; till at length, certain that he muſt have far exceeded the limits of the kingdoms he had once ruled, and at the ſame time being exhauſted with unremitted fatigue, he made up to a cave which he ſaw on the ſide of a verdant hill over which he was travelling. He found it by nature formed as a convenient retreat to conceal miſery and fallen power, and there he determined to take up his abode. The herbs and the roots which the vicinity of the cave afforded, ſupplied him with food; and a chryſtal ſpring at a ſmall diſtance ſlaked his thirſt. In ſuch a ſituation, the paſſions of malevolence could not be exerciſed, nor the heart elated with pageantry and grandeur. The mind of Ormah retired within itſelf; he ſaw its deformity, and bluſhed: he thought of the power he had loſt, and acknowledged the juſtice of the Eternal. He beheld, in its proper light, the nature of that authority he had been born to, and with the deepeſt humility confeſſed the unworthy uſe he had made of it; and though he knew it was now too late either to prove the

ſincerity of his reformation, or atone for the tyranny of his oppreſſion, yet he reſolved, by a life of auſterity, and the ſervice of Alla, to ſhew his contrition, and to regain the favour of Heaven.

For ſeveral years he continued in the practice of religious duty, and the mortification of every luſt. The riſing ſun heard his ſupplications to the Prophet, and the twinkling ſtars of night bore witneſs to his contrition.

One morning as he roſe unuſually early, and was offering up his adorations with all the fervour of penitential devotion; on a ſudden, an old man, of a moſt venerable appearance, whoſe ſilver beard deſcended on his breaſt, ſtood before the aſtoniſhed Ormah, and thus addreſſed him.

'Son of the duſt! though born to the ſove-
'reignty of nations, the Prophet has ſeen your
'contrition, and has accepted your prayers. You
'have found the fallacy of the maxims by which
'you formerly ruled, and experience will teach
'you wiſdom. Your neighbour Abdullah, after
'uſurping your government, and committing a
'ſeries of cruelties, in which he but too nearly
'reſembled yourſelf, is now removed to the
'banks of the eternal ſtream; and the chiefs of
'your dominions are earneſt in their enquiries
'after you, that the crown may not deſcend to
'the family of the uſurper, but ſtill remain in the
'regal line of your anceſtors. I will conduct
'you this inſtant to your palace, and replace you
'on the throne.'

Before the confounded Ormah could make any reply, he found himſelf ſeated on a ſofa in the midſt of his palace, and ſurrounded by his nobles, whom his venerable companion thus addreſſed: 'Behold, in your ſovereign Ormah, a 'memorable inſtance of the juſtice of the Eter-'nal, and of the omnipotence of his power! He 'has been tried and approved by the immortal 'Alla, and will be no longer your tyrant, but 'your father.' Then turning to Ormah, 'Re-'member,' ſaid he, 'and let it be engraved upon 'the crown of every monarch upon earth, that 'government is only a power delegated for the 'happineſs of mankind; and, to that end, muſt 'be conducted by wiſdom, juſtice, and mercy.'

With theſe words he diſappeared, and left Ormah and his nobles in mutual wonder and awe. He was immediately acknowledged by all his ſubjects; and, at their earneſt requeſt, took upon him the exerciſe of power, and the reins of government; and, by a faithful obſervance of the maxims of his venerable inſtructor, endeared himſelf not only to his own ſubjects, but to thoſe of kingdoms very remote. Yet amidſt the applauſe he received, and continued to deſerve, he ſcrupled not to acknowledge that his hours of ſolitude and humiliation were the moſt glorious parts of his life, ſince in them he had learned to know himſelf, and to be ſerviceable to mankind. After many happy years, he

died univerſally lamented and reſpected; his body was embalmed, and placed in the tomb of his anceſtors; and the name of Ormah is ſtill famous in the Eaſt, and never mentioned but with reſpect, veneration, and regret.

LOVE, HONOUR, AND TRUTH.

If truth my dear Jenny, can merit regard,
If love, faith, and honour, deſerve a reward;
'Tis thine to diſpenſe—Oh! beſtow it on me,
Whoſe love, faith, and truth, are directed to thee.

In ſtrains more harmonious than Orpheus e'er ſung,
More ſoft than the ſounds of Cecilia's ſweet tongue,
Ye zephyrs, this truth to my Jenny convey,
That my love, faith, and honour, can never decay.

The lover, whoſe heart a fair face can engage,
By caprice may grow fickle, or cool in old age;
But founded in ſenſe, my love, honour, and truth,
Shall bloom in old age, as they flouriſh in youth.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The truths contained in VERITAS' communication, are too perſonal.

A. X's Verſes are of ſuch a nature as to render their inſertion, in this publication, quite inadmiſſible.

M's Production is under conſideration.

THE CULLER.

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THE ROVER. N°. II.

'Tis early education forms the mind,
Juſt as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.

POPE.

The education of youth has in all ages been regarded as a matter of the higheſt importance. In ſome countries the learned have pored over their midnight lamps to improve it, while in others the legiſlature has conſidered it as an object worthy of their immediate care and deliberation.

Nor need we be ſurpriſed at this, if we reflect that the proper or the improper management of the youth, forms the happineſs or miſery of a ſtate. For it is not leſs certain, that thoſe who are now young will by and by be old, than that the principles of religion, and the habits of perſeverance and induſtry, implanted into their minds, while yet tender, form the ſureſt baſis of their future happineſs. And it is equally evident, under every form of govern-

ment, that the aggregate of the happineſs or miſery of the ſubject conſtitutes that of the ſtate.

Is it not a matter of wonder then, that in this kingdom ſo renowned for the cultivation of every elegant or uſeful art, and which at this moment ranks ſo high in the ſcale of nations, is it not ſurpriſing, that till within theſe few years ſo little attention has been paid to the rearing up of the lower orders of ſociety, on whom chiefly the ſtrength of a nation depends? I will venture to affirm, nor do I think that it can be controverted, that half the miſery we find among the lower claſſes in this country, has its origin in their improper or rather in their total want of education.

It is intended in this paper to ſubmit a few hints to the Public, by which this great evil might be remedied, and by which the common people might be rendered more religious, more induſtrious, and more happy.

The firſt meaſure that I hold neceſſary to be adopted is, that even in early childhood they ſhould be inſtructed in the knowledge of the being and exiſtence of a God, who made this world, and who governs it. They ſhould be informed that this God is good; that every thing we enjoy is through him, and that he loves us with the moſt unbounded affection. After this they ſhould be taught, that every

various misfortune of this life tends to accompliſh ſome great end; that this world is but a ſtate of probation, and that there is another and a better to which we are haſtening, and in which we ſhall be rewarded or puniſhed as we have acted here according to the dictates of conſcience. Theſe I hold to be the eſſential principles of the Chriſtian religion, and to allow any of our fellow creatures to remain ignorant of them is certainly the higheſt injuſtice.

Previous however, to accompliſhing this end, it will be neceſſary, that they be inſtructed in reading. For although a certain knowledge of God and his works, may be obtained without this, yet before they can become familiar to the minds of children, or regulate their lives, they muſt be repeatedly enforced, and brought home to their recollection, by the frequent peruſal of the ſacred Writings. To effect this, conſiſtent with that attention which it is neceſſary that people in their ſphere ſhould pay to their various occupations, the Sunday ſchools have of late been inſtituted. They, unfortunately, however, do not embrace either a ſufficient number of pupils, or a long enough ſpace of time to render their effects general.

It is ſubmitted, then, to the owners of all public works in the country, where a number of the youth are employed, that not only a teacher of Engliſh ſhould be procured, as al-

ready is the caſe in ſome of them, and that he ſhould have an allowance ſo large as to prevent him from having recourſe on his pupils for ſubſiſtence, but that this perſon ſhould alſo be fitted for inſtructing them in the plain and ſimple principles of our religion, and for examining them on theſe principles. It is alſo propoſed that all the youth, under a certain age, or of certain behaviour, ſhould be obliged to attend under penalty of being diſmiſſed; and that a fixed time in the evening be appointed for this purpoſe, which, however, muſt not be taken from their hours of relaxation, to the end that no incentive may be wanting to their profiting by this inſtruction. If this plan be duly followed out by an intelligent teacher, and carried on in terms accommodated to their ideas, I will venture to affirm that in a few months, more good will be perceived to reſult from it, than from the daily repetition of the Catechiſms of our ſchools, many of the queſtions of which are obſcure, and ſerve more to load the memory than to improve the judgement of youth.

To thoſe again who reſide in towns, and by whom, as they employ fewer workmen, ſuch an eſtabliſhment could in no ways be ſupported, a teacher might be ſupplied to the youth of their own profeſſion, by the different corporations, who might inſtruct them in a manner ſimilar to what has juſt been propoſed.

Under a third claſs I would include all thoſe who, from poverty, or other cauſes, belong to neither of the preceeding ones. Their teacher or teachers might have adequate ſalaries, collected from the town, from the pariſhes that compoſe the town, or from benevolent individuals.

To this ſcheme, which I have ſo rudely ſketched, it may perhaps be objected that, no return will be made for the money or for the time expended in ſuch inſtruction. To this I am ready to anſwer, that excluſive of the ſatisfaction a good man naturally feels in rendering his fellow creatures happy, which muſt comparatively be the ſituation of thoſe who have, or who have not a knowledge of religion, this great advantage will aſſuredly ariſe, the being ſupplied with honeſt and induſtrious workmen, in place of idle and diſſolute vagabonds. The former will, from the ſavings of their honeſt gains, lay up a proviſion for the winter of life when the powers of the body decay; while the latter, diſhoneſt and diſſipated, who work only to ſupply the neceſſities of the moment, and who leave their maſters whenever they have acquired money to ſpend afreſh, will, in the end, with their wives and children, be dependant on their bounty, or drag on a miſerable exiſtence, on the ſcanty pittance allowed them by the pariſh. For, is it to be imagined, that he, who is a bad ſervant to

him, upon whoſe bounty he has hitherto ſubſiſted, will prove faithful to a temporal maſter, or is it probable that he, who is ignorant of religion, will be governed by the dictates of morality. A diſtinguiſhed author has thus expreſſed himſelf on this ſubject. "The ſole preſervative of popular mora-
"lity is religion. Whenever the vulgar are
"taught to ſcorn her reſtraints, they ſoon deſ-
"piſe thoſe of virtue. Vice ruſhes in like an
"impetuous torrent which has overwhelmed its
"bounds, and carries all before it."

F.

THE ARTIFICES, &c. OF THE CLERGY IN THE AGES OF DARKNESS, WERE SO SINGULAR THAT INVENTION ITSELF SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN PUT TO THE RACK. THE FOLLOWING EXTRACT WILL SERVE AS A SPECIMEN.

Both the Anglo-Saxons and Danes, and all the other nations of Europe in this dark period (1012) were credulous to a degree that is quite aſtoniſhing. This is evident from every remaining monument of their hiſtory. What prodigious numbers of miracles do we meet with in every Monkiſh Chronicle; and how ridiculous are many of theſe miracles! The follow-

ing one, which is related with much ſolemnity as a moſt unqueſtionable fact, by William of Malmſbury, the moſt ſenſible of our ancient hiſtorians, may ſerve as a ſpecimen of theſe Monkiſh miracles, though others, ſtill more ridiculous, might be produced. This miracle Malmſbury relates in the following manner, in the very words, as he ſays, of one of the perſons on whom it was wrought: "I Ethelbert, "a ſinner, will give a true relation of what "happened to me on the day before Chriſtmas, "A. D. 1012, in a certain village, where there "was a church, dedicated to St. Magnus the "Martyr, that all men may know the danger "of diſobeying the commands of a prieſt. "Fifteen young women, and eighteen young "men, of which I was one, were dancing and "ſinging in the church-yard, when one Ro-"bert, a prieſt, was performing maſs in the "church; who ſent us a civil meſſage, intreat-"ing us to deſiſt from our diverſion, becauſe "we diſturbed his devotion by our noiſe. But "we impiouſly diſregarded his requeſt; upon "which the holy man, inflamed with anger, "prayed to God and St. Magnus, that we "might continue dancing and ſinging a whole "year without intermiſſion. His prayers were "heard. A young man, the ſon of a prieſt, "named John, took his ſiſter, who was ſinging "with us, by the hand, and her arm dropped

" from her body without one drop of blood " following. But notwithſtanding this diſaſter, " ſhe continued to dance and ſing with us a " whole year. During all that time we felt " no inconveniency from rain, cold, heat, hun- " ger, thirſt, or wearineſs, and neither our " ſhoes nor our clothes worn out. Whenever " it began to rain, a magnificent houſe was " erected over us by the power of the Almigh- " ty. By our continual dancing we wore the " earth ſo much, that by degrees we ſunk into " it up to the knees, and at length up to the " middle. When the year was ended, Biſhop " Hubert came to the place, diſſolved the in- " viſible ties by which our hands had been ſo " long united, abſolved us, and reconciled us " to St. Magnus. The prieſt's daughter, who " had loſt her arm, and other two of the young " women, died away immediately; but all the " reſt fell into a profound ſleep, in which they " continued three days and three nights; after " which they aroſe, and went up and down the " world, publiſhing this true and glorious mi- " racle, and carrying the evidences of its truth " along with them, in the continual ſhaking of " their limbs."—A formal deed, relating the particulars, and atteſting the truth of this ridiculous ſtory, was drawn up and ſubſcribed by Biſhop Peregrine, the ſucceſſor of Hubert, A. D. 1013; and we may be certain, that a fact,

ſo well atteſted, was univerſally believed. Many of the Monkiſh miracles, in this period, were as trifling as they were ridiculous, and pretended to be wrought for the moſt frivolous purpoſes. As the famous St. Dunſtan was one day celebrating maſs, a dove came down from heaven, and hovered over his head; which ſo much engaged the attention of all the people and Clergy, that none of them had the preſence of mind to aſſiſt the ſaint in putting off his pontifical robes when maſs was ended. He therefore put them off himſelf; but inſtead of falling to the ground, they hung ſuſpended in the air, that the pious meditations of the holy man might not be diſturbed by their noiſe in falling. Not a few of the miracles that were publiſhed by the Monks, and believed by the people, of this period, were of the moſt pernicious and hurtful nature; eſpecially thoſe that were wrought by the Welſh ſaints, who were repreſented as more touchy and paſſionate than any other ſaints, even after they were in heaven. Many other evidences might be produced, if it were neceſſary, of the extreme credulity of the people of England, and of all other countries of Europe, beſides this of believing the moſt abſurd tales of ridiculous, frivolous, and pernicious miracles; for they received with equal readineſs the no leſs monſtrous relations of the Monks concerning viſions, ghoſts, revelations,

and enchantments. In a word, it ſeems to have been impoſſible for the prieſts of this period to invent any thing that the people would not believe upon their word.

DESCRIPTION AND SINGULAR OPERATIONS &c. &c. OF THE TERMITES OR WHITE ANTS. *

Though the neſts, or rather hills, conſtructed by the termites, are mentioned by many travellers, their deſcriptions and obſervations are by no means ſo accurate as thoſe of the ingenious Mr. Henry Smeathman, of Clement's inn. Of theſe inſects there are ſeveral ſpecies; but they all reſemble each other in form, and in their nature of living. They differ, however, as much as birds, in the ſtile of their architecture, and in the ſelection of the materials of which their neſts are compoſed. Some build on the ſurface, or partly above and partly below the ground, and others on the trunks or branches of lofty trees.

Before deſcribing the neſts or hills, it is neceſſary to give ſome idea of the animals themſelves, and of their general oeconomy and manners. We ſhall confine ourſelves to that ſpecies

* In the windward parts of Africa, they are denominated *bugga*, *buggs*; in the Weſt-Indies, *wood-lice*, *wood-ants*, or *white-ants*. They are likewiſe called *piercers*, *eaters*, or *cutters*, becauſe they cut almoſt every thing in pieces.

called *termites bellicoſi*, or *fighters*, becauſe they are largeſt, and beſt known on the coaſt of Africa.

The republic of the termites bellicoſi, like the other ſpecies of this genus, conſiſts of three ranks, or orders of inſects: 1. The working inſects, which Mr. Smeathman diſtinguiſhes by the name of *labourers*; 2. The fighters, or *ſoldiers*, which perform no kind of labour; and, 3. The winged, or *perfect inſects*, which are male and female, and capable of multiplying the ſpecies. Theſe laſt Mr. Smeathman calls the *nobility* or *gentry*, becauſe they neither labour nor fight. The nobility alone are capable of being raiſed to the rank of Kings and queens. A few weeks after their elevation to this ſtate, they emigrate, in order to eſtabliſh new empires.

In a neſt or hill, the labourers, or working inſects, are always moſt numerous: There are at leaſt one hundred labourers to one of the fighting inſects or ſoldiers. When in this ſtate, they are about a fourth of an inch in length, which is rather ſmaller than ſome of our ants. From their figure, and fondneſs for wood, they are very generally known by the name of *woodlice*.

The ſecond order, or ſoldiers, differ in figure from that of the labourers. The former have been ſuppoſed to be neuters, and the latter

males. But in fact, they are the ſame inſects. They have only undergone a change of form, and made a nearer approach to the perfect ſtate. They are now much larger, being half an inch in length, and equal in ſize to fifteen of the labourers. The form of the head is likewiſe greatly changed. In the labourer ſtate, the mouth is evidently formed for gnawing or holding bodies: But, in the ſoldier ſtate, the jaws being ſhaped like two ſharp awls a little jagged, are deſtined ſolely for piercing or wounding. For theſe purpoſes they are very well calculated; for they are as hard as a crab's claw, and placed in a ſtrong horny head, which is of a nut-brown colour, and larger than the whole body.

The figure of the third order, or that of the inſect in its perfect ſtate, is ſtill more changed. The head, the thorax, and the abdomen, differ almoſt entirely from the ſame parts in the labourers and ſoldiers. Beſide, the animals are now furniſhed with four large, browniſh, tranſparent wings, by which they are enabled, at the proper ſeaſon, to emigrate and to eſtabliſh new ſettlements. In the winged or perfect ſtate, they have likewiſe acquired the organs of generation, and are greatly altered in their ſize as well as in their figure. Their bodies now meaſure between ſix and ſeven tenths of an inch, their wings, from tip to tip, above two inches

and a half, and their bulk is equal to that of thirty labourers, or two ſoldiers. Inſtead of activity, induſtrious, and rapacious little animals, when they arrive at their perfect ſtate, they become innocent, helpleſs, and daſtardly. Their numbers are great; but their enemies are ſtill more numerous. They are devoured by birds, by every ſpecies of ants, by carnivorous reptiles, and even by the inhabitants of many parts of Africa. This laſt fact is atteſted by Piſo, Margraave, De Laet, Konig, Moor, Sparman, and by many other travellers, as well as by Smeathman. After ſuch devaſtation, it is ſurpriſing that a ſingle pair ſhould eſcape ſo many dangers. 'Some however,' ſays Mr. Smeathman, 'are ſo fortunate; and being found 'by ſome of the labouring inſects, that are 'continually running about the ſurface of the 'ground, under their covered galleries, are '*elected* ***Kings*** and *Queens* of new ſtates; all 'thoſe who are not ſo elected and preſerved 'certainly periſh. The manner in which theſe 'labourers protect the happy pair from their 'innumerable enemies, not only on the day of 'the maſſacre of almoſt all their race, but for a 'long time after, will, I hope, juſtify me in the 'term *election*. The little induſtrious creatures 'immediately incloſe them in a ſmall chamber 'of clay ſuitable to their ſize, into which, 'at firſt, they leave but one ſmall entrance,

'large enough for themſelves and the ſoldiers 'to go in and out, but much too little for ei-'ther of the royal pair to make uſe of; and, 'when neceſſity obliges them to make more en-'trances, they are never large; ſo that, of 'courſe, the *voluntary ſubjects* charge them-'ſelves with the taſk of providing for the off-'ſpring of their Sovereigns, as well as to work 'and to fight for them, until they have raiſed 'a progeny capable at leaſt of dividing the taſk 'with them.

[*To be continued.*]

THE DIRGE OF OFFA *.

See, my ſon, my Offa dies!
He who could chaſe his father's foes:
Where ſhall the King now cloſe his eyes?
Where, but in the tomb of woes!

'Tis there thy ſtony couch is laid,
And there the wearied King may reſt:
But will not Penda's † threats invade
The quiet of the Monarch's breaſt?

* Offa, on whom this ballad was written, was ſon of Edwy, King of Northumberland. He was ſlain in the battle of Hatfield-wood, A. D. 633.

† Penda, the ſon of Wyba, King of Mercia, rival to Edwy, who met him at the battle of Hatfield-wood. Edwy was of the line of Hengiſt, the firſt Saxon King of England.

No!—my ſon ſhall quell his rage—
What have I ſaid? ah! me, undone!
Ne'er ſhall the poets ſnowy age
Recal the tender name of ſon!

O would that I for thee had dy'd;
Nor liv'd to wail thy piteous caſe!
Who dar'd defy thoſe looks of pride,
That mark'd the chiefs of Wyba's race!

But, O my ſon! I little knew,
What power was in that arm of might!
That weeds of ſuch a baneful hue
The laurel's beauteous wreath ſhould blight!

Yes, my ſon! the ſhaft that thee
Transfix'd, hath drawn thy father's fate!
O how will Hengiſt weep, to ſee
The woes that on his line await!

To ſee my Offa's lateſt pangs,
As wild in death he bites the ſhore!
A ſavage wolf, with bloody fangs,
The lamb's unſpotted boſom tore!

Who never knew to give offence,
But to revenge his father's wrongs—
Some abler arm convey him hence,
And bear a father's love along!

Alas! this tongue is all too weak
The laſt of duties to perform!
Theſe feeble arms their taſk forſake,
Elſe ſhould they riſe in wrathful ſtorm;

Againſt the ruthleſs rebel's head,
Who dar'd ſuch laurels to deſtroy;
To bid each virtue's hope lie dead,
And cruſh a parent's only joy!

Inter him by yon ivy'd tow'r,
And raiſe the note of deepeſt dole!
Ne'er ſhould a friend, in deathful hour,
Forget the friend, of gen'rous ſoul!

And o'er the grave erect a ſtone,
His worth and lineage high to tell:
And by the faithful croſs be ſhewn,
That in the faith of Chriſt he fell!

Hail, valiant chiefs of Hatfield wood!
Ne'er may your blooming honours ceaſe;
That with unequal ſtrength withſtood
Th' invader of your country's peace!

Now, round this head let darkneſs fall!
Deſcend, ye ſhafts of thund'rous hail!
Ne'er ſhall be ſaid, in Edwy's hall,
That troubled ghoſt was heard to wail!—

Then, with his feeble arm, the ſire
Into the thickeſt battle flies:
To die was all the chief's deſire;
Oppreſs'd with grief and wounds, he dies!

And let the future ſoul of rhime,
If chance he cons of Edwy's praiſe,
As high as quiv'ring fingers climb
Record that Mordrid pour'd his lays.

THE CULLER.

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THE ROVER. N°. III.

——— Formé par la triſteſſe,
Quel nuage obſcurcit les jours de ma jeuneſſe?
J'etois heureux autrefois, & mon paiſible cœur
N'avoit jamais connu cette ſombre langueur.

GRESSET.

Form'd by the powers of heart-corroding woe,
My youthful years no ſcenes of pleaſure know.
Congenial joys once harmoniz'd my breaſt,
And no ſad thoughts the tranquil mind oppreſt:
But now o'er all a darkening cloud extends.

The anticipation of future happineſs, in this world, ariſing from fallacious hopes, often proves the ſource of our greateſt miſeries. Diſappointment produces reflection, and reflection diſcovers the ſhallowneſs of our penetration, and the groundleſſneſs of our expectations. Hence, inſtead of building afterwards on a more ſolid foundation, we begin to repine at the diſtributions of Providence, and to arraign the juſtice of the Moſt High. Melancholy and languor ſucceed, and deſpair puts the dagger of ſuicide into our hands, at once to terminate our

exiſtence here, and to plunge us for ever into the gulph of perdition.

As the following oriental tale exhibits to the mind a ſtriking picture of the inſufficiency of Philoſophy alone, to prevent the fatal conſequences of thoſe deceitful hopes of which I am here ſpeaking, I ſhall give it to the reader, word for word, as tranſlated from the Perſian manuſcript.

Ye that wander in the gloomy labyrinths of ſorrow, and that loiter on the banks of the waters of deſpondence, attend for a moment to the words of conſolation, and liſten with reverence to the inſtructions of Heaven.

SELIM, ſon of the ſage Hamor, was a youth of exemplary virtue and profound knowledge. The roſes of health gave beauty to his cheek, and the dews of temperance added luſtre to his eyes. He was graceful, yet intelligent; learned, yet humble. To relieve the ſons and daughters of penury was his delight; and equity was the motive of all his actions.

The moon had not twice glimmered on the hills of Taurus, ſince the remains of Hamor had been depoſited in the tomb of corruption; and with them was depoſited the life of Selim's joys. —This, apparently, was the firſt real loſs that had ever viſited his dwelling. Misfortune now ſucceeded misfortune, and with them came the ſhadows of grief, whoſe baleful influence all the

philoſophy of the eaſt could not withſtand. As a thick cloud, riſen in the weſt, glides along cerulean ether, and obſcures for a while the glories of the meridian ſun, ſo a penſive gloom overſpread the viſage of Selim, and darkened the brighter powers of his ſoul.

One evening, when the Star of day was ſinking behind the mountains, and the ſhades of night were hovering round the hills, he repaired to the ſolitary grove, where his father was wont to retire to meditation and ſtudy.—"Wretchedneſs and miſery," cried the youth, in the midſt of the moſt profound revery, "wretchedneſs and miſery are the portion of "man! What is life but a viſionary dream, "fraught with ſcenes of deſolation and woe! "Where is the happineſs promiſed to the vo-"taries of virtue?—Happineſs!—thou art an "illuſive fantaſy, whoſe exiſtence is only ideal.

"Have not my days been ſpent in diffuſing "gifts of beneficence and charity among the "ſons of indigence? Have not the doors of my "habitation ever been open to the houſeleſs "wanderer and child of ſorrow?—Yet vice and "immorality have been triumphant, and tyran-"nic oppreſſion has fettered the humble inha-"bitants of the cottage.—Alas!—why hath "the Eternal decreed, that deſpotic power "ſhould overwhelm the innocent and the "weak? Was man originally deſigned to be

" the ſport of ſupernatural beings, and the " dupe of his own unruly paſſions?—Yes, he " muſt grope in the dark, and wander in the " mazes of error!—But why do I linger here, " holding converſe with the wind, when na- " ture ſinks to reſt?—Though an unnatural " brother hath uſurped the little patrimony be- " queathed me by an ever-reſpected father, " though jealouſy and malevolence have driven " me to the brink of deſpondence, ſtill there " is a dwelling to be found which ingratitude " cannot enter, and which will ſecure me from " the poiſoned ſhafts of cowardly ſuſpicion. " The dreary caverns of the wilderneſs ſhall, " at leaſt, protect me from the rancour of ra- " pacious man; and though the prowling in- " habitants of the deſart ſhould feaſt upon my " lacerated limbs, yet that innate ſpark, which " this languid frame impriſons, will ſoar above " the ſublunary ſtorms of life, and bathe in the " pure ſources of immortality!"—Raſh and in- " conſiderate man!" cried a voice, that ſeemed to iſſue from the trees at the farther end of the valley, " thy impious ſoliloquy hath been heard " by that Being at whoſe diſpenſations thou " haſt murmured, and whoſe juſtice thou haſt " arraigned. Implore immediate forgiveneſs, " for his arm is now raiſed to ſtrike thee from " the volume of life for ever!"—Selim fell on his face with amazement and terror. Before

him ſtood the meſſenger of Heaven, arrayed in robes of empyreal brightneſs. An ambient radiance encircled him around, and illumed the conſcious grove. Diſpleaſure was painted in his countenance; and an awful majeſty of deportment beſpoke his angelic order. Selim beheld him through the foldings of his veſtment, with trepidation and wonder. "Tremble in ſi-
"lence," ſaid the celeſtial viſitant, "and be
"filled with contrition, O thou inhabitant of
"the duſt. Is not every individual placed in
"that ſphere which the Omniſcient Creator or-
"dained, in order to maintain the univerſal
"harmony of the whole? And ſhalt thou ig-
"nobly deſert the honourable poſt aſſigned
"thee?—Although thy days have been ſpent
"in diffuſing gifts of beneficence and charity
"among the ſons of indigence, yet uninter-
"rupted happineſs, in this life, was not to be
"the reſult. Seek contentment, and learn ſub-
"miſſion; for know, ſhort-ſighted mortal, that
"if thou hadſt continued to enjoy the means
"of diſſeminating thy generoſity, thoſe upon
"whom they were to be beſtowed, would ulti-
"mately have proved thy ruin. Strive not,
"therefore, to ſcan the impenetrable myſteries
"of Omnipotence, but purſue with ardour the
"footſteps of Religion, and ſhe will conduct
"thee to the bowers of reſignation and tran-
"quility. Sometimes ſhe will lead thee through

" thorny paths and barren deſarts, but follow " her cloſely, and ſhe will at laſt bring thee to " never-failing fountains, and to beds of unfad- " ing roſes."

Here ended the angel of divine admonition, when Selim, looking up, ready to render him ſupreme honours, found he was withdrawn. He turned round, in hopes of ſtill hearing the heavenly accents, but all was ſilent, ſave the zephyrs that wantoned among the ſpicy ſhrubs and the bird of evening that plied her melancholy ſong to the drowſy murmurs of the floating breezes.

O.

EXTRACT OF THE LAWS OF THE ISLAND OF MALTA, RELATIVE TO DUELLING,

Perhaps Malta is the only country in the world where duelling is permitted by law. As their whole eſtabliſhment is originally founded on the wild and romantic principles of chivalry, they have ever found it too inconſiſtent with thoſe principles to aboliſh duelling; but they have laid it under ſuch reſtrictions as greatly to leſſen its danger. Theſe are curious enough. The duelliſts are obliged to decide their quarrel in one particular ſtreet of the city; and if they preſume to fight any where elſe, they are liable to the rigour of the law. But what is not leſs

ſingular, and much more in their favour, they are obliged, under the moſt ſevere penalties, to put up their ſword, when ordered ſo to do, by a *woman*, a *prieſt*, or a *Knight*.

Under theſe limitations, in the midſt of a great city, one would imagine it almoſt impoſſible that a duel could ever end in blood; however, this is not the caſe: A croſs is always painted on the wall, oppoſite to the ſpot where a Knight has been killed, in commemoration of his fall.

In March 1770, two knights had a diſpute at a billiard table. One of them, after giving a great deal of abuſive language, added a blow; but, to the aſtoniſhment of all Malta (in whoſe annals there is not a ſimilar inſtance) after ſo great a provocation, he abſolutely refuſed to fight his antagoniſt.—The challenge was repeated, and he had time to reflect on the conſequences, but ſtill he refuſed to enter the liſts.—He was condemned to make *amende honorable* in the great church of St. John for forty-five days ſucceſſively; then to be confined in a dungeon without light for five years, after which he is to remain a priſoner in the caſtle for life. The unfortunate young man, who received the blow is likewiſe in diſgrace, as he has not had an opportunity of wiping it out in the blood of his adverſary.—This has been looked upon as a very ſingular affair, and is (June 1770) ſtill one

of the principal topics of converſation. The firſt part of the ſentence has already been executed, and the poor wretch is now in his dungeon. Nor is it thought that any abatement will be made in what remains.

If the legiſlature in other countries puniſhed with equal rigour thoſe that do fight, as it does in this thoſe that do not, I believe we ſhould ſoon have an end of duelling; but I ſhould imagine the puniſhment for fighting ought never to be a capital one (but rather ſomething ignominious) and the puniſhment for not fighting ſhould always be ſo, or at leaſt ſome ſevere corporal puniſhment; for ignominy will have as little effect on the perſon who is willing to ſubmit to the appellation of a coward, as the fear of death on one who makes it his glory to deſpiſe it.

EXTRACTS TAKEN FROM THE ACCOUNT OF MR. BALDWIN'S EXCURSION IN THE AIR-BALLOON FROM CHESTER, ON THE EIGHTH OF SEPTEMBER, M,DCC,LXXXV.

The ſenſation of aſcending is compared to that of a ſtrong preſſure, from the bottom of the car upwards, againſt the ſoles of the feet. At the diſtance of what appeared to him ſeven miles from the earth, though by the barometer ſcarce-

ly a mile and a half, he had a grand and moſt enchanting view of the city of Cheſter, and the adjacent places below. The river Dee appeared of a red colour, the city very diminutive, and the town entirely blue. The whole appeared a perfect plain; the higheſt building having no apparent height, but reduced all to the ſame level: and the whole terreſtrial proſpect appeared like a coloured map. Juſt after his firſt aſcent, being in a well-watered and maritime part of the country, he obſerved a remarkable and regular tendency of the Balloon towards the ſea; but ſhortly after riſing into another current of air, he eſcaped the danger. This upper current, he ſays, was viſible to him at the time of his aſcent, by a lofty, ſound ſtratum of clouds, flying in a ſafe direction. The perſpective appearance of things to him was very remarkable. The loweſt bed of vapour, that firſt appeared as a cloud, was pure white, in detached fleeces, encreaſing as they roſe: they preſently coaleſced, and formed, as he expreſſes it, a ſea of cotton, tufting here and there by the action of the air, in the undiſturbed part of the clouds. The whole became an extended white floor of cloud, the upper ſurface being ſmooth and even. Above this white floor he obſerved, at great and unequal diſtances, a vaſt aſſemblage of thunder-clouds, each parcel conſiſting of whole acres in the denſeſt form: he compares their form and

and appearance to the ſmoke of pieces of ordnance, which had conſolidated, as it were, into maſſes of ſnow, and penetrated through the upper ſurface, or white floor, of common clouds, which there remained viſible, and at reſt. Some clouds had motions in ſlow, and various directions, forming an appearance truly ſtupenduous and majeſtic.

Mr. Baldwin alſo gives a curious deſcription of his tracing the ſhadow of the balloon over the tops of volumes of clouds. At firſt it was ſmall, in ſize and ſhape like an egg, but ſoon encreaſed to the magnitude of the ſun's diſc, ſtill growing larger, and attended with a moſt captivating appearance of an iris encircling the whole ſhadow, at ſome diſtance round it, the colours of which were remarkably brilliant. The region did not feel colder, but rather warmer, than below; the ſun was hotteſt to him when the balloon was ſtationary. The diſcharge of a cannon, when the balloon was at a conſiderable height, was diſtinctly heard by the aeronaut; and a diſcharge from the ſame piece, when at the height of thirty yards, ſo diſturbed him, as to oblige him for ſafety to lay hold firmly of the cords of the balloon. At a conſiderable height he poured down a pint bottle full of water; and as the air did not oppoſe a reſiſtance ſufficient to break the ſtream into ſmall drops, it moſtly fell down in large drops. In the courſe of the

balloon's tract, it was found much affected by the water; a circumſtance obſerved in former aerial voyages. At one time the direction of the balloon kept continually over the water, going directly towards the ſea, ſo much as to endanger the aeronaut. The mouth of the balloon was opened, and he in two minutes deſcended into an under current, blowing from the ſea: he kept deſcending, and landed at Bellair-farm, in Rinſley, twelve miles from Cheſter. Here he lightened his car by thirty-one pound; and inſtantly reaſcending, was carried into the interior part of the country, performing a number of different manoeuvres.

At his greateſt altitude he found his reſpiration free and eaſy. Several bladders which he had along with him cracked, and expanded very conſiderably. Clouds and land, as before, appeared on the ſame level. By way of experiment, he tried the upper valve two or three times, the neck of the balloon being cloſe; and remarked, that the eſcape of the gas was attended with a growling noiſe, like mill-ſtones, but not near ſo loud. Again, round the ſhadow of the balloon on the clouds, he obſerved the iris: and at fifty-three minutes paſt three he finally landed.

DESCRIPTION AND SINGULAR OPERATIONS, &c. &c. OF THE TERMITES OR WHITE ANTS.

[*Continued from our laſt.*]

'It is not till this, probably, that they con-
'ſummate their marriage, as I never ſaw a pair
'of them joined. The buſineſs of propagation,
'however, ſoon commences; and the labourers
'having conſtructed a ſmall wooden nurſery,
'carry the eggs and lodge them there as faſt as
'they can obtain them from the *queen*.

'About this time a moſt extraordinary change
'begins to take place in the *queen*; to which I
'know nothing ſimilar, except in the *pulex pe-*
'*netrans* of Linnaeus, the *jigger* of the Weſt
'Indies, and in the different ſpecies of *coccus*,
'*cochineal*. The abdomen of this female begins
'gradually to extend and enlarge to ſuch an
'enormous ſize, that an *old queen* will have it
'encreaſed ſo as to be *fifteen hundred* or *two thou-*
'*ſand times* the bulk of the reſt of her body,
'and *twenty* or *thirty thouſand times* the bulk of
'a labourer, as I have found by carefully weigh-
'ing and computing the different ſtates. The
'ſkin, between the ſegments of the abdomen,
'extends in every direction; and at laſt the ſeg-
'ments are removed to half an inch diſtance
'from each other, though, at firſt, the length
'of the whole abdomen is not half an inch. I
'conjecture the animal is upwards of two years

'old, when the abdomen is encreaſed to three 'inches in length: I have ſometimes found 'them of near twice that ſize. The abdomen 'is now of an irregular oblong ſhape, being 'contracted by the muſcles of every ſegment, 'and is become one vaſt matrix, full of eggs, 'which make long circumvolutions through 'an innumerable quantity of very minute veſ-'ſels that circulate round the inſide in a ſer-'pentine manner, which would exerciſe the in-'genuity of a ſkillful anatomiſt to diſſect and 'develope. This ſingular matrix is not more 'remarkable for its amazing extenſion and ſize 'than for its periſtaltic motion, which reſembles 'the undulating of waves, and continues inceſ-'ſantly without any apparent effort of the ani-'mal; ſo that one part or other, alternately, is 'riſing and ſinking in perpetual ſucceſſion, and 'the matrix ſeems never at reſt, but is always 'protruding eggs to the amount (as I have fre-'quently counted in old queens) of ſixty in a 'minute, or eighty thouſand and upward, in 'one day of twenty-four hours.

'Theſe eggs are inſtantly taken from her 'body by her attendants (of whom there always 'are, in the royal chamber and the galleries ad-'jacent, a ſufficient number in waiting) and 'carried to the nurſeries, which, in a great neſt, 'may ſome of them be four or five feet diſtant 'in a ſtraight line, and, conſequently, much

'farther by their winding galleries. Here, after they are hatched, the young are attended 'and provided with every thing neceſſary until 'they are able to ſhift for themſelves, and take 'their ſhare of the labours of the community.'

We ſhall now endeavour to give ſome idea of the almoſt incredible architecture and oeconomy of theſe wonderful inſects.

The neſts of the *termites bellicoſi*, or wood-lice, are called *hills* by the natives of Africa, New Holland, and other hot climates. This appellation is highly proper; for they are often elevated ten or twelve feet above the ſurface of the earth, and are nearly of a conical figure. Theſe hills, inſtead of being rare phenomena, are ſo frequent in many places near Senegal, that as deſcribed with great propriety by Monſ. Adanſon, their number, magnitude, and cloſeneſs of ſituation, make them appear like villages of the negroes. 'But of all the extraordinary things I obſerved,' ſays Monſ. 'Adanſon, 'nothing ſtruck me more than certain eminences, which, by their height and 'regularity, made me take them, at a diſtance, 'for an aſſemblage of negroe huts, or a conſiderable village, and yet they were only the 'neſts of certain inſects. Theſe neſts are round 'pyramids, from eight to ten feet high, upon 'nearly the ſame baſe, with a ſmooth ſurface 'of rich clay, excluſively hard and well built.' — Jobſon, in his hiſtory of Gambia, tell us, that

'the ant-hills are remarkably caſt up in thoſe 'parts by piſmires, ſome of them twenty foot 'in height, of compaſſe to contayne a dozen of 'men, with the heat of the ſun baked into that 'hardneſſe, that we uſed to hide ourſelves in 'the ragged toppes of them, when we took up 'ſtands to ſhoot at deere or wild beaſts.'—And Mr. Boſman remarks, in his deſcription of Guinea, that 'the ants make neſts of the earth 'about twice the height of a man.'

Each of theſe hills is compoſed of an exterior and interior part. The exterior cover is a large clay-ſhell, which is ſhaped like a dome. Its ſtrength and magnitude are ſufficient to encloſe and protect the interior building from the injuries of the weather, and to defend its numerous inhabitants from the attacks of natural or accidental enemies. The external dome or cover, is therefore, always much ſtronger than the internal building, which is the habitation of the inſects, and is divided with wonderful artifice and regularity, into a vaſt number of apartments, for the reſidence and accommodation of the King and Queen, for the nurſing of their progeny, and for magazines, which are always well ſtored with proviſions.

[*To be continued.*]

ODE TO PEACE.

Come, lovely, gentle peace of mind,
With all thy ſmiling nymphs around,
Content and innocence combin'd
With wreathes of ſacred Olive crown'd.

Come thou, that lov'ſt to walk at eve,
The banks of murm'ring ſtreams along,
That lov'ſt the crowded court to leave,
And hear the milk-maid's ſimple ſong.

That lov'ſt with Contemplation's eye,
The head-long cataract to view;
That foams and thunders from on high,
While echoes oft the ſound renew.

That lov'ſt the dark ſequeſter'd wood,
Where ſilence ſpreads her brooding wings,
Nor leſs the lake's tranſlucent flood,
The moſſy grots and bubling ſprings.

With thee the lamp of Wiſdom burns,
The guiding light to realms above,
With thee the raptur'd mortal learns
The wonders of celeſtial love.

With thee the poor have endleſs wealth,
And ſacred freedom glads the ſlave,
With thee the rich rejoice in health,
The weak are ſtrong, the fearful brave.

O lovely, gentle peace of mind!
Be thou on earth my conſtant gueſt,
With thee, whate'er on earth I find
The pledge of heaven, ſhall make me bleſt.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. S's. Plan was previouſly thought of and abandoned.

P. Q's. Communication to the Rover ſhall ſoon appear.

THE CULLER.

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THE ROVER. N°. IV.

Stes capite obſtipo, multum ſimilis metuenti.
Obſequio graſſare: mone, ſi increbuit aura,
Cautus uti velet carum caput: extrahe turba
Oppoſitis humeris: aurem ſubſtringe loquaci.
Importunus amat laudari?——
——— urge, et
Creſcentem tumidis inſla ſermonibus utrem.

HORACE.

With head inclin'd, his awful Nod obey,
Creep into favour: If a ruder gale
Aſſault his Face, admoniſh him to veil
His precious Pate: Oppoſe your ſhoulders proud,
To diſengage him from the buſtling crowd.
If he loves Prating, hang an Ear: ſhould Luſt
Of empty glory be the Blockhead's guſt,
Indulge his eager appetite, and puff
The growing bladder with inſpiring ſtuff.

FRANCIS.

If we look around us through the world, we ſhall, in general, find nothing ſo highly valued, or ſo earneſtly ſought after as independence. It is this, conſidered in a political point of view, which gives ſuch a charm to liberty, and it is the want of it which renders ſlavery ſo much an

object of abhorrence. It is for this that the ſailor encounters the dangers of the ſtormy ocean, and it is to obtain independence that the European leaves his native home to ſeek for wealth amidſt the noxious dews, and peſtilential diſeaſes of warm climates.

Nor need we be ſurpriſed that it is ſo. For who, that has a ſpark of feeling, can ſit cheerful under the idea of being dependant on the bounty of others, of being ſubject to their will, and, perhaps, of being the objects of their caprice. And how do we deſpiſe that man who will not make an effort for independence, when he reflects that his wife and children, in the event of his death, though ſure of being ſupported, have ſtill to endure

"The oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

It is on account of this general repugnancy to a ſtate of dependence, that I am the more aſtoniſhed to think, that there are perſons, poſſeſſed of fortunes, ſufficiently large for the enjoyment of life, who are willing to follow the Great through all their follies, and to be the humble inſtruments of all their vices. Yet nothing is more true. We every day behold men of independent fortunes, who are willing to give up their families and relations, and to forego all that agreeable

intercourſe and ſociality, which reſult from the company of our equals; where the mind, unreſtrained and free, purſues whatever tract fancy may point out, to reſide at the houſe of ſome Great man: by whom they may probably be treated, as butts to furniſh entertainment for the company, and where they are as regularly ſet down as the two courſes and deſert.

This conduct appears ſo ſtrange to me, that I am diſpoſed to conſider it as a ſpecies of *mania* different, though not leſs fatal in its conſequences than the hydrophobia or canine madneſs.

As in looking over Cullen, and thoſe authors who treat of diſeaſes, I do not find this one enumerated in their claſſes; I ſhall here, for the edification of my readers, give a ſhort account of the riſe and progreſs of it with the fitteſt method for effecting a cure.

It may not improperly be named *Nobilimania*, as it conſiſts in a rage for appearing in the company, reſiding occaſionally at the houſes, and being uſeful in every reſpect to people of rank, ſuperior to the afflicted perſon.—It may ſeize on perſons of almoſt every age or deſcription, but its ravages are generally confined to the male ſex, and to thoſe of a ſlender and weak judgement. It is an epidemic, but unlike all other diſeaſes of this claſs, the infection is not caught from a perſon labouring under the diſeaſe, but from that Great man, who is the ob-

ject of it. It may be communicated in a variety of ways, but in general a ſmile, a whiſper in a large company, or ſome conſiderable preſent are ſufficient to inſure it.

The ſymptoms that firſt appear are not violent, but in the progreſs of the diſeaſe they become ſo much ſo as almoſt to baffle every remedy. The firſt that generally occurs, is, an uneaſy and reſtleſs anxiety that diſcovers itſelf in the action and manners of the infected perſon in all companies, where no individual is of fortune or rank, ſuperior to him by whom the diſeaſe was communicated. This by degrees ſubſides, and it ſhows itſelf in a ſupercilious and marked contempt for whatever is going on. At times, however, during the remiſſion of the diſeaſe, which comes on in paroxiſms, when the perſon is abſent from the cauſe, certain ejaculations are known to eſcape him; ſuch as, "His Grace informed me;" My Lord and I, &c."

It is neceſſary for the continuation of this diſeaſe, that it be kept alive by repeated infections; and on ſome of theſe occaſions, after immediate communimunication, it proceeds to ſuch a degree, as to affect the perſon labouring under it with a loſs of memory, inſomuch that he does not recogniſe, even his neareſt acquaintance, or his late aſſociates. It alſo affects the eyes in ſo particular a manner, that the perſon becomes blind to the vices or follies of the Great man with whom

he reſides; but, on the other hand, he ſees, as through a magnifying glaſs, the little foibles that his friends or relations may be guilty of, and is ſure to uſe theſe as pretences to deſert them.

Another ſymptom, which infallibly marks the preſence of the *Nobilimania*, is, while in the houſe of the Great man, a certain diſpoſition, reſembling much that of the ſpaniel, always ready to fetch or carry, and which appears to have no will of its own, but to be guided by the deſire of him who feeds it, and in whoſe company it is allowed to remain. This peculiarity of temper is occaſionally exerted to a great degree, and will put up with almoſt any inſult while the perſon remains in the atmoſphere of the Great; but if he deſcend into that of his equals, it, like the pent up ſtorm, appears to have acquired freſh vigour from confinement, and the infected perſon acquires a diſagreeable ſurlineſs of diſpoſition.

It is a curious fact in this diſeaſe, and which, I am told, occurs in no other, that the infection is ſtronger, and the diſeaſe more violent, in the proportion of the difference of rank of he who communicates, and he who receives the infection: that is, that the diſeaſe communicated by a Duke to a private Gentleman, is much more virulent than that by an Earl, and that by an Earl more ſo than that by a Baronet.

Such are the ſymptoms which have come under my obſervation; I ſhall now give a few hints to point out the cure; or, as it is called in the ſchools, the *modus medendi*.

As Phyſicians have, in the treatment of diſeaſes, thought it expedient, in the firſt place, to remove the immediate or proximate cauſe; ſo, in the *Nobilimania*, it will be neceſſary, that the perſon infected, be placed at a diſtance from the origin of the diſorder, the Great. It will alſo be neceſſary, that no mention be made of the exiſtence of ſuch perſons, and that no books that treat of Heraldry, or of ſimilar ſubjects, be allowed to fall into his hands. And, as I conſider this diſeaſe to be an affection of the brain, purgatives, of all kinds, ought to be employed, with a light, cooling diet, ſo that nature may reſume her wonted functions. Bleeding may alſo be adviſeable in the more advanced ſtages, and a total abſtinence from all intoxicating liquors, ſo that every thing ſuperfluous may be drained from the ſyſtem, and the mind may be prepared for recovering the dictates of ſound judgement. Along with this, proper doſes, ſuited to the Patient's ſtomach, of books, which treat of *the independence of man, and of the manners of the Great*, ought to be adminiſtered at ſtated intervals. Care muſt be taken that they be thoroughly digeſted, ſo that they produce the deſired effect on the ſyſtem. Theſe means duly followed will, I doubt not, in the majority of

caſes, have a favourable tendency in putting a ſtop to the ravages of this deſtructive diſeaſe.

F.

CHARACTER OF VOLTAIRE. *

M. De Voltaire is below the ſtature of a tall man, or in other words, he is a little above thoſe of a middling ſize: he is extremely thin, and of an aduſt temperament, hot and atrabillious; his viſage is meagre, his aſpect ardent and penetrating, and there is a malignant quickneſs in his eyes; the ſame fire that animates his works appears in his actions, which are lively even to abſurdity; he is a kind of meteor, perpetually coming and going with a quick motion, and a ſparkling light that dazzles our eyes. A man thus conſtituted, cannot fail of being a Valetudinarian; the blade eats away the ſcabbard; gay by complexion, grave by regimen; open without frankneſs, polite without refinement, ſociable without friends. He knows the world and forgets it: in the morning he is Ariſtippus, and Diogenes at night; he loves grandeur, and deſpiſes the great; with his ſuperiors his carriage is eaſy, but with his equals conſtrained; he is firſt polite, then cold, then diſguſting. He loves the court, yet makes himſelf weary of it; he has ſenſibility without connections, and is voluptuous without paſſion. He is

* Written about the year 1760.

attached to nothing by choice, but to every thing by inconſtancy. As he reaſons without principle, his reaſon has its fits like the folly of others. He has a clear head, and a corrupt heart; he thinks of every thing, and treats every thing with deriſion. He is a libertine without a conſtitution for pleaſure, and he knows how to moralize without morality. His vanity is exceſſive, but his avarice is yet greater than his vanity; he therefore writes leſs for reputation than money, for which he may be ſaid both to hunger and thirſt. He is in haſte to work, that he may be in haſte to live; he was made to enjoy, and he determines only to hoard. Such is the man, and ſuch is the author.

There is no other poet in the world, whoſe verſes coſt him ſo little labour; but this facility of compoſition hurts him, becauſe he abuſes it; as there is but little for labour to ſupply, he is content that little ſhould be wanting, and therefore almoſt all his pieces are unfiniſhed. But though he is an eaſy, and ingenious, and elegant writer of poetry, yet his principal excellence would be hiſtory, if he made fewer reflections, and drew no parallels; in both of which, however, he has ſometimes been very happy. In his laſt work he has imitated the manner of Bayle, of whom, even in his cenſure of him, he has exhibited a copy. It has long been ſaid, that for a writer to be without paſſion, and with-

out prejudice, he muſt have neither religion nor country, and in this M. Voltaire has made great advances towards perfection. He cannot be accuſed as being a partizan to his nation; he appears, on the contrary, to be infected with a ſpecies of madneſs, ſomewhat like that of old men, who are always extolling the time paſt, and bitterly complaining of the preſent. Voltaire is always diſſatisfied with his own country, and laviſh in the praiſe of thoſe that are a thouſand leagues off. As to religion, he is in that reſpect utterly undetermined, and he certainly would be the neuteral and impartial being, ſo much deſired for an author, but for a little leaven of anti-janſaniſm, which appears ſomewhat too plainly diſtinguiſhed in his works. Voltaire has much foreign and French literature; nor is he deficient of that mixed erudition, which is now ſo much in faſhion. He is a politician, a naturaliſt, a geometrician, or whatever elſe he pleaſes; but he is always ſuperficial, becauſe he is not able to be deep. He could not, however, flouriſh as he does, upon theſe ſubjects, without great ingenuity. His taſte is rather delicate than juſt; he is an ingenious ſatyriſt, a bad critic, and a dabler in the abſtracted ſciences. Imagination is his element, and yet, ſtrange as it is, he has no invention. He is reproached with continually paſſing from one extreme to another; now a *Philanthropiſt*, then a cynic;

now an exceſſive encomiaſt, then an outragious ſatyriſt. In one word, Voltaire would fain be an extraordinary man, and an extraordinary man he moſt certainly is!

DESCRIPTION AND SINGULAR OPERATIONS, &c &c.

OF THE TERMITES OR WHITE ANTS.

[*Continued from our laſt.*]

Theſe hills make their firſt appearance in the form of conical turrets, about a foot high. In a ſhort time, the inſects erect, at a little diſtance, other turrets, and go on increaſing their number and widening their baſes, till their underworks are covered with theſe turrets, which the animals always raiſe higheſt in the middle of the hill, and, by filling up the intervals between each turret, collect them, at laſt, into one great dome.

'The *royal chamber*, Mr. Smeathman remarks, 'which is occupied by the King and queen, ap-'pears to be, in the opinion of this little people, 'of the moſt conſequence, and is always ſitu-'ated as near the centre of the interior building 'as poſſible, and generally about the height of 'the common ſurface of the ground. It is al-'ways nearly in the ſhape of half an egg, or an 'obtuſe oval, within, and may be ſuppoſed to 'repreſent a long oven. In the infant ſtate of

'the colony, it is not above an inch, or there-
'about, in length; but in time will be increaſed
'to ſix or eight inches, or more, in the clear,
'being always in proportion to the ſize of the
'queen, who, increaſing in bulk as in age, at
'length requires a chamber of ſuch dimen-
'ſions.'

The enterances into the royal chamber will not admit any animal larger than the ſoldiers or labourers. Hence the *King* and *queen*, which laſt when full grown, is a thouſand times the weight of a King, can never poſſibly go out. The royal chamber is ſurrounded by an innumerable quantity of others, which are of different ſizes, figures, and dimenſions; but all of them are arched either in a circular or an elliptical form. Theſe chambers either open into each other, or have communicating paſſages, which being always clear, are evidently intended for the conveniency of the ſoldiers and attendants, of whom, as will ſoon appear, great numbers are neceſſary. Theſe apartments are joined by the magazines and nurſeries. The magazines are chambers of clay, and are at all times well ſtored with proviſions, which, to the naked eye, ſeem to conſiſt of the raſpings of wood and plants which the termites deſtroy; but, when examined by the microſcope, they are found to conſiſt chiefly of the gums or inſpiſſated juices of plants, thrown together in ſmall irregular maſſes. Of

theſe maſſes, ſome are finer than others, and reſemble the ſugar above preſerved fruits; others reſemble the tears of gum, one being quite tranſparent, another like amber, a third brown, and a fourth perfectly opaque.

The magazines are always intermixed with the nurſeries, which laſt are buildings totally different from the reſt of the apartments. They are compoſed entirely of wooden materials, which ſeem to be cemented with gums. Mr. Smeathman very properly gives them the appellation of *nurſeries;* becauſe they are invariably occupied by the eggs, and the young ones, which firſt appear in the ſhape of labourers; but they are as white as ſnow. Theſe buildings are exceedingly compact, and are divided into a number of ſmall, irregular-ſhaped chambers, not one of which is half an inch wide. They are placed all round, and as near as poſſible to the royal apartments.

When a neſt or hillock is in the infant ſtate, the nurſeries are cloſe to the royal apartment. But as, in proceſs of time, the body of the queen enlarges, it becomes neceſſary, for her accommodation, to augment the dimenſions of her chamber. She then, likewiſe, lays a great number of eggs, and requires more attendants; of courſe, it is neceſſary that both the number and dimenſions of the adjacent apartments ſhould be augmented. For this purpoſe, the ſmall firſt

built nurſeries are taken to pieces, rebuilt a little farther off, made a ſize larger, and their number, at the ſame time, is increaſed. Thus the animals are continually employed in pulling down, repairing, or rebuilding their apartments; and theſe operations they perform with wonderful ſagacity, regularity, and foreſight.

One remarkable circumſtance regarding the nurſeries muſt not be omitted. They are always ſlightly overgrown with a kind of *mould*, and plentifully ſprinkled with white globules, about the ſize of a ſmall pin's head. Theſe globules, Mr. Smeathman at firſt conjectured to be the eggs; but, when examined by the microſcope, they evidently appeared to be a ſpecies of muſhrooms, in ſhape reſembling our eatable muſhroom when young. When entire, they are white like ſnow a little melted and frozen again; and, when bruiſed, they ſeem to be compoſed of an infinite number of pellucid particles, approaching to oval forms, and are with difficulty ſeparated from each other. The mouldineſs ſeems likewiſe to conſiſt of the ſame kind of ſubſtance*.

The nurſeries are encloſed in chambers of clay, like thoſe which contain the proviſions; but they are much larger. In the early ſtate of

* Mr. Konig, who examined the Termites neſts in the Eaſt-Indies, conjectures, that theſe muſhrooms are the food of the young inſects.

the neſt, they are not bigger than an hazel nut; but, in great hills, they are often as large as a child's head of a year old.

The royal chamber is ſituated nearly on a level with the ſurface of the ground, at an equal diſtance from all the ſides of the building, and directly under the apex of the hill. On all ſides, both above and below, it is ſurrounded by what are called the *royal apartments*, which contain only labourers and ſoldiers, who can be intended for no other purpoſe than to continue in the neſt, either to guard or ſerve their common *father* and *mother*, on whoſe ſafety the happineſs, and, in the eſtimation of the negroes, the exiſtence of the whole community depends. Theſe apartments compoſe an intricate labyrinth, which extends a foot or more in diameter from the *royal chamber* on every ſide. Here the nurſeries and magazines of proviſions begin; and, being ſeparated by ſmall empty chambers and galleries, which ſurround them, and communicate with each other, are continued on all ſides to the outward ſhell, and reach up within it two thirds or three fourths of its height, leaving an open area in the middle under the dome, which reſembles the nave of an old cathedral. This area is ſurrounded by large Gothic arches, which are ſometimes two or three feet high next the front of the area, but diminiſh rapidly as they recede, like the arches of aiſles in perſpectives, and are

ſoon loſt among the innumerable chambers and nurſeries behind them. All theſe chambers and paſſages are arched, and contribute mutually to ſupport one another. The interior building, or aſſemblage of nurſeries, chambers, and paſſages, has a flattiſh roof without any perforation. By this contrivance, if, by accident, water ſhould penetrate the external dome, the apartments below are preſerved from injury. The area has alſo a flattiſh floor, which is ſituated above the royal chamber. It is likewiſe water-proof, and ſo conſtructed, that, if water gets admittance, it runs off by ſubterraneous paſſages, which are of an aſtoniſhing magnitude. 'I meaſured one of 'them,' ſays Mr. Smeathman, 'which was per-'fectly cylindrical, and thirteen inches in dia-'meter.' Theſe ſubterraneous paſſages are thickly lined with the ſame kind of clay of which the hill is compoſed, aſcend the internal part of the external ſhell in a ſpiral form, and, winding round the whole building up to the top, interſect and communicate with each other at different heights. From every part of theſe large galleries a number of pipes, or ſmaller galleries, leading to different apartments of the building, proceed. There are likewiſe a great many which lead downward, by ſlopping deſcents, three and four feet perpendicular under ground, among the gravel, from which the labouring termites ſelect the finer parts, which, after being worked up in

their mouths to the conſiſtence of mortar, become that ſolid clay or ſtone of which their hills, and every apartment of their buildings, except the nurſeries, are compoſed. Other galleries aſcend and lead out horizontally on every ſide, and are carried under ground, but near the ſurface, to great diſtances. Suppoſe the whole neſts within a hundred yards of a houſe were completely deſtroyed, the inhabitants of thoſe at a greater diſtance will carry on their ſubterraneous galleries, and invade the goods and merchandizes contained in it by ſap and mine, unleſs great attention and circumſpection are employed by the proprietor. [*To be concluded in our next.*]

ABUSE OF NAMES OF GREAT RENOWN.

FORTUNE, alas! how ſporteſt thou on earth!
Fame, thou'rt a wind!—a bubble gave thee birth!
Say, where thoſe names which ſet the world on fire?
Where does the pride of Greece and Rome retire.
Hector's dread name now marks the butcher's dog!
Cato keeps ſheep, and Brutus drives a hog!
Look ye for Pompey? ſearch the tanner's yard.
You'll meet with Cæſar in yon orchard's guard;
But rivals ſtill for fame unknown to fears,
A bone, unpick'd, ſhall ſet them by the ears.
See Scipio, bolt of war, the bull eſſay!
Whilſt Nero (blood-hound ſtill) makes man his pray.
Thus fares it with renown!—Nor gods retain
One jot of reverence to their ſacred name;
Juno, Mars, Venus, lap-dogs now and bitches,
With mangey coats, are drown'd, and float in ditches.
Liv'd ye on earth, ye once fam'd pair of ſages,
Who view'd from different points the crimes of ages!
How would'ſt * thou weep for greatneſs ſo burleſqu'd!
How would'ſt † thou laugh at dogs in regal beſt.

* Heraclitus, † Democritus.

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THE ROVER. N°. V.

——————— Convivæ prope diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multum diverſa palato;
Quid dem? Quid non dem? ———————

Hor.

IMITATED,

——————— What would you have me do,
When out of twenty I can pleaſe not two?
One likes the pheaſant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roaſt an egg:
Hard taſk, to hit the palate of ſuch gueſts.

Pope.

Of all the mortifications to which a writer is expoſed, neglect is the greateſt. Should his productions be the cauſe of much altercation, it is an evidence they are poſſeſſed of merit, and that his opinions wear at leaſt the appearance of reaſon, however abſurd they may prove in the ſequel.

But as I am pretty certain that none of *my* little periodical productions will be ſo attractive as to engage the champions of literature in controverſies upon their peculiar beauties or defaults; I ſhall content myſelf with what oral diſputation I may be fortunate enough to overhear reſpecting them. And, as a whole month is now elapſed ſince the publication of my firſt number,

I have not only been favoured with ſundry communications, but likewiſe have been frequently preſent when ſeveral animadverſions were delivered upon my preceding papers: but becauſe ſome of them are greatly in my favour, I ſhall give an inſtance of my modeſty by ſuppreſſing them as ſuperfluous; and, in the mean time, will lay before the reader a ſingular colloquy, of which I had the good fortune to be an auditor.

Returning t'other day from the country, I had for my companions, in the ſtage-coach, a young coquette and an elderly gentleman. I was much diverted with their diſcourſe in general, but with their remarks on my ſpeculations in particular. The latter ſeemed extremely anxious to know, whether the publication was intended as a vehicle for political information, or an attempt in the manner of the *Spectator*. "If the firſt," continued he, "it may, perhaps, be an object to thoſe who "are unable to procure diurnal Newſpapers, "and yet are deſirous of being acquainted with "the politics of the day; but, if the laſt, I fear "the author has miſtaken his aim; for we may "eaſily ſee, by the Numbers already given to the "public, that he is not only barren of inven-"tion, but likewiſe ignorant of the language of "his *own* country." "For my part," cried the Lady, "I am altogether in the dark as to the "writer's *plan*, yet I am determined to continue "the firſt volume, in hopes of receiving regular "intelligence of the reigning faſhions among the

"politer circles. I muſt obſerve, however, that "few or no improprieties of expreſſion occurred "to me during the peruſal of the papers in queſ- "tion; and, for any thing we know, the author "may be a Frenchman or an Italian." Why, "Madam," replied the other with great emo- tion, "You, fine Ladies, ſeldom dazzle your "eye-ſight with nice inveſtigation; yet, if you "will take the trouble of peruſing a ſecond time "this *Rover* (as the author is pleaſed to call it) "you may diſcover half-a-dozen barbariſms in "one ſentence. And, if the writer be a French- "man or an Italian, why does he adopt any other "language than that of his mother tongue? I "ſay, Madam, and I affirm it, there is hardly "a day allowed to paſs, but ſome petty ſcribbler "muſt be peſtering the community with inſipid "traſh, that convey neither inſtruction nor a- "muſement." During this rhapſody I main- tained the moſt profound taciturnity, but now thought it high time to be going; for the old gentleman was proceeding with ſuch vehemence of paſſion, that the foam was beginning to iſſue from both ſides of his mouth. I was juſt on the point of calling to the Coachman, when luckily we were at the end of our journey; and, without waiting to bid my fellow-travellers Good-night, made the beſt of my way to my lodgings.

I was not a little pleaſed with this adventure, as it not only gave me an opportunity of remark-

ing into what a degree of agitation ſome minds are thrown by the moſt trivial occurrences, but, alſo, the ſecret ſatisfaction of being convinced that my papers were not altogether diſregarded.

O.

RELAXATIONS IN THE NATIONAL SPIRIT, INCIDENT TO POLISHED NATIONS.

Virtue is a neceſſary conſtituent of national ſtrength: capacity, and a vigorous underſtanding, are no leſs neceſſary to ſuſtain the fortune of ſtates. Both are improved by diſcipline, and by the exerciſes in which men are engaged. We deſpiſe, or we pity the lot of mankind, while they lived under certain eſtabliſhments, and were obliged to ſuſtain in the ſame perſon, the character of the ſenator, the ſtateſman, and the ſoldier. Poliſhed nations diſcover, that any one of theſe characters is ſufficient in one perſon; and that the ends of each, when disjoined, are more eaſily accompliſhed. The firſt, however, were circumſtances under which nations advanced and proſpered: the ſecond were thoſe in which the ſpirit relaxed, and the nation went to decay.

We may, with good reaſon, congratulate our ſpecies, on their having eſcaped from a ſtate of barbarous diſorder and violence, into a ſtate of domeſtic peace and regular policy; when they have ſheathed the dagger, and diſarmed the animoſities of civil contention; when the weapons

with which they contend are the reaſonings of the wiſe, and the tongue of the eloquent. But we cannot, mean-time, help to regret, that they ſhould ever proceed, in ſearch of perfection, to place every branch of adminiſtration behind the counter, and come to employ, inſtead of the ſtateſman and warrior, the mere clerk and accountant.

The policy of China is the moſt perfect model of arrangement, at which the ordinary refinements of government are aimed; and the inhabitants of this empire poſſeſs, in the higheſt degree, thoſe arts on which vulgar minds make the felicity and greatneſs of nations to depend. The ſtate has acquired, in a meaſure unequalled in the hiſtory of mankind, numbers of men, and the other reſources of war. They have done what we are very apt to admire; they have brought national affairs to the level of the meaneſt capacity; they have broken them into parts, and thrown them into ſeparate departments: they have clothed every proceeding with ſplendid ceremonies, and majeſtical forms; and where the reverence of forms cannot repreſs diſorder, a rigorous and ſevere police, armed with every ſpecies of corporal puniſhment, is applied to the purpoſe. The whip, and the cudgel, are held up to all orders of men; they are at once employed, and they are dreaded by every magiſtrate. A mandarine is whipped, for having ordered a

pickpocket to receive too few or too many blows.

Every department of ſtate is made the object of a ſeparate profeſſion, and every candidate for office muſt have paſſed through a regular education; and, as in the graduations of the univerſity, muſt have obtained by his proficiency, or his ſtanding, the degree to which he aſpires. The tribunals of ſtate, of war, and of the revenue, as well as of literature, are conducted by graduates in their different ſtudies: but while learning is the great road to preferment, it terminates, in being able to read, and to write; and the great object of government conſiſts in raiſing, and in conſuming the fruits of the earth. With all theſe reſources, and this learned preparation, which is made to turn theſe reſources to uſe, the ſtate is in reality weak; has repeatedly given the example which we ſeek to explain; and among the doctors of war or of policy, among the millions who are ſet apart for the military profeſſion, can find none of its members, who are fit to ſtand forth in the dangers of their country, or to form a defence againſt the repeated inroads of an enemy, reputed to be artleſs and mean.

The boaſted refinements, then, of the poliſhed age, are not diveſted of danger. They open a door, perhaps, to diſaſter, as wide and acceſſible as any of thoſe they have ſhut. If they

build walls and ramparts, they enervate the minds of thoſe who are placed to defend them; if they form diſciplined armies, they reduce the military ſpirit of entire nations; and by placing the ſword where they have given a diſtaſte to civil eſtabliſhments, they prepare for mankind the government of force.

THE STORY OF GUNHILDA.

Gunhilda, ſiſter to Hardicanute, King of England, was celebrated for beauty and ſanctity of manners: ſhe had been courted in her father's life-time by the Emperor Henry III. The luſtre of this match, gilded all the woes which others eaſily foreſaw muſt ariſe in matrimony with a perſon of this Prince's diſpoſitions. The humbler crowd of admirers, becauſe ſubjects, though they were of the firſt rank, were diſdained: and the friends of Gunhilda, thought ſhe could not be miſerable if ſhe was great.

The match therefore was concluded between her and the Emperor; while Hardicanute, conceiving he could not have a fairer opportunity of diſplaying his magnificence, ranſacked all art and nature to celebrate the nuptials. This was done with ſuch exquiſite luxury, with ſuch memorable profuſion, that it got even into the ſongs of the bards of thoſe days; and was tranſmitted, by the rude minſtrels of the times, in lays which ſurvived to the age of Weſtminſter the hiſtorian.

At laſt, the effuſion of pomp and luxury being over, the fair bride was ſent over to her conſort. But Henry took in ſuch draughts of love as intoxicated his brain; while jealouſy, prompted by conſcious demerits, whiſpered him, that ſo many charms were not made for him alone. Suſpicion was ſtrengthened by the adulation of thoſe who found it more eaſy to ſooth, than to combat, the prepoſſeſſions of Princes; and, at laſt, imagination forming circumſtances, Gunhilda was accuſed of adultery. Such accuſations, in thoſe days, were too arbitrary and too delicate to be handled in the common way of evidence and defence; to be ſuſpected was to be guilty; and nothing could wipe off that guilt, but the precarious ſucceſs of ſingle combat between two champions; one for the accuſer, and one for the accuſed. We muſt ſuppoſe, that the fair Gunhilda had, in all her numerous train, only one Engliſhman; his name, from his diminutive ſize, Mimecan, bred about her own perſon, and an ocular witneſs to her purity of converſation.

The day of combat being come, a gigantic champion for the accuſation ſtepped into the liſts, and ſwaggering about like another Goliah, threw out his defiances againſt the power of living beauty. The wretched Gunhilda in vain caſt round her fair eyes, but unable to read, in the countenance of any perſon preſent, one ſen-

timent of manly compaſſion for her fate, was juſt fixing them upon the proſpect of death and infamy, when the generous Engliſhman ſtepped forth, as the champion of her honour. He was her own page; his years too tender to make it ſuſpicious that he had any motive for danger, beſides the vindication of injured innocence; and his perſon, too diminutive for Gunhilda ever to entertain a thought of him for her champion. However, ſupplying weakneſs with courage, and aiding courage with cool dexterity, the beardleſs champion, with his ſword in hand, advanced againſt his enormous antagoniſt. The ſecurity of the latter proved his deſtruction; for endeavouring rather to tread out his adverſary's life, than to fight with him. Mimecan was tall enough to reach the giant's hams with his ſword, and to cut him ſo, that his bulk, thundering to the ground, the gallant boy gave him his death's wound; then dividing his head from his body, laid it at the feet of his lovely miſtreſs.

While Gunhilda, with a ſoul truly royal, looked upon the event of this combat as her deliverance, her narrow hearted lord conſidered it as her vindication. With open arms he invited her to her former place in his heart; but ſhe, at once abhorring the fury of his jealouſy, and diſdaining the eaſineſs of his reconciliation, ſought peace where it can beſt be found, in retirement from worldly grandeur, with virtuous affections.

In vain were menaces and blandiſhments applied to ſhake this purpoſe of her ſoul; ſhe obtained a divorce from his bed and perſon, and died an illuſtrious example of her innocence, triumphing over malice; and wiſdom adorning innocence, by a ſeaſonable retreat from farther temptations, and therefore from farther dangers.

THOUGHTS ON TIME, &c.

We always reckon a ſufficiency of Time to complete our ſchemes; and are almoſt ever deceived; becauſe in our computation we forget to ſet down that ſhare, which belongs to indolence and neglect; from which few or none are wholly free.

Time is like a beautiful woman, whom many admire, but few pay their ſincere addreſſes to.

Time and opportunity are the moſt uncertain of all things; and yet there is nothing we more confidently depend upon.

Time is to be met, and never to be followed; becauſe never to be overtaken.

The loſs of Time is like that of reputation: let us endeavour all we can to recover either, we ſhall always be ſomething the worſe for that portion which is loſt.

The loſs of Time is the more heavily felt: the later it is perceived; like an inward diſtemper, that is long gathering, and becomes dangerous before we are ſenſible of any ailment.

We all acknowledge the value of Time; but few know its worth any otherwise than by feeling the want of it when too late.

Time is like a monarch, whose rights are incontestible; but whose commands few of his subjects are willing to obey.

It is like a creditor who allows an ample space to make up accounts; but is inexorable at last.

Nature made time our debtor; but idleness turns the tables, and leaves us always in his arrears.

No man ever made the best use of his time, otherwise he would have been irreprehensible; which hitherto has been the case of no man.

The employment of Time is to the soul what nutriment is to the body, health and vigour.

DESCRIPTION AND SINGULAR OPERATIONS, &c &c. OF THE TERMITES OR WHITE ANTS.

[*Concluded from our last.*]

Mr Smeathman concludes his description of the habitations of the *termites bellicosi*, with much modesty, in the following words: 'Thus I have 'described, as briefly as the subject would admit, and I trust without exaggeration; those 'wonderful buildings, whose size, and external 'form, have often been mentioned by travellers, 'but whose interior, and most curious parts are 'so little known, that I may venture to consider

'my account of them as new, which is the only 'merit it has; for they are conſtructed upon ſo 'different a plan from any thing elſe upon the 'earth, and ſo complicated, that I cannot find 'words equal to the taſk.'

When a breach is made in one of the hills by an ax, or other inſtrument, the firſt object that attracts attention is, the behaviour of the ſoldiers, or fighting inſects. Immediately after the blow is given, a ſoldier comes out, walks about the breach, and ſeems to examine the nature of the enemy, or the cauſe of the attack. He then goes into the hill, gives the alarm, and, in a ſhort time, large bodies ruſh out as faſt as the breach will permit. It is not eaſy to deſcribe the fury theſe fighting inſects diſcover. In their eagerneſs to repel the enemy, they frequently tumble down the ſides of the hill, but recover themſelves very quickly, and bite every thing they encounter This biting, joined to the ſtriking of their forceps upon the building, makes a crackling or vibrating noiſe, which is ſomewhat ſhriller and quicker than the ticking of a watch, and may be heard at the diſtance of three or four feet. While the attack proceeds, they are in the moſt violent buſtle and agitation. If they get hold of any part of a man's body, they inſtantly make a wound, which diſcharges as much blood as is equal to their own weight. When they attack the leg, the ſtain of blood upon the

ſtocking extends more than an inch in width. They make their hooked jaws meet at the firſt ſtroke, and never quit their hold, but ſuffer themſelves to be pulled away leg by leg, and piece after piece, without the ſmalleſt attempt to eſcape. On the other hand, if a perſon keeps out of their reach, and gives them no farther diſturbance, in leſs than half an hour they retire into the neſt, as if they ſuppoſed the wonderful monſter that damaged their caſtle had fled. Before the whole ſoldiers have gotten in, the labouring inſects are all in motion, and haſten toward the breach, each of them having a quantity of tempered mortar in his mouth. This mortar they ſtick upon the breach as faſt as they arrive, and perform the operation with ſo much diſpatch and facility, that notwithſtanding the immenſity of their numbers, they never ſtop or embarraſs one another. During this ſcene of apparent hurry and confuſion, the ſpectator is agreeably ſurprized when he perceives a regular wall gradually ariſing and filling up the chaſm. While the labourers are thus employed, almoſt all the ſoldiers remain within, except here and there one, who ſaunters about among ſix hundred or a thouſand labourers, but never touches the mortar. One ſoldier, however, always takes his ſtation cloſe to the wall that the labourers are building. This ſoldier turns himſelf leiſurely on all ſides, and, at intervals of a minute or two,

raiſes his head, beats upon the building with his forceps, and makes the vibrating noiſe formerly mentioned. A loud hiſs inſtantly iſſues from the inſide of the dome and all the ſubterraneous caverns and paſſages. That this hiſs proceeds from the labourers is apparent; for, at every ſignal of this kind, they work with redoubled quickneſs and alacrity. A renewal of the attack, however, inſtantly changes the ſcene. 'On the firſt 'ſtroke,' Mr. Smeathman remarks, 'the la- 'bourers run into the many pipes and galleries 'with which the building is perforated, which 'they do ſo quickly, that they ſeem to vaniſh; 'for in a few ſeconds all are gone, and the ſol- 'diers ruſh out as numerous and vindictive as 'before. On finding no enemy, they return a- 'gain leiſurely into the hill, and, very ſoon 'after, the labourers appear loaded as at firſt, 'as active, and as ſedulous, with ſoldiers here 'and there among them, who act juſt in the 'ſame manner, one or other of them giving the 'ſignal to haſten the buſineſs. Thus the plea- 'ſure of ſeeing them come out to fight or to 'work, alternately, may be obtained as often as 'curioſity excites, or time permits; and it will 'certainly be found, that the one order never 'attempts to fight, or the other to work, let the 'emergency be ever ſo great.'

It is exceedingly difficult to explore the interior parts of a neſt or hill. The apartments,

which ſurround the royal chamber and the nurſeries, and, indeed the whole fabrick, have ſuch a dependance on each other, that the breaking of one arch generally pulls down two or three. There is another great obſtacle to our reſearches, namely, the obſtinacy of the ſoldiers, 'who,' ſays our author, 'fight to the very laſt, 'diſputing every inch of ground ſo well, as often 'to drive away the negroes, who are without 'ſhoes, and make white people bleed plentifully 'through their ſtockings. Neither can we let 'a building ſtand, ſo as to get a view of the in-'terior parts without interruption; for, while 'the ſoldiers are defending the outworks, the 'labourers keep barricading all the way againſt 'us, ſtopping up the different galleries and paſ-'ſages, which lead to the various apartments; 'particularly the royal chamber; all the en-'trances to which they fill up ſo artfully as not 'to let it be diſtinguiſhable while it remains 'moiſt; and, externally, it has no other appear-'ance than that of a ſhapeleſs lump of clay. It 'is, however, eaſily found from its ſituation, 'with reſpect to the other parts of the building, 'and by the crowds of labourers and ſoldiers 'which ſurround it, who ſhow their loyalty and 'fidelity by dying under its walls. The royal 'chamber, in a large neſt, is capacious enough 'to hold many hundreds of the attendants, be-'ſides the royal pair; and you always find it as

'full of them as it can hold. Theſe faithful 'ſubjects never abandon their charge, even in 'the laſt diſtreſs; for, whenever I took out the 'royal chamber, and, as I often did, preſerved 'it for ſome time in a large glaſs bowl, all the 'attendants continued running in one direction 'round the King and queen with the utmoſt ſo-'licitude, ſome of them ſtopping at the head of 'the latter, as if to give her ſomething.'

ON THE DEATH OF AN AMIABLE YOUNG LADY.

WHEN hoary Age ſubmits to Nature's doom,
Short is our grief, and tranſient is our gloom;
But when fair Virtue, in her early years
Blaſts our fond hopes, ſhe leaves the world in tears;
Each kindred heart with double anguiſh heaves,
And with the friend th' attentive ſtranger grieves.
So ſtream'd the ſorrows when in Beauty's bloom,
Death ſnatch'd this bright perfection to the tomb,
In whoſe fair life each grace and virtue met,
Love to inſpire and much enhance regret:
Whoſe heart, the ſhrine where innocency dwelt,
Deteſted Cenſure, and for Error felt;
Whoſe voice was wit, by charity expreſs'd,
Which charm'd, not hurt,—delighted, not diſtreſs'd.
O form'd to grace on earth the higheſt ſphere;
Polite with truth—engaging, yet ſincere;
Good without gloom, and prudent without art,
Admir'd, ador'd by every generous heart.
For thee how juſt their ſocial ſorrows flow,
How virtuous and how laſting is their woe!
Yet while they grieve intenſe, they pious own,
An angel's proper clime is Heaven alone.

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How heavily we drag the load of life,
Bleſs'd leiſure is our curſe ——————.

YOUNG.

Nothing is ſo diſguſtful to the mind of man, as a total inactivity. The ſoul that wants employment is oppreſſed with a languid dullneſs, it caſts about from ſide to ſide, with a reſtleſs anxiety, and will ſoon fall upon ſome method of buſying itſelf, either with what is good, or with what is bad.

The man, whoſe thoughts are conſtantly engaged with buſineſs, whoſe faculties are wholly bent upon heaping up an ample fortune, whatever other anxieties he may labour under, feels little of the heavineſs of time. He may lament the hurry of employment, he may vent his diſcontentment at being continually harraſſed by the cares of providing for himſelf and family, but the weight of time is a burden which he never feels, and the ſpleen is a diſorder of which he has no idea. The want of time, not the ſuperabundance of it, will be his conſtant complaint.

Ridiculous as it may ſeem, however, to ſuch a perſon, there are ſome whoſe time is a burden

to them; who have more of it on their hands than they know how to uſe, who fall upon every expedient to make it hurry on unobſerved, and whoſe greateſt hardſhip is the want of ſomething to do. It may ſeem ſtrange indeed, that men, who are immortal, who are placed here only for a very ſhort ſeaſon, and who have employment allotted them ſufficient to occupy endleſs ages of time, ſhould feel no misfortune lie heavier upon them, than that of being idle. But though the preparation for futurity may, I think, reaſonably be allowed to be the employment of ſome part of every reaſonable creature's time, yet I am not ignorant that it is nearly impoſſible for any man to employ himſelf in that manner without ceaſing. Even the moſt religious, muſt often relax their thoughts from ideas of futurity, and then, like other men, their eaſe will become irkſome: ſome occupation muſt be fallen into, in order to drive wearineſs from the mind, in order to ward off that anxiety, which muſt otherwiſe infallibly attack them.

The diſagreeableneſs of this want of employment may be judged of, from the ſhifts which men have fallen into, in order to furniſh occupation for themſelves. One flies into the country, and works in the fields with as much induſtry as the daily labourer; another takes to the gaming-table, and ventures thouſands to a throw of the dice; while a third endeavours to fly from

his own thoughts, by following a pack of hounds in the chace, and, in order to eſcape from time, riſks his neck, leaping five-bar gates. It is for the purpoſe of ridding themſelves of their own thoughts, that men unite into clubs and ſocieties: and we too often find them effectually get rid of their time, and reflection, by indulging in the bottle, till they become incapable of thinking. The daily Newſpapers occupy the ſpare time of a very great number, who, having nothing of their own to occupy their minds, buſy themſelves with the affairs of the nation.

Since all men require recreation, and take particular pains to ſhun inactivity, it becomes every one, who wiſhes to have it in his power to reflect on his paſt time with pleaſure, or who is deſirous to avoid the reproaches of conſcience, to regulate his choice of recreation by the teſt of reaſon; to fly from the enticements of vice, though under the maſk of amuſement; and to make even his ſports favourable to virtue. Were many of the recreations of men, tried at the bar of reaſon and virtue, I am afraid they would quickly be condemned as frivolous or vicious. What excuſe can the gameſter plead for the haſty imprecations cauſed by a run of ill luck? or what reaſon can he aſſign for expoſing his health and fortune to the caprice of chance, or the ſnares of the ſharper? Does not humanity ſhudder at the thoughts of owing our day's enjoy-

ment to the torture and death of the timid hare? Is not every ſenſe of morality and decency ſhocked at the idea of the pleaſures of intoxication, in which men degrade themſelves among the loweſt of the animal creation, in order to enjoy momentary gratifications, equally fatal to the mind and body?

But, among all the enjoyments of men, none can, for innocence and pleaſure, be preferred to the amuſements of reading. The pleaſures ariſing from books, are not, perhaps, ſo intenſe as ſome of the gratifications of ſenſe, but they are for that reaſon more laſting. To the perſon who has acquired a taſte for reading, books are the ſource of much true delight. His mind is never wearied by ſatiety of enjoyment; nor his conſtitution waſted by the lures of luxury. His pleaſures are as various as they are delicate: he can always ſuit them to his temper and diſpoſition. He can riſe in enthuſiaſm with the ſublimity of the Epic Poet; he can ſympathiſe with the diſtreſs painted in tragedy; he can traverſe the moſt diſtant country with the traveller; and can trace Empires from their riſe to their fall with the hiſtorian. He can converſe with the ſages of antiquity; the good and great of every age become his companions; he can dive with the philoſopher into the depths of nature, or amuſe himſelf with the ſprightly effuſions of wit; he can ſport with the lively ſallies of an

Addiſon or a Swift; he can aſcend with Newton to the heavens, and there trace the Deity through his works.

It is not ſurely one of the leaſt arguments in favour of the pleaſures of reading, that their cheapneſs puts them in every one's power. None are totally debarred from this ſource of amuſement. It is in ſome meaſure attainable by all, from the Nobleman to the mechanic. The preſent age can make it a boaſt, that good books were never in greater abundance, nor more eaſily purchaſed: and certainly that money cannot be ſaid to be ſquandered needleſsly, which is laid out in the acquiſition of what can be made the ſource of ſo much innocent pleaſure.

The perſon who places his chief delight in reading, can never be at a loſs for amuſement. On every occaſion he can indulge himſelf in his favourite enjoyment: he can never be alone while his companion may be eaſily conveyed into his pocket; and that companion can never diſguſt while he can be laid aſide as ſoon as he becomes tedious.

To all theſe advantages it may be added, in the laſt place, that reading is highly favourable to Religion and Morality. Without reading it is impoſſible to have much acquaintance with any of theſe important branches of knowledge. The perſon who paſſes his time in this manner, is always innocently, and often uſefully, em-

ployed. He can reflect with pleaſure on the time that he has ſpent: he can pleaſe himſelf with the thought that he is acting as becomes a rational creature, and that while he is advancing his pleaſure in this world, he is in a fair way to enjoy happineſs in the next.

P. Q.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A HERMIT AND A MAN OF THE WORLD.

Solitaire and Mundoſo.

Sol. Ha! ſon! by what wonderful providence! do I ſee thee among theſe rocks?

Mun. Ha! father! How the devil came you here?

S. I hope, ſon, for your relief and comfort—you ſeem in diſtreſs.

M. Yes, faith, I'm in bad caſe enough.—I was ſhip-wreck'd on the coaſt two days ago about three leagues off.

S. In the late ſtorm! I ſaw your veſſel in diſtreſs, and put up my fervent prayers to St. Anthony for your relief.

M. We were obliged to you, father; but I fancy St. Anthony was otherwiſe employed; for he ſuffered our veſſel to go to the bottom. Nay, if praying to the ſaints could have done, we had enough of that on board. Though it poſſibly

was not their fault neither; we had not a good Seaman in the ſhip. With the help of half a dozen Engliſh ſailors, St. Anthony might have got us off the coaſt; but it was not to be expected, that the ſaints ſhould heave out an anchor to work the ſhip.

S. And are you the only ſurvivor of the perſons on board.

M. There were four of us, till, like fools, we went to loggerheads about the few trifles we ſaved from the wreck.

S. Is it poſſible?

M. Yes, very poſſible, father; but as I thought it idle to quarrel about property, till I had found ſome means of preſerving life, I left my comrades to decide the diſpute by themſelves.

S. Bleſs me! what a world have I eſcaped?

M. Why, father, were you caſt away here too?

S. No, ſon, not literally; but diſguſted with the world, I retired to this place, to avoid its temptations, and to contemplate on the things of heaven.

M. A very proper ſpot; for you can ſee little elſe than the ſky; I dare ſay, you may ſee a ſtar at noon-day, almoſt as plain as if you were at the bottom of a well. But pray, good father, cannot you help one to a little ſuſtenance? I have eat nothing but a few ſhell-fiſh theſe three days.

S Gladly, ſon; walk in; there is my cell—I was juſt going to dinner when I firſt heard you.

M. I thank you, father—Ha! fine fiſh! good ſallad! wine too! a ſnug retreat!—you live here very comfortably father, if you had any body to converſe with now and then. A pretty little prattling female might even make this ſolitary ſpot agreeable: but I have no notion of a man's living like an unit by himſelf.

S. Religion and philoſophy furniſh me with reflections that ſupply the place of converſation.

M. As to religion, I made a vow to St. Dominic, when I was laſt at Liſbon, that ſo long as his inquiſition endured, I would never open my lips about the matter. But with regard to philoſophy; I have been in England, father, and have laid in ſuch a cargo, that I believe I am your match. Come, let us ſtart a ſubject of diſpute.

S. I mean not to differ; what ſhould I diſpute for?

M. To ſhew your philoſophy certainly.

S. And is that the uſe of philoſophy?

M. Doubtleſs.

S. Then an anchorite cannot be a philoſopher, as he has no body to diſpute with.

M. True; and I will undertake thereupon to convince you, that a life of ſolitude is the moſt uſeleſs life in the world.

S. I hope, not altogether: Drink, ſon, eat. You are welcome.

M. Excellent wine, this!—I did not think

that theſe rocks produced ſuch refreſhing ſallads. Yes, Father, your ſolitary philoſophy is all out of faſhion. It is diſcovered by the Moderns, that a man may be as devout in a cathedral as in a cell, and may cultivate philoſophy as well on the exchanges of Amſterdam and London, as if he were caſt away on Robinſon Cruſoe's iſland. In a word, Father, it is to be demonſtrated—delicate fiſh!—that an anchorite is an uſeleſs being, and cannot poſſibly be of ſervice to any human creature.—Moſt delicate fiſh, indeed!

S. Not even to a ſhip-wrecked mariner?

M. Egad, Father, you have caught me, I ſee that a man ſhould be ſilent at meals: his brains are not worth a farthing while he is filling his belly. I beg your pardon. It muſt be owned, you have very eſſentially ſerved me, as my late craving, and now ſatiated appetite can teſtify.

S. Learn hence, ſon, how readily ingratitude ariſes from want of reflection: you may, from this inſtance, alſo learn the vanity of that philoſophy, which conſiſts only in words. Know that, as nature hath made nothing in vain, ſo Providence will not ſuffer any thing that is innocent to be uſeleſs. 'Virtue,' ſay you, men of the world, 'conſiſts in doing good to others; 'and how can a man do good to others, who 'lives by himſelf?' Great, however, is the merit of him, who hath courage to withdraw

himſelf from temptation, and does no harm. If I do little good to my fellow creatures, I do them leſs ill. In the world, I ſhould do more of both. But, even ſuppoſing the love of ſolitude an error, let the providential ſervice I have now afforded you in this deſolate ſituation teach you, that Heaven will not permit even the blindneſs and errors of mankind, to render them totally uſeleſs to each other.

THE RUINS OF CAITHNESS.

A GOTHIC TALE.

" Save us, O hermit of theſe mouldering towers! protect us, O maſter of the ſilver-ſounding harp!—O thou, whoſe ſweet ſong charmeth the ſtill ſolemn night!—whoſe ſtrain can nerve the arm of patriot valour, can melt the furious ſoul to the tenderneſs of pity, or lift in ſublime devotion the wayward ſpirit to heaven!—Save us, O ſave, thou venerable bard! —protect us from a father's rage!—O! hide us ſecure among the ruins of Caithneſs—Shelter us among its tumbling courts: ſo ſhall the purſuit of Conon Dacarawd, my ſire, be in vain; nor ſhall Colna Gurtha be torn from Loch Cawdor, the faithful lover of her choice. Hark! the neighing of ſteeds proclaims the approach of the purſuers.—See! the affrighted moon trem-

bles on their burniſhed helmits—nor are the vaſſals of Loch Cawdor here to defend. Save him—O hermit, ſave!"

Suſpended were the ſilver ſounds of the hermit's lyre, while attentive he liſtened to the tremulated voice—and mute for a while was the ſong which *praiſed* the God of benevolence, that by the exertions of benevolence that God might be *ſerved*.

"Enter, O my children, yon dark ſolemn vault; take ſhelter by the tomb of Acorn Lodbrog, and let the fears of your boſoms ſubſide."

Thus ſpoke the hermit the words of peace; and they entered the dark ſolemn vault.

The minſtrel awaken'd the tuneful ſtrings—they viberated with the notes of tenderneſs. Solemn night was charmed—liſt'ning, ſhe inclined the penſive ear—The nocturnal breeze was impregnated by the pity-wakening ſtrain—it bruſhed thro' the humid foliage of the adjoining foreſt, murmuring ſoft. Sad as the warbled pathos of the grief-attuned lyre, melting to tremulated murmurs died away, ſo fainted the ſympathizing gales among the ruins of Caithneſs, and languiſhing among the trembling ivy, ſadly ſighed.—Then reſted the minſtrel on his mellow harp; and awaited the approach of the purſuers.

Conon Dacarawd and his champions arrived. Melted to pity by the ſweet minſtrelty had been every hero of his train, but inexorable remained the cruel pride of the hoary parent.

Ah tell me, ye who know the hiſtory of man! —ye who have explored the page of inſtruction, and, poring over the records of empires, have not neglected to inveſtigate the human heart;— What is that which is more cruel than the ſword of ſlaughter, and more deſtructive than the waſting fires of heaven?——Pride is more cruel than the ſlaughtering ſword, for it cutteth aſunder the bonds of love, and trampleth on the ties of nature.—Pride is more waſteful than the lightenings of heaven, for it conſumeth virtue and peace, and deſtroyeth the heart of him who giveth it harbour.

Tell me, ye who know the hiſtory of man!— ye who have explored the page of inſtruction, and traced the fate of empires to their cauſes; —What is that which is more dangerous than fleets and armies?—What is harder to ſubdue than caſtles and ſtrong towers?—Revenge is more waſteful than hoſtile armies, and more fatal than the navies of rival potentates. The earth and the ſea are too narrow for its wrath— it would purſue its victims beyond the oblivious boundaries of the grave—it would launch into the regions of eternity, and precipitate the objects of its hate from the thrones of immortal bliſs.—Revenge is harder to ſubdue than caſtles of ſtrength, and fortified towers are leſs ſlow to yield—it groweth by oppoſition, and acquireth ſtrength by age.

Conon Dacarawd.

Where is my daughter, O hermit of Caithneſs?—Where haſt thou concealed that traitoreſs to mine honour?—Where is Loch Cawdor, the baſe and the accuſed, O thou maſter of the lyre!—where haſt thou hid that contaminator of my blood?

Hermit.

Not a traitoreſs to thy honour is Colna Gurtha the gentle—not a contaminator of thy blood, is Loch Cawdor the brave. Equal are they by birth, and alike diſtinguiſhed by virtue; and Heaven hath united their hearts by the ties of irremeable love. Approve then the flame which is ſanctioned by the Author of nature, and let family feuds be forgotten in joy.

Conon Dacarawd.

Peace! peace, thou dreaming hermit! nor awaken my wrath, leſt thy hoary looks protect thee not from mine ire. Was not the father of Loch Cawdor my rival and my foe?—Did he not injure the fame of Conon Dacarawd?

Hermit.

Is not the father of Loch Cawdor mouldering in the duſt?—Did he not fall by thy hand in the combat? Alas! ſhall revenge be immortal like the ſoul, while the injury is leſs durable than the frail life which gave it birth? An infant was Loch Cawdor when his father fell beneath thy ſword—an embryo was his ſpirit, in the unknown womb of Providence, when the

cauſe of thy wrath aroſe. Why perſecuteſt thou then the innocent Loch Cawdor?—why refuſeſt thou thy daughter to his love?

[*To be continued.*]

MAGNANIMITY OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

Word being brought to William, as he ſat at dinner, that his city of Mans in Normandy was beſieged, and in great danger of being taken, if not preſently relieved; he haſtily aſked, which way Mans lay. Upon which being anſwered, the King immediately ordered a maſon to take down a wall which happened to obſtruct his neareſt paſſage to the ſea. His lords about him adviſed him to ſtay till ſuch time as the people might get ready; but his anſwer was "No!—ſuch as love me, will follow me." Whereupon the lords obeyed; but, being come on ſhipboard, and the weather growing very tempeſtuous, he was adviſed, a ſecond time, by the maſter of the ſhip, to await ſome calmer ſeaſon, alledging the preſent very imminent danger of the voyage; to which the valiant hero again anſwered, "Fear nothing!—I never yet heard of a King being drowned, while defending the rights of juſtice and his kingdom." And thereupon he ſet ſail, and arriving at Mans unexpectedly, preſently diſperſed the beſiegers, and took Helias, Count de la Fleſche, who had been the author of the tumult, priſoner; who vauntingly ſaid to the

King, "Now, indeed, you have taken me for a while, but if I were at liberty again, you ſhould find me performing different feats!" At which Rufus, laughing heartily ſaid, "Go your way, and do your utmoſt, and let us ſee what feats you can do." Being reconciled to his brother Robert, he aſſiſted him in recovering the fort of Moun and St. Michael, which their brother Henry formerly held in Normandy; during which ſiege he happened to be ſtraggling along the ſhore alone, on horſeback, and was met by three other horſemen, who aſſaulted him ſo fiercely, that they drove him from his ſaddle, and his ſaddle from his horſe; but William taking up his ſaddle, and drawing out his ſword, defended himſelf till reſcue came; upon which, being blamed for minding his ſaddle almoſt in preference of his life, he anſwered, "It would have grieved me to the very heart, ſhould the Knaves have had it to brag, that they had won my ſaddle from me!"

ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

BE not, my friend, by youth deceived,
Nor let the Syren be believ'd,
Though ſmooth and ſoft her ſtrains,
Away on whirling wheels ſhe flies,
Swift as the guſt that rides the ſkies,
Without or yoke or rein.

Youth muſt reſign its blooming charms
To Age, whoſe cold and ſhiv'ring arms
Will wither ev'ry joy;

'Tis brittle glaſs, 'tis rapid ſtream,
'Tis melting wax, 'tis air-dreſs'd dream,
That time will ſoon deſtroy.

So ſmiles at noon the dewy roſe,
And to the genial breezes blows,
Evolving odours round;
But cruſh'd by ev'ning's ruſhing rains,
It droops, it ſinks upon the plains,
Down-trodden with the ground.

Hours, days, months, years, impetuous fly,
Like meteors darting thro' the ſky,
And muſt return no more.
Know, my young friend, that moments fled,
Are moments ever, ever dead,
And cancell'd from thy ſcore.

See how the globes, that ſail the heav'n,
Around in rapid eddies driven,
Are haſt'ning to their doom;
Time ruſhes to eternity,
Eager in his embrace to die,
His parent and his tomb.

Though we, in theſe low vales were born,
Yet theſe low vales our ſouls ſhould ſcorn,
And to the heavens ſhould riſe:
So the Larks, hatch'd on clods of earth,
Diſdain their mean inglorious birth,
And tow'r unto the ſkies.

The Editors return thanks to their Correſpondents for the communications with which they have already been favoured, but find themſelves under the neceſſity of informing them, that none hereafter ſhall be received unleſs poſtpaid.

THE CULLER.

Vol. I. Wedneſday 30th Sept. 1795. No. VIII.

THE ROVER. N°. VII.

> The firſt years of man muſt make proviſion for the laſt. Perpetual levity muſt end in ignorance. Let us therefore live as men who are one day to be old.
>
> JOHNSON.

A general repugnancy to look forward to the after part of life, is, I am ſorry to obſerve, too much the characteriſtic of the youth of the preſent age. They regard futurity alone as the period of happineſs, and conſider the preſent only as that which is to uſher it in, without attending to thoſe means which are neceſſary for its production.

All Nature around us, diſplays manifeſt proofs of decay. The ſturdy oak of the mountain, though formed to ſtand ſecure amidſt a thouſand blaſts, equally as the feebleſt plant produces its bloſſoms, which fade and wither! and after a few repetitions of the ſame proceſs, if not prevented by premature death, ſinks by the univerſal mandate of Nature, into diſſolu-

tion. The maſter-pieces of the greateſt artiſts of Antiquity, which bade fair to ſtand the teſt of time, are now no more; the arts and ſciences of ages, not very diſtant from the preſent, along with the Nations themſelves, exiſt no longer but in name; nay, the globe itſelf, though formed of the hardeſt materials, bears along with it, in its exiſtence, undeniable ſymptoms of mortality. Thus, though through every part of creation, we, each day, behold inſtances of the inſtability of every thing around us yet man, thoughtleſs man, is unwilling to receive the inſtructive leſſon, and, with heedleſs ſtep, dances the ſame unmeaning round of folly.

But, however inattentive to the leſſon, the time aſſuredly muſt come, when youth ſhall grow old, and manly vigour ſink into feebleneſs and inactivity. The ruddy cheek ſhall become pale and hollow; the eye ſhall loſe its luſtre, and the thoughtleſs fop, who, proud of his ſtrength and beauty, now ſtruts about in youthful pride, ſhall become feeble, emaciated and helpleſs. Such were we formed by an Almighty Maker; ſuch have thoſe, who have gone before us been; and ſuch muſt we be in our turn.

As this is the ſituation, at preſent, ordained to mankind by Providence; and, as it muſt inevitably be the lot of all, it well becomes the

young, to live as men who are one day to be old. Thoſe triffling pleaſures, which amuſe in the ſeaſon of youth, will loſe their effect in old age. They ſeem, alone, to while away the preſent moment, without laying up any ſtock of uſeful knowledge for futurity. They ought, therefore, to occupy but a ſmall ſhare of the attention of the conſiderate mind; becauſe, though innocent, they will never render old age reſpectable; and, though they leave no bitter ſting to torment; yet, they afford no delightful ſenſations, on which remembrance can dwell with pleaſure.

Let it not be imagined on this account, however, that I wiſh to reſtrict within narrow limits, juvenile pleaſure, or give a check to the ſallies of youth: no! I diſclaim the idea; old age is entitled to reverence; and, when honourable, it obtains it: youth, in like manner, is entitled to indulgence; and when it overleaps not altogether the barriers of propriety, and forgets not totally the bounds which decorum has ordained, let it alſo obtain it. "The colours of life, in youth and old age," ſays the author of Raſſellas, "appear different as the face of Nature in Spring and Winter." The obſervation is a juſt one, and I muſt deſpiſe that man as a churliſh Cynic, who, becauſe paſt the enjoyment of pleaſure himſelf, would wiſh to

reſtrain it in others, and is unwilling to recollect, that he once was young.

Let it, however, be remembered, that, to render old age agreeable, it is neceſſary that it be reſpectable. Mankind, it has already been obſerved, have a natural veneration for age; and, if not diſguſted by folly or wickedneſs, they, in general, look up to it with awe; it has hitherto been ſo, and it will be ſo in our children: let us not diſappoint them, let us ſo inſtruct ourſelves, that we may be able to inſtruct; let us temper the ardour of youth with the experience of age; and thus lay up a ſtock for happineſs in the decline of life.

F.

THE HISTORY OF NONSENSE.

Nonſenſe was the daughter of ignorance, begot on falſhood, many years ago, in a dark cavern in Boetia. As ſhe grew up, ſhe inherited all the qualities of her parents; ſhe diſcovered too warm a genious to require being ſent to ſchool; but, while other dull brats were poring over an horn-book, ſhe amuſed herſelf with ſpreading fantaſtical lies, taught her by her mamma, and which have, in latter ages, been fami-

liarly known to us under the name of ſham, banter, and humbug.

When ſhe grew up, ſhe received the addreſſes, and ſoon became the wife of Impudence. Who he was, or what profeſſion, is uncertain: ſome ſay he was the ſon of Ignorance by another venter, and was ſuffered to become the huſband of Nonſenſe in thoſe dark ages of the world, as the Ptolemies of Egypt married their own ſiſters. Some record, that he was in the army; others, that he was an interpreter of the laws; and others, a divine. However this was, Nonſenſe and Impudence were ſoon inſeparably united to each other, and became the founders of a more noble and numerous family than any yet preſerved on any tree of deſcent whatſoever; of which ingenious device they were ſaid to have been the firſt inventors.

It is my chief intent, at preſent, to record the great exploits of that branch of the family, who have made themſelves remarkable in England, though they began to ſignalize themſelves very early, and are ſtill very flouriſhing in moſt parts of the world. Many of them were Egyptian prieſts four thouſand years ago, and told the people, that it was religion to worſhip dogs, monkeys, and green leeks; and their deſcendants prevailed on the Greeks and Romans to build temples in honour of ſuppoſed deities, who

were, in their own eſtimation of them, whores and whoremongers, pickpockets and drunkards.

Others roſe up ſome ages after in Turkey, and perſuaded the people to embrace the doctrine of bloodſhed and the ſword, in the name of the moſt merciful God. And others have manifeſted their lineal deſcent from Nonſenſe and Impudence, by affirming that there is no God at all. There were alſo among them many ſhrewd philoſophers: ſome of them, though they were racked with a fit of the ſtone, or laid up with a gouty toe, declared they felt not the leaſt degree of pain: and others would not truſt their own eyes, but, when they ſaw an horſe or a dog, could not tell whether it was not a chair or a table, and even made a doubt of their own exiſtence.

We have no certain account of the progreſs of Nonſenſe here in England, till after the Reformation. All we hear of her and her progeny before that period of time is, that they led a lazy life among the Monks in cloiſters and convents, dreaming over old legends of ſaints, drawing up breviaries and maſs-books, and ſtringing together ſome barbarous Latin verſes in rhime.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, ſo little encouragement was given to her family, that it ſeemed to have been almoſt extinct; but, in the

ſucceeding reign it flouriſhed again, and filled the moſt conſiderable offices in the nation.

Nonſenſe became a great favourite at court, where ſhe was highly carreſſed on account of her wit, which conſiſted in puns and quibbles; and the bonny Monarch himſelf was thought to take a more than ordinary delight in her converſation. At this time many of her progeny took orders, and got themſelves preferred to the beſt livings, by turning the Evangeliſts into punſters, and making St Paul quibble from the pulpit. Among the reſt there was a Biſhop, a favourite ſon of Nonſenſe, of whom it is particularly recorded, that he uſed to tickle his courtly audience, by telling them that matrimony was become a matter of money, with many other right reverend jeſts recorded by Joe Millar.

Several brothers of this family were likewiſe bred to the bar, and very gravely harrangued againſt old women ſucked by devils in the ſhape of ram cats, &c.

As an inſtance of their profound wiſdom and ſagacity, I need only mention that juſt and truly pious Act of Parliament, made againſt the crying ſin of witchcraft, 1 Jac. I. chap. 12 "Such as ſhall uſe invocation, or conjuration of any evil ſpirit, or ſhall conſult, covenant with, entertain, employ, fee, or reward, any evil ſpirit, to any intent, or take up any dead perſon, or

part thereof, to be uſed in witchcraft, or have uſed any of the ſaid arts, whereby any perſon ſhall be killed, conſumed, or lamed in his or her body; they, together with their acceſſories before the fact, ſhall ſuffer as felons, without benefit of clergy."

In the troublous times of King Charles the Firſt, Nonſenſe and her family ſided with the Parliament. Theſe ſet up new Sects in religion: ſome of them cropped their hair ſhort, and called themſelves the enlightened; ſome fell into trances, and pretended to ſee holy viſions; while others got into tubs, and held forth with many whinings and groans, and ſnufflings through the noſe.

In the merry days of King Charles the Second, Nonſenſe aſſumed a more gay and libertine air; and her progeny, from fanatics, became downright infidels. Several courtiers of the family, wrote lewd plays, as well as luſcious love-ſongs, and other looſe verſes; which were collected together, and greedily bought up in miſcellanies.

In the ſucceeding reign, ſome of the kindred, who had received their education at St. Omar's, thought themſelves on the point of eſtabliſhing Nonſenſe in church and ſtate, and were preparing to make bonefires, on the occaſion, in Smithfield, when they were obliged to leave the kingdom.

Since the Revolution, the field of politics has afforded large ſcope for Nonſenſe and her family to make themſelves remarkable. Hence aroſe the various Sects in party, diſtinguiſhed by the name of a Whig and Tory, Miniſterial and Jacobite, Sunderlandians, Oxfordians, Godolphinians, Bolingbrokians, Walpolians, Pelhamians, &c. &c. &c. Names, which have kindled as hot a war in Pamphlets and Journals, as the Guelphs and Gibelines in Italy, or the big and little Endians in Lilliput.

I have here endeavoured to give a ſhort abridgement of the Hiſtory of Nonſenſe; though a very ſmall part of the exploits of the family can be included in ſo conſpicuous a view. Some of them were very deep ſcholars, and filled the profeſſors chairs at the Univerſities. They compoſed many elaborate Diſſertations, to convince the world, that two and two make four; and diſcovered, by dint of ſyllogiſm, that white is not black. Their enquiries, in natural philoſophy, were no leſs extraordinary: many ſpent their lives and their fortunes in attempting to diſcover a wonderful ſtone, that ſhould turn every baſer metal into gold; and others employed themſelves in making artificial wings, by the help of which they ſhould fly up into the world of the moon. Another branch of the family took to the Belles Lettres, and were the original founders of the learned Society of Grub-ſtreet.

Never was any æra, in the Annals of Nonſenſe, more illuſtrious than the preſent; nor did that noble family more ſignally diſtinguiſh itſelf in every occupation.

In Oratory, who are greater proficients than the progeny of Nonſenſe? Witneſs many long and eloquent ſpeeches, delivered in St. Stephen's chapel, in Weſtminſter-Hall, the Aſſizes and Quarter-Seſſions, at Clare-Market, and the Robin Hood.

In Philoſophy, what marvellous things have not been proved by Nonſenſe? the ſome time Profeſſor of Aſtronomy at Greſham College, ſhewed Sir Iſaac Newton to be a mere aſs, and wire-drawed the Books of Moſes into a complete Syſtem of Natural Philoſophy: Life-guard men have, with the utmoſt certainty of Nonſenſe, foretold earthquakes, and others have penned curious eſſays on air-quakes, water-quakes, and comets.

In Politics, how ſucceſsfully have the ſons of Nonſenſe bandied about the terms of Court and Country? how wiſely have they debated upon taxes? and with what amazing penetration did they but lately foreſee an invaſion?

In Religion, their domain is particularly extenſive: for, though Nonſenſe is excluded, at leaſt, from the firſt part of the ſervice in all regular Churches, yet ſhe often occupies the whole ceremony at the Tabernacle and the Foundery

in Moorfields, and the Chapel at Long-Acre. But, for the credit of ſo polite an age, be it known, that the children of Nonſenſe, who are many of them, people of faſhion, are as often ſeen at the Playhouſe as at Church: and, it is ſomething ſtrange, that the family of Nonſenſe is now divided againſt itſelf, and in high conteſt about the management of their favourite amuſement the Opera.

THE RUINS OF CAITHNESS.

A GOTHIC TALE.

[*Continued from our laſt.*]

Behold, Conon Dacarawd, theſe once magnificent towers. Say, Knoweſt thou why they are mouldering away—why the moſs and the ivy cover the neglected ruins, and the turf and the brier grow over the pavement? This, if thou kneweſt it, would preach againſt revenge, and warn thee to dread perpetual ire.

But liſten, O ye warriors, the companions of Conon Dacarawd,—and thou, O brave chief, give ear! for while the ſtrings of my lyre ſhall diſcourſe reſponſive melody, my voice ſhall record the fate of Acron Lodbrog, the lord of Caithneſs, and the inſtructive verſe ſhall meliorate your ſouls.

He ſaid; and the fires of enthuſiaſm darted from his eyes.—He ſeized his lofty harp—he awaken'd its melody; and all was ſilent admiration, while thus he ſung:

THE SONG OF ACRON LODBROG; OR, THE FALL OF CAITHNESS.

"Thy fall, oh famed Caithneſs, ſhall reſound in my ſtrain; and the ſorrows of Acron ſhall give tenderneſs to the ſong.

Begin, O my muſe, with the plaint of Roſ-Crana, the mourner at the tomb of Acron Lodbrog!—Bright as the orb of night was Roſ-Crana the fair, and ſad was her mien as the ſolemn ray that trembleth on the boſom of the deep: yet majeſtic were her charms, as the rock which braveth the ſtormy ocean, and lifteth its head ſublime above the clouds:—for proud was the ſoul of Roſ-Crana—but her pride was the ſource of her woe. Deſpairing ſhe deplored the victim of her ire. As the ſtars from their ſpheres, when the firmament ſhall diſſolve, thick fell the tears from the azure of her eye, and ſprinkled the moon-light vault with luſtrous woe. Her voice was as the warbler of vernal night, that lingereth on the note of ſorrow; and thus did ſhe vent the affliction of her ſoul.

"O ſpirit of the ſelf-ſlain Acron! O melancholly ſhade of him I loved! behold, O ſad ſpi-

rit! the ſorrows of my heart! with pity behold the anguiſh of thy loſt Roſ-Crana.---Lo! for ever reſigned is the pride of my heart;---proſtrate I lie before the tomb of my beloved, and pour forth in tears the contrition of my ſoul. But what, alas! avails the contrition of the daughter of Loch-Conmac, ſince the ſelf-ſlain Acron is mouldering to duſt? The ſigh of contrition---can it breathe life again into thy lovely form? The tear of remorſe----can it ſupply the exhauſted fountain of thy heart?

"Ah! wherefore was pride an inhabitant of this breaſt, where ſoftneſs and love ſhould have dwelt uncontrouled:---Ah, why was reſentment a ruthleſs tenant of this boſom, which alone ſhould have ſwelled with tenderneſs and pity? ---While Acron, my love, yet breathed the breath of life, then might the pardon of his Roſ-Crana have imparted peace to his ſoul:--ere yet the fatal poignard had reeked in his blood, the returning fondneſs of this boſom might have ſnatched him from deſpair---might have reſtored him from anguiſh to joy.

"But what can now avail the confeſſions of love! Cold is that heart which ſhould vibrate at the tale---ſtill is that pulſe which ſhould bound with delight---and ſenſeleſs is the boſom which ſhould anſwer to my ſighs---Deaf is that ear

which ſhould devour the ſweet accents, and mute the honeyed tongue which ſhould echo to my vows. Palid is that cheek which ſhould glow with deſire;---icy thy lip which ſhould interrupt the fond words---which ſhould catch the warm accents ere they parted from mine;---and that bright eye which ſhould gliſten with delight, alas! ſhall be expreſſive no more!---yet, alas! had *this* eye ne'er been fierce with revenge, *his* ſtill had been beaming with joy---with contempt had *this* lip yet never been disformed, the warm preſſure of *his* even now might have been felt. But ſelf-ſlain, alas! is Acron Lodbrog---my hero! and my love!---and the ſcorn of Roſ-Crana was the edge of his fatal poignard!

"Ah, where are the blooming beauties of thy youth?---ſullied, alas! by the duſt of the grave! O where is the graceful dignity of thy form?---diſtorted, alas! by the agonies of death! Flown are thoſe ſmiles which could win every heart---deſpoiled is that ſtrength which erſt glittered in arms---motionleſs are thoſe limbs which were active in the chace---unnerved are thoſe ſinews which were brave in defence of innocence:---and thoſe feelings which prompted to benevolence——thy reſentment, proud maiden, hath deſtroyed them all: and thy tears would recal them in vain! yet this high ſolemn vault ſhall reverberate my cries---my ſobs ſhall be re-echoed by theſe gloomy walls."

Thus lamented Roſ-Crana the effects of her reſentment:—thus mourned ſhe at the tomb of Acron Lodbrog. Yon high-arched vault was the ſcene of her ſorrows; and ſuch as is now, was the hour and the night. The ſolemn moon gleamed through the ſtoried caſements—feebly it gleamed, and tremulous was the checquered light; and all things accorded with the gloomy ſadneſs of her ſoul.

Low was ſhe ſitting on the marble floor, heedleſs of the damp and of the cold. As the lilly, once the pride of the garden, is humbled by the ſtorm, ſo low did ſhe recline her once ſtately head. Bathed was her boſom with the tears of her ſorrow, like the virgin roſe by the chilling ſhower. Thus diſconſolate, ſhe ſat like a lately warrior ſhip, wrecked on a deſart ſhore; till oppreſſed by her griefs, ſhe yielded to ſlumber, as the tulip oppreſſed with the dews of the evening, folds up its humid leaves, and its beauties ſink to repoſe.

But diſturbed is the repoſe of ſorrow; and for the children of miſery the poppy of ſlumber is mingled with the wormwood of remembrance. The ſcenes of her life were renewed in the viſion of Roſ-Crana, and her ſlumbers were made partakers of her waking anguiſh. Again did ſhe ſtray with her lover by the ſide of the wandering ſtream, or rove by the margin of the roaring ſea; again, as ſhe wont, did ſhe range

among the bloſſoms of the garden, or wander among the awful cliffs, with the hero of her heart, neglectful of the varying ſcenes, and attentive alone to the loved accents of his voice. And again did Carl-Utha, the father of Acron, detect their ſtolen interviews.—Memory had treaſured the ſounds of his rage, and fancy repeated them to her ear.

[*To be continued.*]

STANZAS
ON SEEING AN OLD MAN TREATED WITH MOCKERY.

THE mould'ring tower, the antique buſt,
The ruin'd temple, ſacred duſt,
Are viewed with reverence and delight;
But men decay'd, and ſunk with years
And ſad infirmities, appears
An object of neglect and ſlight.

Ah! thoughtleſs race, in youthful prime,
You mock the ravages of time!
As if you could elude its rage;
That piteous form which you deſpiſe,
With wrinkled front and beamleſs eyes,
That form, alas! you'll take with age.

Some vital ſparks, that ev'ry day
Time's rapid pinion ſweeps away!
Prepare you for that hapleſs ſtate,
When left and ſlighted in your turn,
Your former levities you'll mourn,
And own the juſtice of your fate.

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THE ROVER. N°. VIII.

" *Est modus in rebus : sunt certi denique fines,*
" *Quos ultra, citraque nequit consistere rectum.*'

HORACE.

" Some certain mean in all things may be found:
" ——————— For sure some difference lies
" Between the very fool, and very wise;

FRANCIS.

Having, in my last paper, entered into the consideration of that universal decay which Nature displays around us, and of the connexion it has with the younger part of my readers, I shall now lay before them a few reflexions on *dress*, in so far as it forms a part of those frivolous objects, which so much engage their attention.

It has been observed with much justice, that moderation is no-where a more positive virtue than in *dress*, to which no man of sense will devote all his time, and no reasonable one ought to refuse some portion. Let us examine and we will find that it is so.

A minute attention to trifling purſuits produces a love for frivolous objects, and this by degrees unhinges the ſtrongeſt minds, and unfits them for the performance of any thing great or noble. To exemplify this, continued practice and repeated habit are found neceſſary to obtain a thorough knowledge of any branch of ſcience; and when once acquired, it is found that we not only grow fond of the purſuit in proportion as we are more deeply engaged in it, but alſo that our train of ideas, from cuſtom, flow in a ſimilar channel, that every thing that partakes of it is agreeable, and every thing that does not diſagreeable; and finally that in our ways of thinking, there is a liberality or narrowneſs according as it is limited or extended. Thus the ideas of that man, whoſe operations, in his profeſſion, are neceſſarily confined to the formation of the point of a pin, it has been obſerved, are generally limited, and the native energy of his ſoul is reſtrained.

In the ſame manner, the mind of that man, whoſe imagination is continually employed in ſearching for thoſe articles of dreſs which ſet him off to advantage; who will wear nothing, however uſeful, that has not received the ſanction of *faſhion*, and every thing however ridiculous that has, his mind I ſay muſt by habit be enfeebled, and his notions of right and wrong confuſed. Weak truly muſt the mind of that

man be, and totally unfit for the performance of any great or generous action, who places his higheſt felicity in *dreſs*, who is envious of the faſhion of his friends' neckcloth, and who is afraid when

" ——— E'en the winds of Heaven
" Viſit *his* face too roughly."

And confuſed muſt be his notions of right and wrong, who has no other ſtandard to judge of the merit of a man, than by the make of his clothes, and who can plume himſelf on the colour of his coat, or the fancy of his buckles. Such a man is not formed to render old age reſpectable, nor will he give dignity to grey hairs!

On the other hand, there is a certain claſs of people, who are unwilling to pay any attention to *dreſs*; who conſider cleanlineſs as a reproach, and the leaſt coincidence with the reigning modes as a rebellion againſt common ſenſe. They regard ſlovenlineſs as becoming a man of judgement, and look on a dirty ſhirt as a paſſport to the reputation of learning. The number, however, that fall into this error will be found inconſiderable, if we except thoſe who belong to it from poverty, ſickneſs, or ſome ſimilar cauſe.

It is certainly the leaſt blameable of the two, and occurs in old humoriſts of a peculiar caſt of mind, whoſe tempe rs, perhaps, have been ſoured

by misfortune. It is ſometimes carried to ſuch a height in them, that they will wear no coat unleſs of a peculiar cut or colour, and many an honeſt gentleman would ſooner change his principles than the tie of his perriwig. There is ſome excuſe for this claſs of people: age is naturally indolent, and having tried a variety of faſhions it may be ſuppoſed they have adopted the moſt convenient.

I have ſeen it alſo in youth, and it ſits upon them with a very aukward grace. That every young man has a deſire of ſetting off his perſon to advantage, and of making himſelf eſteemed for his exterior appearance, I hold to be almoſt as univerſal a truth as that of Pope's,

"That ev'ry woman is at heart a rake."

Hence this ſlovenlineſs of dreſs muſt ariſe from an affectation of ſingularity, than which, in my opinion, there can be nothing more diſagreeable, as all affectation proceeds from diſſimulation, or a deſire of appearing, in the eyes of the world, what we really are not. It generally meets its proper reward, and the perſon who affects ſingularity is almoſt univerſally deſpiſed.

There is a certain deference to be paid to the manners and the opinions of the world, and no ſenſible individual will be willing to diſpute its power. Mankind, as living together in one large ſociety, like *husband* and *wife*, muſt, if they wiſh to live quietly, on indifferent ſubjects, alter-

nately yield up a little to the will of each other. Without this, continual wranglings and diſputes would ariſe, and unhappineſs would be the lot of all. It is therefore the caſe. One of the moſt illuſtrious of my predeceſſors * has thus expreſſed himſelf. " All violation of eſtabliſhed " practice, implies in its own nature, a rejec- " tion of the common opinions, a defiance of " common cenſure, an appeal from general laws " to private judgement; he therefore, who dif- " fers from others, without apparent advan- " tage, ought not to be angry if his arrogance " is puniſhed with ridicule; if thoſe whoſe " example he ſuperciliouſly overlooks point him " out to deriſion, and hoot him back again in- " to the common road."

Let us, however, continually remember, that it is only in indifferent matters that we are to adopt this coincidence with the opinions and manners of the world, and that whenever the diſpute is concerning our rights as men, or whenever it enjoins upon us a wicked or immoral action, then is the moment to ſtart forth in ſupport of our private judgement, and, in defiance of the contempt of ten thouſand ſcoffers, to obey the precepts of moral rectitude and follow implicitely the dictates of that unerring Monitor, Conſcience.

F.

* Adventurer.

INTERESTING STORY.

Captain Speke, and his ſon, a youth of ſixteen, were both of them wounded by the ſame ſhot, on board Admiral Watſon's ſhip, at the ſiege of Chandernagore. The hiſtory is related by Mr. Ives, ſurgeon of the ſhip, which follows in his own words, only a little abridged.

The Captain, whoſe leg was hanging by the ſkin, ſaid to the Admiral, "Indeed, Sir, this "was a cruel ſhot, to knock both father and ſon." Mr. Watſon's heart was too full for a reply; he only ordered both to be carried down to the ſurgeon. The Captain, who was firſt brought down, told me how dangerouſly his Billy had been wounded. Preſently after, the brave youth himſelf appeared, with his eyes overflowing with tears, not for himſelf but for his father. Upon my aſſurance, that his father's wound was not dangerous, he began to be calm; but refuſed to be touched till his father's wound ſhould be firſt dreſſed. Then pointing to a fellow ſufferer, "Pray, Sir, dreſs alſo that poor "man, who is groaning ſo ſadly beſide me." I told him, that the man had already been taken care of; and begged, that I now might have liberty to examine his wounds. He ſubmitted; and calmly ſaid, "Sir, I fear you muſt ampu-"tate above the joint." I replied, "My dear,

"I muſt." He claſped his hands together; and, lifting his eyes toward Heaven, he offered up the following ſhort but earneſt petition: "Good God! do thou enable me to behave in "my preſent circumſtances worthy of my fa-"ther." He then told me he was all ſubmiſſion. I performed the operation above the joint of the knee; and during the whole time the intrepid youth never ſpoke a word, nor uttered a a groan that could be heard at the diſtance of a yard. It is eaſier to imagine than to expreſs the feeling of the father at this time: but whatever he felt, tears were the only expreſſion. Both of them were carried to Calcutta: the father was lodged in the houſe of his brother-in-law; and the ſon was placed with me in the hoſpital. For the firſt week I gave comfort to them both, carrying good tidings to them of one another.

But, alas! all the good ſymptoms that had attended the young man began to diſappear. The Captain perceived all in my countenance; and ſo unwilling was he to add to my diſtreſs, as ſeldom to ſpeak about his ſon. One time he ſaid, "How long, my friend, do you think my "Billy may remain in a ſtate of uncertainty?" I replied, that if he ſurvived the fifteenth day after the operation, there would be ſtrong hopes of his recovery. On the thirteenth he died; and on the ſixteenth, the Captain, looking me ſtedfaſtly in the face ſaid, "Well, Ives, how fares

" it with my boy?" Diſcovering the truth from my ſilence, he cried bitterly, ſqueezed my hand, and begged me to leave him for one half hour. When I returned, he appeared, as he ever after did, perfectly calm and ſerene. The excellent youth had been delirious the evening before his death; and at two o'clock in the morning he ſent me a note, written with a pencil, of which the following is a copy. " Mr. Ives " will conſider the diſorder a ſon muſt be in " when he is dying, and is yet in doubt about " his father.—If Mr. Ives is not too buſy to " honour this note, which nothing but the " greateſt uneaſineſs could draw from me—the " boy waits an anſwer." I immediately repaired to him, and he had ſtill ſenſe enough to know me. He then ſaid, " And is he dead"?—" Who, my dear"?—" My father, Sir,"—" No, " my love; nor is he in any danger; he is al- " moſt well!—I thank God, I am now ſatisfied, " and ready to die." He had a locked jaw, and was in great pain, but I underſtood every word he uttered. He begged my pardon for having diſturbed me at ſo early an hour; and before the day was ended, he ſurrendered a life that deſerved to be immortal.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL LAKE CIRKNITZ.

In Carnolia, which is a duchy of Germany, in the circle of Auſtria, is the celebrated Lake of Cirknitz, which takes its name from the neighbouring market-town. It is one German mile in length from north to ſouth, half a German mile in breadth, and from one to two, three, and four fathoms deep; but ſome of the pits are many fathoms deep.

In this Lake are three beautiful iſlands covered with trees: theſe iſlands are called Vornec, Velh Goriza, and Mala Goriza. A peninſula alſo runs into it, and is ſeparated from the iſland of Vornec by a canal. There are many holes or pits in the lake, with long ditches like canals; and it receives the waters of eight brooks.

It is a common ſaying, that in this lake a perſon may ſow and reap, hunt and fiſh, within the ſpace of a year; but this is the leaſt remarkable circumſtance in it, and no more than what may be ſaid of almoſt any other ſpot that is overflowed in winter or ſpring. The moſt wonderful circumſtance is its ebbing and flowing. The former always happens in a long drought, when it runs off through eighteen holes at the bottom, which form ſo many eddies or whirlpools. Ba-

ron Valvaſor mentions a ſingular way of fiſhing in one of theſe holes, called Ribeſcajama: he ſays, that when the water is entirely run off into its ſubterraneous reſervoirs, the peaſants venture with lights into that cavity, which is in a hard rock, three or four fathoms under ground, to a ſolid bottom; whence the water running through ſmall holes, as through a ſieve, the fiſh are left behind, caught, as it were, in a net provided by nature.

At the firſt appearance of its ebbing, a bell is rung at Cirknitz, upon which all the peaſants in the neighbouring villages prepare, with the utmoſt diligence, for fiſhing; for the greateſt part of the fiſh generally go off at the beginning of the ebb, and ſeldom ſtay till the water is conſiderably decreaſed. Above a hundred peaſants never fail to exert themſelves on this occaſion, and both men and women run promiſcuouſly into the lake, ſtripped quite naked, although both the magiſtrates and the clergy have uſed their utmoſt endeavours to ſuppreſs this improper cuſtom, particularly on account of the young lay brothers of a neighbouring convent, who have the privilege of fiſhing there; and, notwithſtanding the prohibitions of the fathers, leave the convent in order to ſee this uncommon ſcene. The peaſants, however, are not obſerved to be guilty of more indecency at theſe times than at others, when they are clothed.

At theſe ebbings, an incredible number of pike, trout, tench, eels, carp, perch, &c. are caught in the lake, and what are not conſumed, or diſpoſed of while freſh, are dried by the fire.

Though every part of the lake is left dry, two or three pools excepted, yet Mr. Keyſler ſays, immediately on the return of the water, it abounds in fiſh as much as it did before; and the fiſh that return with the water are of a very large ſize, particularly pikes weighing fifty or ſixty pounds. It is alſo remarkable, that when it begins to rain hard, three of the cavities ſpout up water to the height of two or three fathoms; and if the rain continues, and is accompanied with violent thunder, the water bubbles out of all the holes through which it had been abſorbed, two of them excepted, and the whole lake is again filled with water in twenty-four, and often in eighteen hours. Sometimes, not only fiſh, but live ducks with graſs and fiſh in their ſtomachs, have emerged out of theſe cavities. The Abbe Fortis has deſcribed a lake, poſſeſſing the like remarkable quality, in Dalmatia.

In a rock on one ſide of this lake, but conſiderably higher than its ſurface, are two caverns, at ſome diſtance from each other; and, when it thunders, the water guſhes out of both, with great noiſe and impetuoſity. If this happens in autumn, they alſo eject a great many ducks,

which are blind, very fat, and of a black colour; and, though they are, at firſt, almoſt bare of feathers, in a fortnight's time, or, at furtheſt, before the end of October, they are entirely fledged, recover their ſight, and fly away. Each of theſe caverns is ſix feet high and as many broad; and when the water guſhes out of them, it is in a large column of the ſame dimenſions, and in a continual ſtream. There is a paſſage in each of theſe caverns, where a man may walk upright a conſiderable way; but it is ſaid, that no perſon has ever yet ventured into them, to ſearch into the nature of the inner caves and reſervoir to which theſe apertures lead; for there is no certainty but that, in an inſtant, he may be ſurpriſed by the water ruſhing upon him, with the force and rapidity of a fire-engine. Something very ſimilar to this is likewiſe related by the abbe Fortis, in his account of Dalmatia.

When the lake ebbs early in the year, within twenty days time graſs grows upon it, which is mowed down, and the bottom afterward ſowed with millet: but if the water does not run off early, nothing can be ſown; and if it ſoon returns, as it ſometimes does, the ſeed is loſt: otherwiſe, after the millet harveſt, all manner of game is hunted and ſhot in it.

THE RUINS OF CAITHNESS.

A GOTHIC TALE.

[*Continued from our laſt.*]

"Traitor to my blood!" ſaid Carl-Utha the proud, "Why conſorteth the heir of Caithneſs with the daughter of Loch-Conmac?—Why debaſeth he himſelf with the foes of our race?—Why gloweth not thy ſoul with the ſpirit of thy anceſtors?—Why are not the whole race of mine enemies hateful in thy ſight?"

Then ſhe ſaw her Acron torn from her arms; and ſhe repeated her ſighs and her tears.

But now changed, as heretofore, was the ſcene of her ſorrows, and lonely ſhe ſitteth in the Hall of her anceſtors. Sadly ſhe ruminates on the ancient enmities of her fathers, and their wars with the anceſtors of her Acron; and while ſhe laments their diſcords and their hate, ſhe gloweth with the pride of her houſe, and her boſom reſenteth the ſcornful language of Carl-Utha. Then, in viſion, ſhe reviews the meſſenger of woe.—Dolma, her ſiſter, ſtands before her in tears, and relates to her the falſehood of Acron.

"A traitor to his vows is the lover of thy heart—to the mandate of his father he yields

his aſſent—and publicly he wooeth the daughter of Col-Oſca. The ſting of jealouſy fireth her ſoul; and ſcorn and indignation mingle their flames. Her heart is diſtracted with the anguiſh of a lover—but the pride of her race gives fury to the pang.

And now again occurs the ſcene for ever to be repented—the hour of inflexible pride. Lonely ſhe is ranging the rocky ſhore.—Grief and reſentment are ſtruggling in her ſoul, and the haughty bluſh reproves the ſtarting tear; when Acron Lodbrog appears in the robes of woe, and proſtrates himſelf at her feet.

"Pardon, O Roſ-Crana! thou idol of my heart!" Thus ſighs the repentant lover—but he ſighs in vain.——"Pardon, O thou brighteſt of the daughters of Caledonia! O pardon the neglect of thy Acron, and the ſeeming falſehood of his heart!—For faithful has been this ſoul to its Roſ-Crana—the image of thy beauties were never abſent from my thoughts; and though to appeaſe the proud ſpirit of my father—ſhe thought to avoid his rage—I became a ſuitor to the daughter of Col-Oſca, never has this heart wandered from the daughter of Loch-Conmac—nor this hand been proferred in union to any but to thee.—But low in the grave lays Carl-Utha, my ſire;—he ſlumbers in peace with his anceſtors; and the conduct of Acron Lodbrog is free from reſtraint.—O turn not away in

ſcorn, thou miſtreſs of my ſoul! for true are the words of the heir of Caithneſs—and Acron hath no life but in the ſmiles of Roſ-Crana!"

But ſcornful ſhe taunts him for his diſſembled neglect; nor liſtens to his pleading ſighs. Should the lover of the daughter of Col-Oſca diſavow his flame; and the pride of her ſoul not repay the indignity with ſcorn.——Then diſguiſing the love which was ſtruggling in her heart, with affected indifference, ſhe leaves him to deſpair.

Thus, in viſion, are renewed the ſentiments of her pride—thus in fancy ſhe repeats her inexorable ſcorn, and petition after petition ſhe rejects with diſdain: till at laſt the ſad tidings are repeated in her ear, that the pride of heroes is no more—that the deluge of war, which ſwept away the rocks of oppoſing valour, had directed his lateſt fury on himſelf:—that, diſtracted with the ſcorn of Roſ-Crana, Acorn the love of maidens, the pride of thoſe who are graceful and expert in the chace, had plunged his dagger in his breaſt:—that buried in the caſtle of his anceſtors he repoſeth—even in Caithneſs, the ancient and the renowned; while the manſion is deſerted and forlorn, being haunted by his injured ſhade. Then in viſion ſhe flies diſtracted with her woes—ſhe ſees the ſolitary walls of Caithneſs—ſhe ruſhes to the haunted doom—ſhe haſtens to the grave of the ſuicide—but a dreadful chaſm yawns under her feet——

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

PARODY ON HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

TO wed, or not to wed,—that is the queſtion,
Whether 'tis better ſtill to rove at large
From fair to fair, amid the wilds of paſſion,
Or plunge at once into a ſea of marriage,
And quench our fires.—To marry,—take a wife,
No more,—and by a wife to ſay we quell
Thoſe reſtleſs ardours, all thoſe nat'ral tumults
That fleſh is heir to:—'tis a conſolation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd.—Marry—a wife!
A wife,——perchance a devil!—ay, there's the rub;
For 'mongſt that angel-ſex what devils are found,
When they have ſhuffled off the virgin-maſk
Muſt give us pauſe:—there, the reſpect
That keeps the prudent man ſo long a batchelor.
For who would bear the taunt of longing maids,
The harlot's impudence, the prude's diſdain
The pangs of love deſpis'd, coquettes delay,
The inſolence of beauty, and the ſpurns
Which merit bears, when fools become their favourites,
When he, himſelf, might his quietus make
With one kind woman?—ſay, what youth could bear
To wiſh and ſigh, alone, the weary night,
Or dangle after belles, coquettes, and wenches,
But that the dread of ſomething after honey-moon,
(That gaily-fleeting period, whoſe ſweet joys
Few loves, alas! ſurvive) puzzles the will,
And bids us rather linger in the path,—
The well-known, ſimple path of ſingle life,
Than tempt the dark perplexing way of wedlock?
Thus fore-thought does make batchelors of us all;
And hence the face of many a willing maid
Is ſickly'd o'er with the pale caſt of languiſhment!
And many a youth of no ſmall pith and moment,
With this regard, ſpends all his days in wenching,
And damns the name of huſband.

THE CULLER.

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THE ROVER. N°. IX.

WHY this aſtoniſhment on ev'ry face?
——————— Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends;
Why do we labour thro' the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitleſs were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
The diſtant ſummit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our paſſage. But in vain
His blackeſt frowns and terrors he aſſumes,
To ſhake the firmneſs of the mind, which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;
That, wanting liberty, ev'n virtue mourns,
And looks around for happineſs in vain.

GLOVER.

No ſubject, perhaps, has been oftener handled than that of death; and none, it will be allowed, is of higher importance. For the firſt of theſe reaſons, the kind reader will not be diſappointed if nothing new or uncommon ſhould occur in this paper, and the laſt has induced me to claim his attention for a moment. The Atheiſt may peruſe it with the ſmile of deriſion,

and the Sceptic with the ſneer of unbelief; but to ſuch I do not pretend to dictate: let them only behold the anguiſh of departing infidelity, and ſay, whether the doctrine of futurity be the idle dreams of theological impoſition.

It is the duty of all, as the heirs of mortality, frequently to look forward to that point at which we muſt one day arrive. To ſome the proſpect will appear variegated with the moſt alluring colours, while to others it will be full of hideous ſcenes of horror and affright.

Worldly men look upon death as their greateſt enemy. Their affections are placed upon glittering bawbles of temporary duration, and their views can riſe no higher. The mouldering tomb is the moſt diſagreeable object they can behold. It ſilently ſhows them the vanity of their purſuits, and warns them of the approaching danger: but the world is their aim, and ſuch ſights are obtruſive and impertinent. The votaries of diſſipation and levity, in their calmer moments, ſtart at the awful thought; and, to prevent future diſquietude, ruſh on to circles of gaiety and licentiouſneſs, which at laſt hurl them over the precipice of ruin.

The virtuous, on the other hand, contemplate death with ſerenity and inward pleaſure. To them it is the ſource of the moſt refined delight and nobleſt gratification. They view the paſſing funeral without emotion

The knell of departed pageantry bids them mark the termination of earthly enjoyment, and calls them to view the gate that ſhall one day admit them to the manſions of heavenly fruition!

Were men deprived of this ineſtimable bleſſing, exiſtence would be one of the greateſt curſes we can poſſibly conceive. Life, as Seneca ſays, would not be worth the care of it. The debauchee would give full ſcope to his luſtful appetites, till his body became loathſome by putrefaction. The tyrant would enſlave his ſubjects without remorſe or fear. The knave would defraud his neighbour with impunity. Vice would overwhelm virtue, and order would be turned into confuſion.

But, ſince the all-wiſe Creator hath beſtowed on us this tranſcendent bleſſing, with the means by which we may inſure his eternal favour, we ſhould endeavour to make the moſt of it. Our great rule of life ſhould be, ever to act in ſuch a manner as not to incur the checks of Conſcience, or the apprehenſions ariſing from views of an hereafter. While the ſoul is afraid to leave its habitation, we may venture to ſurmiſe, that a regular courſe of virtue hath not been purſued: ſo long as the culprit is afraid to appear at the bar of juſtice, guilt may be ſuſpected.

Were the paſſions governed with that rigour which is neceſſary to the attainment of

true happineſs here, the fear of death would be leſs univerſal: and ſurely this is a ſtudy worthy an human being, the very purſuit of which is a virtue. The man of religious fortitude, who hath conqured theſe inherent monſters, ſets death at defiance, and commiſerates the ſlaves of cowardice. The diſſolution of the body is, to him, one of the happieſt occurrences in the ſcale of human exiſtence. He anticipates, with calm delight, that period which ſhall terminate the trouble of ſuſtaining a corruptible body, and from which he ſhall date the commencement of his being. He is not concerned about the fate of a mortal carcaſs; no, his views penetrate the confines of the grave, and range with tranſport through the regions of eternal felicity.

Let us not, then, be ſo fooliſh as to be afraid of that by which we every night are viſited—but let us be candidates for immortality. The ſoul that is not afraid to quit its earthly companion, looks with diſdain upon the gaudy triffles of a day, and anticipates upon earth the enjoyments of Heaven To the man who can behold, with real compoſure, the out-ſtretched remains of a beloved friend, the pleaſures of vice loſe their alluring colours, and at once become weak and impertinent. He longs to be freed of the burden of mortality, that he may purſue through eternity the ineffable gradations of angelic felicity.

O.

THE BASTILE.

Among the miſerable victims who eſcaped on the deſtruction of this horrid cell, was a young man, who appeared with a dejection of ſpirits which ſeemed to indicate that he expected but little advantage from his delivery. No mark of joy appeared upon his countenance:---but one feature was diſtinct---it was that of grief. Having with much difficulty reached an uninhabited houſe, at ſome little diſtance from his late miſerable reſidence, he ſtopped, and reſted againſt the window.---The poor wretch caſt a languid look upon the building---a trembling ſigh eſcaped his haggard lips, and he ſank upon the ground;---many, who with himſelf had followed to the ſpot, helped to raiſe him up, and in a ſhort time his ſenſes returned.---The ſingularity of the ſcene drew together a great many of the populace. He was known to have been a priſoner:---they wiſhed to know his crime. The word conveyed an accuſation that was unjuſt, and he burſt into tears at the expreſſion.---But the deſire of ſatisfying their doubts and enquiries, and of vindicating his innocence from the imputation of guilt, made him ſtrive to collect his ſcattered ſpirits.---His crime, he ſaid, was love; he had paid his devoirs to a young lady, eminently diſtinguiſhed for her virtues---he addreſſed her in the language

of ſincerity and affection, and ſhe approved his vows---but her parents who were of the nobleſſe, were averſe to the connection, and through their intereſt he was confined.---This was my Father's houſe, continued he, but, alas! he is gone, and I know not where to ſeek for ſhelter.

He had ſcarcely uttered theſe words, when the Marquis of E——, paſſing by, ſtopped his carriage, to enquire of the crowd what was the object of their curioſity?---They repeated the tale they had juſt heard.---He immediately alighted, and ruſhed impetuouſly to the aſſiſtance of the unfortunate fugitive.---They looked earneſtly at each other for ſome time, then both burſt into tears.---Even the rabble which ſurrounded were affected.---The youth ſeized the hand of the marquis---looked in his face, and again burſt into tears.---Then turning te me, he thanked me for the aſſiſtance I had afforded him.---It was not his father he had found, he ſaid, but his father's friend.---The marquis would not ſuffer him to exhauſt himſelf by ſaying more, but helped him into his carriage, and conveyed him to his own houſe.

So much did I find myſelf intereſted in his favour, that I called in a few days to enquire after his health. The good marquis received me, though a ſtranger, with all the familiarity of an old friend ---His patient, he ſaid, was much mended.---I told him his civility emboldened me to aſk whether he had yet ſeen his father?---

Alas! ſaid he, he died with grief for the loſs of this his only ſon, and his effects were ſeized by the creatures of the King---I broke this to him by degrees, ſaid he; he bears it better than I expected, and, I doubt not, but with care and attention, I ſhall be able to ſet him once more upon his legs.---Having made an apology for my intruſion, I took leave of this worthy man, impreſſed with the moſt lively ſenſe of his benevolence and humanity.

Thou, bleſſed Deity, ſweet Pity, hail!--'tis thou that maketh ſoft the moſt obdurate heart, that relieveth the wants of the ſtranger and the poor! In thy abſence the diſtreſſed ſhall ſeek for comfort, but in vain; and the door ſhall be ſhut againſt the prayer of the importunate!---But O! let thy preſence make the heart of the proud man meek; make thou the rich one to commiſerate the ſufferings of each ſupplicating mendicant! Through thee, the fatherleſs foundling finds a friend, and is enabled to bear up againſt the oppreſſion of the world;-- under the influence of thy gentle beams we are taught to liſten to the calls of humanity---to refreſh the weary pilgrim as he journeyeth in the way-worn path of wretchedneſs---Thou rewardeſt the labourer for his toil, and when his work is done---when the feebleneſs of age ſuffers him no longer to procure a ſuſtenance by his hands, thou provideſt him with a retreat, where he may reſt from his labour, and enjoy the comforts of eaſe and retirement till he drops into the grave.

THE RUINS OF CAITHNESS.

A GOTHIC TALE.

[*Continued from our laſt.*]

Her mangled lover appears to her view—dreadful as the howling monſters of the deep when they fright the ocean into ſtorms—furious as the miniſters of wrath when they ſeize the offending ſoul, appeared the livid glare of his once tender countenance. He ſeized her furiouſly by the arm, and plunged her down the precipice.

Such was the viſion of Roſ-Crana; and ſhaking with horror ſhe awoke.—But ſhe awoke as a priſoner, whom the miniſter of death calleth from his laſt troubled ſleep, to prepare for the impending torture—or, as the guilty ſhall awake from the gloomy terrors of the grave, to view the regions of torment yawning to receive them.

She awoke—but awakening, ſhe heard the note of deſpair.——The ſigh of affliction murmured through the vault, and the form of her lover was ſtalking melancholly along the aiſles. The viſion was realized to her view.——She ſhrieked the name of Acron Lodbrog, and ſank upon the marble floor.

Acron ſtarted at the well-known voice!—He fled to his Roſ-Crana, as the heifer to her bleeding young. He caught her in his arms;

he ſtrained her unreſiſting to his beating boſom —he exclaimed with ſudden energy;

"Bleſſed of all hours be this our meeting! and bleſſed be the Power which hath melted thy heart to compaſſion!--Happy ſhall be the remainder of thoſe days which I had vowed to ſpend in the dark ſilence of this tomb! for not ſlain is thy Acron, nor do his ſpectre haunt theſe walls!—though with this belief the vulgar are deluded, that here I might reſide by day, undiſturbed in my tomb; and, deſpairing, meditate by night among the ſolitary tombs!——Ah!—anſwers not Roſ-Crana to my rapturous tale?"

But deaf was the ear into which he poured the notes of joy—inſenſate were the charms which he ſtrained to his beating breaſt; for the angel of death had ſeized on his beauteous prey.

With a broken heart the lover laid her in the tomb—where himſelf ſoon after expired; having firſt thus inſcribed upon the ſtone:

"Here lie the victims of inexorable reſentment!—Be inſtructed all ye who pride yourſelves in revenge, and in keeping alive an hereditary hate! Had Carl-Utha, of Caithneſs, forgone the pride of revenge---had he known that virtue, however deſcended, is the enemy of no man, and that the child is not anſwerable for the offences of the Sire,---then had Acron Lodbrog, his ſon, been united to the amiable daughter of Loch-Conmac, and his family might have

flouriſhed to the end of time. But now extinct is the blood of whoſe reſentment Carl-Utha was ſo jealous; its honours are ſlumbering in oblivious duſt—and Caithneſs ſhall be a mouldering ruin."

Lo! time hath fulfilled what was propheſied on the tomb;---the turrets of Caithneſs are tumbled in the duſt---its ſhattered pillars are props for the baneful night-ſhade---the gloomy ivy ſhadows its broken walls---the ſhrieks of the owl are heard in its chambers of delight----and its once hoſpitable courts give ſhelter to a ſolitary hermit.

Say, then, doth not Caithneſs preach of pardon and peace?---the moſs and the weed which cover theſe ruins---ſay, have not they a voice?--that tottering pillar, doth it not warn thee to forgive?----Hark!----Plead not theſe fragments as they fall?

Take warning, ye children of unrelenting pride!---ye who know not to forgive, read your fate in the ſtory of Roſ-Crana! --ye who cheriſh with pride hereditary feuds, and would purſue your reſentments even to the deſcendants of your foes, look upon the ruins of Caithneſs, and behold the cataſtrophe of your ire!

The mournful tale was cloſed; the hermit ſtruck the mournful chords with his ſweeteſt ſkill; he waked the tendereſt notes, ſhrilling

ſtill ſofter and ſofter, till they melted into the feeling heart, like the pleading ſigh of Pity; then reſted he on his ſilver-ſounding harp.---The ſilver-ſounding harp ſtill murmured over his parting notes, as ſighing, that he ceaſed to awaken its melody.

The champions were diſſolved in tears.

"Let Loch-Cawdor and Colna-Gurtha be unit-"ed in peace!" was ſhouted by many a voice. "Let Loch-Cawdor and Colna-Gurtha be unit-"ed in peace!" was re-echoed through the mould-ering towers.---The ears of the lovers were ſa-luted by the ſound, even at the tomb of Acron Lodbrog.

"Let hereditary feuds no longer exiſt!" was ſhouted by the pitying heroes.---The mouldering turrets of Caithneſs reverberated the ſonnds; and, "Let hereditary feuds no longer exiſt!" loud echoed through the tottering ruins.---The ſhout reached the lovers at the tomb of Acron, and their ſouls were elated with hope.

But ſavage was the ſoul of Conon Decarawd, the proud---and, inſenſible to the captivating me-lodies of the lyre, he called for his daughter a-loud:

"Yield up my daughter, O thou cold-blood-ed hermit! nor thwart the noble pride of my ſoul, by the mutterings of thy idle ſong!"---Caith-neſs replied with a ſullen echo; and its moulder-ing turrets trembled at his wrath.---The voice

chilled the ſouls of the lovers at the tomb, and their hopes were converted to deſpair.

The hermit expoſtulated---but expoſtulation was vain. The warriors joined entreaties to reaſon---but to reaſon and entreaty was Conon deaf. He attempted to force his way into the vault; for his ſuſpicion conceived that the lovers were there. But Toſcar the pious oppoſed his deſign, and barred him with his ſhield and his ſpear.---Many were the years of Toſcar the pious, and his hoary locks claimed the reverence of all, to whom virtue and wiſdom were dear.

"Pauſe, O raſh Conon, from thy impious deſign---deſiſt," ſaid he, "from thy daring attempt. Hallowed is this ſpot by the tread of ſaints; a ſanctuary was this vaulted dome from the hour it was firſt raiſed---a protection for innocence and woe. Never yet did hoſtile foot enter the ſanctuary of Caithneſs, nor ſhall its ſanctuary be defiled. Nay, tremble not, man, in the fury of thy pride!---ſhake not with the wrath of thy heart! For by the ſoul of that ſaint, whoſe legend is pictured on the caſements of this vault---though the ivy hath broken through the ſtoried glaſs, though thoſe pictured legends are burſt by the gloomy ſpray, yet ſhall never violence burſt into the ſanctuary of Caithneſs---never ſhall the reſt of the ſaints be broken by thy fury, while Toſcar can lift his aged voice, or his withered arm can oppoſe the violation."

Conon Decarawd was reſolute in his ire---his

fury was as the wolf that howleth in the foreſt--- his voice was the yell of the ſpirit of the ſtorm, that owleth among the Orkneys, and calleth the perturbed ghoſts from their briny tomb. He ſought to hew a paſſage with his ſword · but the warriors flocked around: they reſtrained his hand; they diſarmed him of his ill-directed weapons; and, heedleſs of his foaming ire, they dragged him from the ſanctuary of mouldering Caithneſs. But his diſdainful ſoul, indignant of reſtraint, poured out itſelf in execration of revenge, till his ſwoln heart burſt its own pride, and he expired without a groan.

The warriors bore away his corpſe to his caſtle: the hermit ſoothed the ſad ſoul of Colna-Gurtha with the pious raptures of his lyre; and when the days of mourning were paſſed, Loch-Cawdor was united to the miſtreſs of his ſoul.

Mutual were the joys of their vaſſals, as mutual were the paſſions of the amiable pair. Tranquillity and Content were inmates of their manſion, while Love and Delight hovered o'er their nuptial couch. And though ſometimes Care will obtrude himſelf on the happieſt condition of mortality, and Sorrow will aſſail even the manſions of commutual Affection; yet the conſciouſneſs of Virtue blunted the ſhafts of Misfortune, and a confidence in Heaven made their afflictions light. Their children were like the bloſſoms of the ſweet-brier, drawing their alluring virtues from the parent ſtock, and adding to its cheer-

fulneſs by their ſweetneſs and their beauty. Nor did they forget, in the midſt of their happineſs, to pay frequent viſits to the inſtructive ruins of Caithneſs, and liſten to the pious harp of the hermit of its mouldering domes.

HUMOUROUS ADVERTISEMENT.

A ſingle Gentleman, in a very good way of buſineſs, and can make 200 per cent. advantage of it, and free from debts, about 26 years of age, and is what the flatterer calls genteel, and rather handſome, of a cheerful diſpoſition, and a very affable temper, not at all given to drinking, gaming, or any other vice that a lady can take umbrage at; one that would rather endeavour to get a fortune than ſpend one, has been in moſt parts of England, and is very well acquainted with London, and no ſtranger to the fair ſex, but entirely ſo with regard to one he would prefer for a wife. As he has not been ſo happy as to meet with a lady that ſuits his diſpoſition as yet; a cheerful diſpoſition and free from the modern vices; one that is of the church of England, and has no objection of going there on the ſabbath, and to take ſome care for a future happineſs; one that would think herſelf rather happier in her huſband's company, than at public places; one that would more conſult the intereſt of her family than the glaſs in the morning; to be neat in perſon and apparel; and as to the lady's per-

ſon it will be more agreeable to have it what the world calls agreeable than a beauty; with any fortune not leſs than 500 l. at her own diſpoſal, except ſhe has good intereſt, then leſs will be agreeable: Any lady this may ſuit, will be waited on by directing a line to G. C. ar Peel's coffee-houſe in Fleet-ſtreet.

Inviolable ſecrecy may be depended on, as the gentleman does not chooſe a ſeven years ſiege.

THE MAN OF SORROW.

Ah! what avails the length'ning mead,
By Nature's kindeſt bounty ſpread
Along the vale of flowers!
Ah! what avails the dark'ning grove,
Or Philomel's melodious love,
That glads the midnight hours!

For me, alas! the god of day
Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn's ſpray,
Nor night her comfort brings;
I have no pleaſure in the roſe;
For me no vernal beauty blows,
Nor Philomela ſings.

See how the ſturdy peaſants ſtride
Adown yon hillock's verdant ſide,
In cheerful ignorance bleſt;
Alike to them the roſe or thorn,
Alike ariſes ev'ry morn,
By gay Contentment dreſt.

Content, fair daughter of the ſkies,
Or gives ſpontaneous, or denies,
Her choice divinely free:
She viſits oft the hamlet cot,
When want and Sorrow are the lot
Of Avarice and me.

But ſee—or is it Fancy's dream?
Methought a bright celeſtial gleam
Shot ſudden thro' the groves;
Behold, behold, in looſe array,
Euphroſyne, more bright than day,
More mild than Paphian doves!

Welcome, O! welcome, Pleaſure's queen!
And ſee along the velvet green
The jocund train advance:
With ſcatter'd flow'rs they fill the air,
The wood-nymph's dew-beſpangled hair
Plays in the ſportive dance.

Ah! baneful grant of angry heav'n,
When to the feeling wretch is giv'n
A ſoul alive to joy!
Joys fly with ev'ry hour away,
And leave th' unguarded heart a prey
To cares, that peace deſtroy.

And ſee, with viſionary haſte
(Too ſoon the gay deluſion paſt)
Reality remains!
Deſpair has ſeiz'd my captive ſoul,
And horror drives without controul,
And ſlackens ſtill the reins.

Ten thouſand beauties round me throng:
What beauties, ſay, ye nymphs, belong
To the diſtemper'd ſoul?
I ſee the lawn of hideous dye,
The tow'ring elm nods miſery;
With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
Ye vivid tints of Perſia's looms,
Ye were for miſery made.—
'Twas thus the man of ſorrow ſpoke;
His wayward ſteps then penſive took
Along th' unhallow'd ſhade.

THE CULLER.

Vol. I. Wedneſday 21ſt Oct. 1795. No. XI.

THE ROVER. N°. X.

" But O th' important budget! uſher'd in
" With ſuch heart-ſhaking muſic, who can ſay
" What are its tidings?"

COWPER.

I ſhall in this paper inſert, a threatening letter, which I a few days ago received on the ſubject of my eſſays.

Mr. ROVER,

When I reſolved to take in your paper, I expected that, if not the whole, at leaſt ſome part of it, as in the Tatler, would be devoted to the Politics of the day. And though I was ſenſible, that as it was publiſhed only once a week, no regular ſucceſſion of news could be expected, yet I imagined that what was wanting in earlineſs would be compenſated by ſpeculation; and that it was publiſhed on Wedneſdays, which is a day of mourning to me, ſolely to remedy the in-

convenience of the want of the poſt on that day.

Judge then, how much I was ſurpriſed and chagrined, when in place of obſervations on the ſcandalous deſertion of our allies, or on the various emigrant expeditions, we were entertained with eaſtern tales; and inſtead of the lateſt accounts from the Weſt Indies, or thoughts on the advantages of colonies to Great Britain, we were informed, as in a late paper, that every thing around us would decay, and that man was to grow old. Ridiculous! Don't you know, Sir, that it is the buſineſs of the Periodical writer to accomodate himſelf to the taſte of the Public, and knowing this, can you be ignorant that Politics are the food, the drink, the ſupport of this news-loving nation; and that by the preſent enlightened generation nothing is ſo much deſpiſed as eaſtern tales filled with morality, or eſſays that occaſion gloomy ideas, putting us in mind of futurity?

As for me, the ſound of the horn, as the mail-coach winds into the back yard of the Coffee-houſe, is more delightful to my ear than the ſofteſt touches of muſic attuned by harmony; and I would a thouſand times rather want my breakfaſt than the newſpapers. I have not once miſſed them theſe many years, except during the ſevere froſt laſt winter, when the deep ſnow prevented the mail from coming regularly in, when I languiſhed three whole days on the refuſe of

the former week, and on ſome ſcanty gleanings from Edinburgh and Ireland.

Sun, Star, or Courier, make no difference to me; I read all with avidity, and am equally delighted whether the Ruſſians beat the Turks, or the Turks the Ruſſians; whether Poland is to remain a free country, or groan under the yoke of her nobles, or be diſmembered by her more powerful neighbours.

Every thing that bears the form of Politics I ſwallow with eagerneſs; I conſider it as the choiceſt food, and I would rather dine upon an Extraordinary Gazette, or a Treaty of Commerce, than the daintieſt turtle-feaſt that was ever prepared for a gluttonous Alderman. But what moſt of all delights me, is, the breaking out of a war. Every ſiege is to me a matter of rejoicing; and at a battle my enjoyment is in the proportion of the killed and wounded. It is at this moment, then, that I know what it is to live. Each morning I riſe to new felicity, and each evening I ly down in the hopes of, at leaſt, ſome ſkirmiſh, in which two or three hundred men will be left dead on the field, by the next morning. At peace again, when

"Grim War hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front"

I am thrown into low ſpirits, and linger in expectation of a new war, which, thanks to the

quarrelſome diſpoſitions of the cabinets of Europe, is not, in general, long in being brought about. Such being my taſte, Mr. ROVER, and ſuch, I truſt, that of the generality of your readers, I muſt hereby intimate to you, that unleſs you render your paper political, and give us, weekly, your obſervations on the preſent ſtate of affairs, you will no more be able to reckon among the liſt of your readers

ANTHONY QUID-NUNC.

In anſwer to the letter of this diſappointed correſpondent, I muſt inform him, and the reſt of my readers, that Politics and Religious Diſputes are the only ſubjects which ſhall not be diſcuſſed in my paper. All others, of whatever nature they may be, ſhall be liable to be conſidered and to be treated of. I have excepted theſe, becauſe, in all ages of the world, they have been the ſubjects, about which, men have diſputed, without the arguments of either party carrying conviction. And, becauſe I ſhould conſider the great end of this Paper to be defeated, if, in place of blending inſtruction with amuſement, it ſhould be attempted to prove, with regard to religion, that there is only one road to heaven, or, with regard to Politics, that there is any party to be adhered to, but that which common ſenſe, juſtice, and morality enjoin.

F.

ON TOPERS.

The qualifications of a toper has been reſpectable among many nations, becauſe it ſuppoſes a ſtrength of head very ſuitable to a general, a commander, or a military man.—Warlike nations have ſet a high value on this qualification, which depends on a good conſtitution. Cuſtoms which often ſeem ridiculous to us, always have a ground, when the examining eye traces them up to their origin.

It has been remarked, moreover, that wine-drinkers were ſtronger, more courageous, more ingenious than others; and, in length of time, that opinion may have inſtituted the glory of being a toper, as neceſſarily being a pledge of victory.

At an entertainment Alexander gave to his captains, he propoſed a prize for thoſe who ſhould drink moſt;—Promachus, the hero of this revelry, gained a crown, but died three days after; and his death was followed by forty-one of thoſe who diſputed with him the glory of this ſingular conteſt.

The Turkiſh emperor Amurath IV. one day walked diſguiſed in a public ſquare, an amuſement he ſometimes took, to ſee and learn what he could never acquire within the incloſure of his palace. The ſultan, mingled in the crowd,

met a common fellow who was drunk, and who in his reeling gait, was like to throw the emperor down. This ſight being novel to him, he required an explanation of the cauſe of intoxication. Becri Muſtapha (the name of the drunken man) ſeeing a man who had ſtopped to obſerve him, ſaid, 'Go about your buſineſs, friend '—I will not have any look at me.'—Princes generally diſcover themſelves.—'What ſayeſt thou, 'wretch?' replied Amurath, 'doſt thou not 'know I am the ſultan?'—'Thou the ſultan? 'Why, then, I am Becri Muſtapha, do you un- 'derſtand? And if thou wilt ſell Conſtantino- 'ple to me, I will buy it of thee; thou wilt then 'be Becri Muſtapha, and I ſhall be ſultan.'—Amurath's ſurpriſe increaſed, particularly when they aſſured him, in a few hours the man's reaſon would return again; he commanded him to be taken to his palace, in order to obſerve his thoughts when memory might recal his converſation with the grand ſeignior.

He was left to ſleep and evaporate the fumes of his wine, in an apartment in the ſeraglio. He awoke, in the greateſt aſtoniſhment. They related to him his adventure, and the promiſe he had made the ſultan. Terror ſucceeded his delirium; and knowing Amurath's diſpoſition, he already looked on himſelf as impaled; he recollected himſelf, however, and requeſted a bottle

of wine, which was granted. He pretended to taſte it, but concealed it under his robe.

The emperor appeared, and putting him in mind of his offer, required the ſum he engaged to pay for Conſtantinople, according to promiſe. Becri Muſtapha, not in the leaſt diſconcerted, drew out his bottle, and replied to the Emperor, 'The invaluable price that purchaſes capitals is 'contained in this bottle.—Oh, moſt magnificent 'Emperor, in this is encloſed the treaſure I en-'joyed, and which ſurpaſſes, in value, all the 'thrones of the world. It is in your power to 'be as rich as I was yeſterday.'—'How ſo?' ſaid Amurath.—'By ſwallowing this divine li-quor, which elevated me above kings.'

Amurath reſolved to taſte it; he drank, and the effect was ſpeedy in a head which received for the firſt time the juice of the grape. He became ſprightly, and to increaſe this delightful temper, he drank more, and got drunk. He only ſuffered a head-ach the next day; which being diſſipated, he returned to the charge, and a freſh bottle made him experience charms preferable to his crown. Enchanted with this diſcovery, he would every day drink and get drunk with Becri Muſtapha, who became his favourite, and a man of great credit.

Switzerland, next to Germany, is the country where they drink moſt; the qualification of a toper is ſtill much eſteemed in ſeveral cantons.

The Swiſs ſtill remember, with admiration, a French ambaſſador. who, being recalled, was taking leave of the deputies of the cantons—"My lord," ſaid one of them, "you muſt not leave us without drinking the *ſtirrup draught*."—"The *ſtirrup draught*," replied the Ambaſſador, "ſhould be drank out of a boot;" and, drawing off one of his own, cauſed it to be filled, drank it at a draught, then putting it on, mounted his horſe, leaving a whole nation tranſported at the ſight of an action for ever memorable in the Helvetic hiſtory.

SITUATION OF A TRAVELLER, AMONG THE CROCODILES, IN NORTH AMERICA.

It was by this time duſk, and the alligators had nearly ceaſed their roar, when I was again alarmed by a tumultuos noiſe that ſeemed to be in my harbour, and therefore engaged my immediate attention. Returning to my camp, I found it undiſturbed, and then continued on the extreme point of the promontory, where I ſaw a ſcene new and ſurpriſing, which at firſt threw my ſenſes into ſuch a tumult, that it was ſome time before I could comprehend what was the matter; however, I ſoon accounted for the prodigious aſſemblage of crocodiles at this place, which ex-

ceeded every thing of the kind I had ever heard of.

How ſhall I expreſs myſelf, ſo as to convey an adequate idea of it to the reader, and at the ſame time avoid raiſing ſuſpicions of my veracity! Should I ſay, that the river (in this place) from ſhore to ſhore, and perhaps near half a mile above and below me, appeared to be one ſolid bank of fiſh, of various kinds, puſhing thro' this narrow paſs of St. Juan's into the little lake, on their return down the river, and that the alligators were in ſuch incredible numbers, and ſo cloſe together from ſhore to ſhore, that it would have been eaſy to have walked acroſs on their heads, had the animals been harmleſs! What expreſſions can ſufficiently declare the ſhocking ſcene that for ſome minutes continued, while this mighty army were forcing the paſs? During this attempt, thouſands, I may ſay hundreds of thouſands, of them were ſwallowed by the devouring alligators. I have ſeen an alligator take up out of the water ſeveral great fiſh at a time, and juſt ſqueeze them betwixt his jaws, while the tails of the great trout ſtapped about his eyes and lips, ere he had ſwallowed them. The horrid noiſe of their cloſing jaws, their plunging amidſt the broken kanks of fiſh, and riſing with their prey ſome feet upright above the water, and the floods of water and blood ruſhing out of their mouths, and the clouds of vapour iſſuing from their wide

noſtrils, were truly frightful. This ſcene continued at intervals during the knight, as the fiſh came to the paſs. After this fight, ſhocking and tremendous as it was, I found myſelf ſomewhat eaſier and more reconciled to my ſituation; being convinced that their extraordinary aſſemblage here was owing to this annual feaſt of fiſh; and that they were ſo well employed in their own element, that I had little occaſion to fear their paying me a viſit.

It being now almoſt night, I returned to my camp where I had left my fiſh broiling, and my kettle of rice ſtewing; and having with me oil, pepper, and ſalt, and excellent oranges hanging in abundance over my head--a valuable ſubſtitute for vinegar--I ſat down and regaled myſelf chearfully. Having finiſhed my repaſt, I rekindled my fire for light, and while I was reviſing the notes of my paſt day's journey, I was ſuddenly rouzed with a noiſe behind me towords the main land. I ſprang upon my feet, and liſtening, I diſtinctly heard ſome creature wading in the water of the iſthmus. I ſeized my gun, and went cautiouſly from my camp, directing my ſteps towards the noiſe: when I had advanced about thirty yards I halted behind a coppice of orange trees, and ſoon perceived two very large bears, which had made their way through the water, and had landed in the grove, about one hundred yards diſtance from me, and were advancing towards

me. I waited until they were within thirty yards of me: they there began to ſnuff and look towards my camp I ſnapped my piece, but it flaſhed, upon which they turned about and galloped off, plunging through the water and ſwam, never halting, as I ſuppoſe, until they reached faſt land, as I could hear them leaping and plunging a long time. They did not preſume to return again; nor was I moleſted by any other creature, except being occaſionally awakened by the whooping of owls, ſcreaming of bitterns, or the wood-rats running amongſt the leaves.

The noiſe of the crocodiles kept me awake the greater part of the night; but when I aroſe in the morning, contrary to my expectations, there was perfect peace; very few of them to be ſeen, and thoſe were aſleep on the ſhore Yet I was not able to ſuppreſs my fears and apprehenſions of being attacked by them in future; and, indeed, yeſterday's combat with them, notwithſtanding I came off in a manner victorious, or at leaſt made a ſafe retreat, had left ſufficient impreſſion on my mind to damp my courage; and it ſeemed too much for one of my ſtrength, being alone in a very ſmall boat, to encounter ſuch collected danger. To purſue my voyage up the river, and be obliged every evening to paſs ſuch dangerous defiles, appeared to me as perilous as running the gauntlet betwixt two rows of Indians armed with

knives and firebrands. I, however, reſolved to continue my voyage one day longer, if I poſſibly could with ſafety, and then return down the river, ſhould I find the like difficulties to oppoſe. Accordingly, I got every thing on board, charged my gun, and ſet ſail cautiouſly along ſhore. As I paſſed by Battle lagoon, I began to tremble and keep a good look out; when ſuddenly a huge alligator ruſhed out of the reeds, and with a tremendous roar came, and darted as ſwift as an arrow under my boat, emerging upright on my lee quarter, with open jaws, and belching water and ſmoke that fell upon me like rain in a hurricane. I laid ſoundly about his head with my club, and beat him off; and after plunging and darting about my boat, he went off on a ſtraight line through the water, ſeemingly with the rapidity of lightning, and entered the cape of the lagoon. I now employed my time to the very beſt advantage, in paddling cloſe along ſhore, but could not forbear looking now and then behind me, and preſently perceived one of them coming up again. The water of the river hereabouts was ſhoal and very clear: the monſter came up with the uſual roar and menaces, and paſſed cloſe by the ſide of my boat, when I could diſtinctly ſee a young brood of alligators, to the number of one hundred or more, following after her in a long train. They kept cloſe together in a column, without ſtraggling off to the one ſide or the other: the

young appeared to be of an equal ſize, about fifteen inches in length, almoſt black, with pale yellow tranverſe waved clouds or blotches, much like rattleſnakes in colour. I now loſt ſight of my enemy again.

Still keeping cloſe along ſhore, on turning a point or projection of the river bank, at once I beheld a great number of hillocks, or ſmall pyramids, reſembling hay-cocks, ranged like an encampment along the banks. They ſtood fifteen or twenty yards diſtant from the water, on a high marſh, about four feet perpendicular above the water. I knew them to be the neſts of the crocodile, having had a deſcription of them before; and now expected a furious and general attack, as I ſaw ſeveral large crocodiles ſwimming abreaſt of theſe buildings. Theſe neſts being ſo great a curioſity to me, I was determined at all events immediately to land and examine them. Accordingly, I ran my bark on ſhore at one of their landing places, which was a ſort of nick or little dock, from which aſcended a ſloping path, or road, up to the edge of the meadow, where their neſts were; moſt of them were deſerted, and the great thick whitiſh egg-ſhells lay broken and ſcattered upon the ground round about them.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES V.

Martin Tamayo was a Spaniſh centinel, who ſerved in Germany in the Emperor Charles Vth's army. This man, in the year 1546, made himſelf famous by his bravery, and by a ſedition, of which he was very being the occaſion. The Emperor's troops being weaker than thoſe of the proteſtants, commanded by the Landgrave of Heſſe, was encamped before the enemy near Ingolſtad. A rebel of a gigantic ſize, who took himſelf for the hero of the age, came ſtrutting out every day between the two camps, with a halbert in his hand, and offered to fight ſingle with the beſt man in the imperial army. Charles V. forbid all his men to undertake the challenge, upon pain of death. Not that he thought the fellow ſo formidable, but he was afraid, that in caſe one of his ſoldiers ſhould be worſted, the reſt might be intimidated, and draw ſome unlucky preſage from the miſadventure. This fanfaron came braving the army every day, and, coming up to the Spaniſh quarters, reproached them with cowardice, in very groſs language. Tamayo, who was only a common ſoldier, in a regiment of his nation, could not bear the inſolence of this new Goliah: he ſnatched a halbert from one of his comrades, and, edging along the entrenchments, attacked the challenger, and, without receiving a wound, drove his halbert into his throat, and laid him ſprawling, and, drawing the vanquiſhed man's ſword, cut off his head,

and carried it into the camp. He likewiſe preſented it to his majeſty, and falling at his feet, begged his life. The emperor had no regard to Tamayo's bravery; and, conſidering nothing but the ill conſequences of the example, ordered him to be ſhot. All the chief officers of the army interceded for this heroic man: they ſuggeſted to his majeſty, that it was not adviſeable to raſſle the main at this juncture, and eſpecially not the Spaniards, who were the choice of his troops, and would be extremely out of temper in caſe any contempt ſhould be put upon them; that it was dangerous to uſe ſeverity as things ſtood, or to puniſh a noble exploit as if it was a crime; and that if brave people were treated with ſuch rigour, the whole army would grow languid and negligent in their duty. The Prince of Hungary, the Cardinal Farneſe, the Duke of Parma, &c. in a word, all thoſe that had rank from birth, employment, or reputation, to give them liberty of ſpeech, begged the emperor, though he might not reward this brave man, yet at leaſt to pardon him. The emperor continued inexorable, and reſolved on the execution of this unhappy perſon; who, either out of ſtomach, or greatneſs, refuſed to aſk pardon any more, after ſentence of death was pronounced againſt him. When he was led to the place of execution, he carried the challenger's head in his hand, and, ſhewing it to his comrades, put them in mind of the crime for which he was to ſuffer. He like-

wiſe offered them the ſword taken from the enemy, and deſired them to run him through, that no loyal ſubject might reproach the Emperor with revenging the death of thoſe heretics who had revolted againſt him. In ſhort; when his cap was pulled over his eyes, and the minute for ſhooting him was come, the Spaniards, to the number of nine thouſand, broke out into a mutiny, and threatened the Emperor with the laſt extremities, unleſs he gave his pardon to ſo brave a man. This ſeditious menacing affected Charles who referred the deciſion of this affair to his general the Duke of Alva; this Duke, rough-humoured as he was, was forced to give way to neceſſity, and pardon Tamayo; who then quitted the ſervice, and returned to Spain.

AMUSEMENT IN MODERN HIGH LIFE.

The Bucks had din'd, and deep in council ſat,
Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat.
Up ſtarts his Lordſhip, to the window flies,
And lo, "A race, a race!" in rapture cries.
"Where? quoth Sir John—"Why, ſee two drops of rain
"Start from the ſummit of the cryſtal pane:
"A thouſand pounds, which drop with nimbleſt force
"Performs its current down the ſlipp'ry courſe."
The betts were fix'd, in dire ſuſpenſe they wait
For victory, pendent on the nod of Fate.
Now down the ſaſh, unconſcious of the prize,
The bubbles roll like pearls from Chloe's eyes.
But ah! the glittering joys of life are ſhort!
How oft two joſtling ſteeds have ſpoil'd the ſport!
So thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws;
Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project croſs'd;
How hard their lot who neither won or loſt!

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THE ROVER. N°. XI.

In ev'ry work, regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend,
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

POPE.

The poem called the grave, composed by Mr. Robert Blair, has acquired great reputation among the admirers of that elegant art; the number of editions of it that have been sold, and the general approbation it has met with, are sure marks of its superior excellence. Having lately had occasion to peruse it with some attention, I made several observations upon it for my own amusement, and having as yet seen no remarks upon that poem, tending to direct us in forming a proper judgment of its merits, I shall here offer mine to the public, not as a regular criticism, but only as the ideas that occurred to me when examining the Poem.

The grave is a poem of the Didactic kind, it has instruction as its main design. The subject

is the effect that the grave has upon all ranks and conditions of men, it contains various reflections on death, and the cauſe of its being brought into the world, with ſome obſervations tending to arm us againſt the dread of it: Such is the ſubject of this poem which is embelliſhed with all the ornaments of the poetic art. The firſt excellence that occurs to the reader of the grave, is the beautiful deſcriptions with which the ſubject is adorned; by a judicious ſelection of the moſt ſtriking circumſtances of his objects, the poet has rendered his deſcriptions lively and pictureſque. The deſcription of a ſtormy night in a church-yard, has ſomething in it very ſolemn.

The wind is up: hark! how it howls! methinks
Till now I never heard a ſound ſo dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the ſpire, ſcreams loud! The gloomy aiſles
Black plaiſter'd, and hung round with ſhreds of ſcutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, ſend back the ſound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The manſions of the dead —Rous'd from their ſlumbers,
In grim array, the griſly ſpectres riſe,
Grin horribly, and obſtinately ſullen
Paſs and re-paſs, huſh'd as the foot of night.
Again the ſcreech-owl ſhrieks: ungracious ſound!
I'll hear no more, it makes one's blood run chill.

The delineation of the ſcenery which immediately ſucceeds to this deſcription of the ſtorm, is executed in the ſame maſterly manner. The

following picture has many lively and delicate ſtrokes of art.

Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've ſeen,
By glimpſe of moon-ſhine, chequering thro' the trees,
The ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel in his hand,
Whiſtling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping oe'r the long flat ſtones,
(With nettles ſkirted, and with moſs o'ergrown),
That tell in homely phraſe who ly below.
Sudden he ſtarts, and hears, or thinks he hears
The ſound of ſomething purring at his heels;
Full faſt he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid Apparition, tall and ghaſtly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his ſtand
O'er ſome new open'd grave; and (ſtrange to tell)
Evaniſhes at crowing of the cock.

The deſcription of the new-made widow, weeping at the tomb of her huſband, is truly pathetic, and touches the heart in a forcible manner. But nowhere does the author's genius appear to greater advantage, than in the beautiful reflections he makes on the ſexton: the circumſtances are ſo well choſen, and ſo well expreſſed, that it is difficult to conceive any thing more perfect.

See yonder maker of the dead man's-bed,
The Sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er ſtole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors—Scarce a ſkull's caſt up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some paſſage of his life.—Thus hand in hand

The ſot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er yonker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a ſmuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
None ſings a merrier catch, or lends his hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds not,
That ſoon ſome truſty brother of the trade,
Shall do for him what he has done for thouſands.

The excellent moral reflexions with which this piece abounds, are another of its chief excellencies; they are not perhaps recommended by their novelty, but they are ornamented with all the charms of poetry; to particularize any of theſe reflections would be an eaſy, but is in reality a needleſs taſk: His thoughts on ſuicide, and theſe on all ranks meeting in the tomb, conſtitute ſome of the principal beauties of the work; his reflections on ſin and its conſequences, breathe much of the true poetic enthuſiaſm. The piety ſo conſpicuous in every part of this poem, recommends it highly to readers of a conſiderate diſpoſition; the ſubject concerns every one ſo nearly, the truths are ſo ſtriking, and ſo well enforced, that he muſt either be a very good man, or a very bad one, that can uſe them unconcerned.

The introduction is plain with little embelliſhment, but the concluſion is noble and beautiful; it conſiſts of a compariſon remarkably ſtriking, he is ſpeaking of the body ſinking into the grave, and riſing triumphant at the laſt day.

Thus, at the cloſe of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in ſome lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the d.wn of day,
Then claps his well fledg'd wings, and bears away.

The verſification is not blemiſhed by any diſagreeable harſhneſs, nor is it remarkable for its melody; it maintains a medium, without riſing into exquiſite harmony, or falling into a diſagreeable monotony; it does not perhaps equal the verſe of Thomſon or Milton, but it may be ranked with that of Young.

Such are ſome of the beauties of this poem, but as it is naturally to be expected, they are attended with ſome blemiſhes; theſe muſt be taken notice of when forming an opinion of the whole, for if our ideas of the piece be inadequate, our judgement of it muſt be ſo alſo.

In ſome parts of the poem the tranſitions are abrupt, the parts are too looſely connected; the mind, when engaged in a train of thinking, proceeds in a regular manner through all the relations and connections of the ſubject; when that train of ideas is preſerved in a work, it conſtitutes an eminent beauty, the mind follows the chain of reflection with eaſe and pleaſure; where the connections of the objects are more diſtant and obſcure, the mind finds more difficulty in making the tranſition. In the beginning of this piece particularly, this is the caſe; the firſt paragraph is an addreſs to the grave, the ſecond deſcribes a ſtormy night in a church-yard; next we have the deſcription of the ſcenery of a burying-place; after that a digreſſion upon the ſchool-boy paſſing through it by moon-light; and the

new made widow weeping over her dead husband's tomb; the poet then goes on with an addreſs to the grave under various epithets, and makes ſome reflections on the vanity of greatneſs: in this manner he proceeds through a great number of objects, all having a ſlight connection with each other, but following out no particular train of thought; when peruſing a compoſition of this kind, the mind is affected at the beginning of each paragraph, in the ſame manner as if it were entering on a new ſubject. This is a fault that is too common in the didactic poems of all languages, Young's Night Thoughts afford many examples of it; but we are not on that account to reckon it leſs a blemiſh, for, however much it may be practiſed, want of connections is certainly blameable. Near the end of the poem the connection is more cloſe, conſequently the mind feels itſelf more attracted by the ſubject.

The compoſition is in general lively and ſpirited, but in ſome places it rather inclines to be dull; his reflections on all ranks meeting in the tomb are certainly good, but his deſcants upon the effect the grave has on the learned, the phyſician, the miſer &c. are perhaps rather unintereſting and prolix: his reflections upon ſtrength, and the death of a ſtrong man, are peculiarly excellent.

In the compoſition of a ſentence, when the mind is led from objects of leſs conſequence, to

these of greater, the effect is good; of the reverse, the effect is bad; of this latter kind of sentiments, where the mind falls off instead of rising, this poem affords some examples: when reflecting on the power the grave has of erasing the memory of every thing from the earth, he mentions the famed sculptor, and the laurell'd bard, as not able long to survive its effects; at the end of the sentence he asserts, that

Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain,
With all subduing Time.——

This is surely falling backwards, since the laurell'd bard has a better chance for remaining on the memories of men, than the sepulchral column. After informing us, that all the mighty troublers of the earth ly hush'd in the grave, he affirms the same of the

—— Petty Tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd.

This too is descending. By a blemish of the same kind, he has degraded his beautiful reflections on strength, and the death of the strong man, when he concludes it with the following sentence.

—— What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well invented knife.

Such are a few of the beauties, and blemiſhes of this elegant poem; many more might be pointed out, but theſe I believe are the chief, and from them we may venture to decide of the excellence of the whole. By marking theſe faults, I would not be thought to deſpiſe the poem; the beauties it poſſeſſes are much greater than all its defects, excellent deſcriptions, and affecting moral ſentiments, are beauties of the higheſt rank, and many examples of both the grave affords; hence though we may diſcover imperfections in the compoſition, we will always admire the poem. The morality is pure and unſullied, the ſubject is highly intereſting; the language is in general good, and upon the whole, the grave is a poem of great merit. A.

HISTORY OF NICOLAS PEDROSA.

Nicolas Pedroſa, a buſy little being, who followed the trades of ſhaver, ſurgeon and man-midwife in the town of Madrid, mounted his mule at the door of his ſhop in the Plazuela de-los Affligidos and puſhed through the gate of San Bernardino, being called to a patient in the neighbouring village of Foncarral, upon a preſſing occaſion. Every body knows that the ladies in Spain in certain caſes do not give long warning to practitioners of a certain deſcription, and

no body knew it better than Nicolas, who was reſolved not to loſe an inch of his way, nor of his mule's beſt ſpeed by the way, if cudgelling could bet it out of her. It was plain to Nicolas's conviction as plain could be, that his road laid ſtrait forward to the little convent in front; the mule was of opinon, that the turning on the left down the hill towards the Prado was the road of all roads moſt familiar and agreeable to herſelf, and accordingly began to diſpute the point of topography with Nicloas by fixing her fore feet reſolutely in the ground, dipping her head at the ſame time between them, and launching heels and crupper furiouſly into the air, in the way of argument. Little Pedroſa, who was armed at heel with one maſſy ſilver ſpur of ſtout, though ancient workmanſhip, reſoutely applied the ruſty rowel to the ſhoulder of his beaſt, driving it with all the good will in the world to the very butt, and at the ſame time, adroitly tucking his blue cloth capa under his right arm, and flinging the ſkirt over the left ſhoulder *en cavalier*, began to lay about him with a ſtout aſhen ſapling upon the ears, pole and cheeks of the recreant mule. The fire now flaſhed from a pair of Andaluſian eyes, as black as charcoal and not leſs inflammable, and taking the ſegara from his mouth, with which he had vainly hoped to have regaled his noſtrils in a ſharp winter's evening by the way, raiſed ſuch a

thundering troop of angels, ſaints and martyrs, from St. Michael downwards not forgetting his own nameſake Saint Nicolas de Tolentino by the way, that if curſes could have made the mule to go, the diſpute would have been ſoon ended, but not a ſaint could make her ſtir any other ways than upwards and downwards at a ſtand. A ſmall troop of mendicant friars were at this moment conducting the hoſt to a dying man.—'Nicolas Pedroſa,' ſays an old friar, 'be patient 'with your beaſt, and ſpare your blaſphemies; 'remember Balaam.'—'Ah father,' replied Pedroſa, 'Balaam cudgelled his beaſt till ſhe ſpoke, 'ſo will I mine till ſhe roars.'—'Fie, fie, pro-'fane fellow,' cries another of the fraternity. 'Go about your work, friend,' quoth Nicolas, 'and let me go about mine; I warrant it is the 'more preſſing of the two; your patient is going 'out of the world, mine is coming into it.'—'Hear him,' cries a third, 'hear the vile wretch, 'how he blaſphemes the body of God.'—And the troop paſſed ſlowly on to the tinkling of the bell.

A man muſt know nothing of a mule's ears, who does not know what a paſſion they have for the tinkling of a bell, and no ſooner had the jingling chords vibrated in the ſympathetic organs of Pedroſa's beaſt, than boulting forward with a ſudden ſpring ſhe ran roaring into the throng of friars, trampling on ſome and ſhouldering others

at a moſt profane rate; when Nicolas availing himſelf of the impetus, and perhaps not able to controul it, broke away and was out of ſight in a moment. 'All the devils in hell blow fire into thy tail, thou beaſt of Babylon,' muttered Nicolas to himſelf, as he ſcampered along, never once looking behind him, or ſtooping to apologize for the miſchief he had done to the bare feet and ſhirtleſs ribs of the holy brotherhood.

Whether Nicolas ſaved his diſtance, as likewiſe, if he did, whether it was a male or female Caſtilian he uſhered into the world, we ſhall not juſt now enquire, contend to await his return in the firſt of the morning the next day, when he had no ſooner diſmounted at his ſhop and delivered his mule to a ſturdy Arragoneſe wench, when Don Ignacio de Santos Aparicio, alguazil mayor of the ſupreme and general inquiſition, put an order into his hand, ſigned and ſealed by the inquiſidor general, for the conveyance of his body to the Caſa, whoſe formidable door preſents itſelf in the ſtreet adjoining to the ſquare, in which Nicolas's brazen baſin hung forth the emblem of his trade.

[*To be continued.*]

SITUATION OF A TRAVELLER, AMONG THE CROCODILES, IN NORTH AMERICA.

[*Continued from our laſt.*]

The neſts or hillocs are of the form of an obtuſe cone, four feet high, and four or five feet in diameter at their baſes; they are conſtructed with mud, graſs, and herbage. At firſt they lay a floor of this kind of tempered mortar upon the ground, on which they depoſit a layer of eggs, and upon this a ſtratum of mortar, ſeven or eight inches in thickneſs, and then another layer of eggs; and in this manner, one ſtratum upon another, nearly to the top. I believe they commonly lay from one to two hundred eggs in a neſt; theſe are hatched, I ſuppoſe, by the heat of the ſun; and, perhaps, the vegetable ſubſtances mixed with the earth, being acted upon by the ſun, may cauſe a ſmall degree of fermentation, and ſo increaſe the heat in thoſe hillocks. The ground, for ſeveral acres about theſe neſts, ſhewed evident marks of a continual reſort of alligators; the graſs was every where beaten down, hardly a blade of ſtraw was left ſtanding; whereas all about, at a diſtance, it was five or ſix feet high, and as thick as it could grow together. The female, as I imagine, carefully watches her

own neſt of eggs until they are all hatched; or, perhaps, while, ſhe is attending her own brood, ſhe takes under her care and protection as many as ſhe can get at one time, either from her own particular neſt, or others: but, certain it is, that the young are not left to ſhift for themſelves; for I have had frequent opportunities of ſeeing the female alligator leading about the ſhores her train of young ones, juſt as a hen does her chickens; and ſhe is equally aſſiduous and courageous in defending the young, which are under her care, and providing for their ſubſiſtence; and when ſhe is baſking upon the warm banks, with her brood around her, you may hear the young ones continually whining and barking, like young puppies. I believe but a few of a brood live to the years of full growth and magnitude, as the old feed on the young, as long as they can make prey of them.

The alligator, when full grown, is a very large and terrible creature, and of prodigious ſtrength, activity, and ſwiftneſs in the water. I have ſeen them twenty feet in length, and ſome are ſuppoſed to be twenty-two or twenty three feet. Their body is as large as that of a horſe; their ſhape exactly reſembles that of a lizard, except their tail, which is flat or cuniform, being compreſſed on each ſide, and gradually diminiſhing from the abdomen to the extremity; which, with the whole body, is covered with horny plates, or

ſquammæ, impenetrable when on the body of the live animal, even to a riffle ball, except about their head and juſt behind their fore-legs or arms, where, it is ſaid, they are only vulnerable. The head of a full grown one is about three feet, and the mouth opens nearly the ſame length; their eyes are ſmall in proportion, and ſeem ſunk deep in the head, by means of a prominency in the brows; the noſtrils are large, inflated and prominent on the top; ſo that the head in the water reſembles, at a diſtance, a great chunk of wood floating about. Only the upper-jaw moves, which they raiſe almoſt perpendicular, ſo as to form a right angle with the lower one. In the fore-part of the upper-jaw, on each ſide, juſt under the noſtrils, are two very large, thick, ſtrong teeth or tuſks, not very ſharp, but rather the ſhape of a cone: theſe are as white as the fineſt poliſhed ivory, and are not covered by any ſkin, or lips, and always in ſight, which gives the creature a frightful appearance: in the lower jaw are holes oppoſite to theſe teeth, to receive them; when they clap their jaws together, it cauſes a ſurpriſing noiſe, like that which is made by forcing a heavy plank with violence on the ground, and may be heard at a great diſtance.

But what is yet more ſurpriſing to a ſtranger, is the incredibly loud and terrifying roar, which they are capable of making, eſpecially in the

ſpring ſeaſon, their breeding time. It moſt reſembles very heavy diſtant thunder, not only ſhaking the air and waters, but cauſing the earth to tremble; and when hundreds and thouſands are roaring at the ſame time, you can ſcarcely be perſuaded but that the whole globe is violently and dangerouſly agitated.

Having gratified my curioſity at this general breeding-place and nurſery of crocodiles, I continued my voyage up the river, without being greatly diſturbed by them.

A COUNTRY BUMPKIN AND RAZOR-SELLER.

A fellow in a market town,
Moſt muſical, cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence;
Which certainly ſeem'd wond'rous cheap,
And for the money, quite a heap,
As ev'ry man would buy, with caſh and ſenſe.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard;
Poor Hodge, who ſuffer'd by a long black beard,
That ſeem'd a ſhoe bruſh ſtuck beneath his noſe,
With chearfulneſs the eighteen pence he paid,
And proudly to himſelf, in whiſpers ſaid,
"This raſcal ſtole the razors, I ſuppoſe."

"No matter, if the fellow *be* a knave,
"Provided that the razors *ſhave*;
"It certainly will be a monſtrous prize:"
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
Smiling in heart, and ſoul content,
And quickly ſoap'd himſelf to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a diſh or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Juſt like a hodger cutting furze:
'Twas a vile razor!—then the reſt he try'd—
All were impoſtors—"Ah," Hodge ſigh'd!
"I wiſh my eighteen pence within my purſe."
In vain to chace his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and ſtamp'd, and ſwore:
Brought blood, and danc'd, blaſphem'd and made wry faces,
And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, form'd of *oppoſition* ſtuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not loſe its ruff;
So kept it—laughing at the ſteel and ſuds:
Hodge, in a paſſion, ſtretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direſt vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile cheat that ſold the goods.
"Razors!—a damn'd confounded dog—
"Not fit to ſcrape a hog!"

Hodge ſought the fellow—found him, and begun—
"P'rhaps, Maſter Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
"That people flay themſelves out of their lives:
"You raſcal!—for an hour have I been grubbing,
"Giving my ſcoundrel whiſkers here a ſcrubbing,
"With razors juſt like oyſter knives.
"Sirrah! I tell you you're a knave,
"To cry up razors that can't *ſhave*."

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a knave:
"As for the razors you have bought,
"Upon my ſoul I never thought
"That they would *ſhave*."

"Not think they'd ſhave!" quoth Hodge, with wond'ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries:
"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a ſmile, "to ſell."

THE CULLER.

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THE ROVER. N°. XII.

Swearing,——the hero ſat.

POPE.

To the ROVER.

SIR,

As you profeſs to be ſolicitous for the advancement of every uſeful and ornamental accompliſhment; I ſhall venture to lay before you the following reflections.

Swearing has of late become ſo prevalent, that it bids fair to be, in a ſhort time, one of the chief ornaments in the converſation of the man of faſhion: deprived of this embelliſhment of ſpeech, many who now talk very fluently, would become almoſt mute; many an excellent ſtory would loſe half its wit, were it curtailed of the oaths uſed in relating it; in ſhort, ſwearing gives a graceful force to converſation peculiar to itſelf; it contains more ſtrength in argument, than all the figures taught by ancient rhetoricians.

Embelliſhing as this figure is to converſation, however, and general as the practice of it has

become, I do not remember to have heard ſix good ſwearers during my life: every one uſes the moſt common and hackneyed execrations, which have been ſo long uſed, that they have loſt all their original power; thus, to uſe a very common example, the epithet *damn'd*, though originally one of a very ſerious ſignification, has from frequent uſe, loſt its whole ſtrength, and is now allowed to denote no more, than the ſuperlative degree; inſomuch that the uſe of it cannot be called ſwearing at all, ſince damn'd good, and damn'd bad, ſignify neither leſs nor more, than a great degree of the qualities good or evil. But, what is worſe, there are a great many of our oaths, which cannot be ſaid to have any meaning; had men of ſenſe and genius, applied themſelves to this ſcience, they would ſurely have diſdained to uſe words, of which they did not know the ſignification; they would have invented new oaths, which might be now forcible, and more intelligible, than theſe that have been worn out by frequent repetition.

Inſtead then of leaving young gentlemen to collect this knowledge from their illiterate acquaintance, I am of opinion, that they ought to have tutors in this, as an important branch of their education: and there is certainly more reaſon for teaching them this genteel accompliſhment, than the art of running their friend dexterouſly through the body. Encouragement ſhould

therefore be given to men of genius, to labour in the improvement of this ſcience; they ſhould take it out of the hands of the coachmen and porters, and uſe their united efforts to clear it of abſurdities; authority ſhould be given them to explode old oaths, and to introduce new ones, provided theſe new ones be recommended by being more ſtrong, than theſe in the room of which they are introduced. Were this the caſe, ſwearing would ſoon become a truly polite, and elegant accompliſhment; a man of taſte and genius would then ſtrive to ſhew his parts in this department; and a *ſwearer of taſte* might then be as common an expreſſion, as a *polite writer* is now: then, inſtead of ſeeing gentlemen condeſcend to borrow oaths of their footmen, they would be qualified to lead the faſhion in them, as well as in cloaths.

As this talent is, in the polite world, almoſt as much in uſe as the faculty of ſpeech itſelf, I would have the care of teaching it begin as ſoon as the young gentleman has acquired the uſe of his tongue; nurſes might be ſent to a ſwearing academy, and there be qualified to teach their little maſters the eaſily pronounced oaths, as ſoon as they are capable of uttering articulate ſounds; this would be a great help to their future progreſs, and would furniſh a delightful employment to the nurſes; who would doubtleſs take much pleaſure, in hearing the dear little crea-

tures, liſping out oaths and mincing execrations. This part of their education may likewiſe be carried on, while they are learning to read their mother-tongue; inſtead of the little leſſons of religion and morality, which are uſed at preſent, ſmall books, compoſed of the moſt faſhionable oaths, might be introduced; this would make them more perfect in ſwearing, and at the ſame time, make them acquire the art of reading a great deal ſooner than at preſent; for experience teaches us, that boys retain oaths and curſes, much more readily than the beſt moral ſentence whatever.

The ſame care might be carried through every branch of education, which gentlemen uſually acquire; at the dancing-ſchool, and fencing-ſchool, they might ſtill be improving, and by conſtantly practiſing what they had already learned, and labouring in making new acquiſitions, a young gentleman might ſoon be capable of ſwearing with taſte and propriety. They might receive great benefit too, from the peruſal of ſome of our modern novels, a great number of which ſhould be read for that expreſs purpoſe: but above all, at the theatre, a gentleman might make a great deal of improvement; ſome of our comedies containing the beſt oaths of modern times, theſe, every gentleman, deſirous of ſhining, will not fail to adopt.

Swearing thus improved, may once more attain its ancient dignity, and we may hope to ſee

a philoſophical eſſay, embelliſhed with all the graces of this enlivening figure: every one who has the leaſt acquaintance with the Greek and Latin languages, muſt be ſenſible of the admirable ſtrength which oaths add to the works of ancient philoſophers, and muſt wiſh to ſee this beauty introduced into Engliſh. To this ſcheme, for the improvement of the art of ſwearing, I know of but one objection, which is, that ſwearing is directly contrary to a precept of the moral law; but this will have ſo little weight with the bulk of this nation, that I do not think it deſerves a ſerious refutation; I ſhall therefore proceed to finiſh my plan.

In order to prevent any ſet of oaths from becoming old and ſpiritleſs, there might be an annual meeting of our gentry in ſome public place, where each might have an opportunity of ſhewing what improvements he had made in this branch, where old oaths might be exploded, and new ones introduced by vote.

That ſuch a plan of education will quickly be adopted, there is little room to doubt; in the mean time, I would adviſe thoſe who have already arrived at ſome proficiency in this art, to form themſelves into clubs and ſocieties for their mutual improvement. One club of this ſort, I am already acquainted with; it is denominated the *Society of Bloods*, and conſiſts of a preſident, and twenty-four members; their preſident, who is choſen for his excellency in ſwearing, has in-

vented many hundreds of new oaths, and ſeldom opens his mouth, without ſending forth a dozen at leaſt; when they admit a new member, he is obliged to ſwear during half an hour, without ſtop or heſitation; every member is obliged to furniſh ſix new oaths each night, which are entered into a regiſter, for the uſe of the ſociety: if any member ſpeaks two words without ſwearing, he is liable to a fine; to which he is likewiſe ſubject if he uſes the ſame oath twice, during the ſame meeting.

It is ſometimes reported indeed, that the old gentleman the devil, came one night, with a whole body of confederates, intending to carry off them and the houſe together; that it was with great difficulty they prevailed upon him to accept their words of honour; that they would wait upon him on ſome future occaſion; and that ſince, they have met in the houſe of one of the members; becauſe nobody would permit them to meet in any other place: but all this is only the ſlanderous invention of ſome of thoſe who envy them, for I am certain that no one of theſe gentlemen believes there is any ſuch thing as a devil.

Such ſocieties deſerve encouragement, and will undoubtedly meet with it; and when the before-mentioned plan of education is adopted, there will be few of our people of faſhion, who are not members of ſome one of them or other.

I had almoſt forgot to inform you, that the preſident of this ſociety, has in the preſs, ready for publication, *The Polite Swearer* or *Gentleman's Inſtructor in the art of Swearing*: in which treatiſe he has deſcanted on the uſefulneſs of this art, and laid down a ſyſtem of rules for a ſpeedy improvement in it: he has explained many of our old oaths, and given a great collection of the neweſt.

I am, &c.

Y.

HISTORY OF NICOLAS PEDROSA.

[*Continued from our laſt.*]

The poor little fellow, trembling in every joint and with a face as yellow as ſaffron, dropt a knee to the altar, which fronts the entrance, and croſſed himſelf moſt devoutly; as ſoon as he had aſcended the firſt flight of ſtairs, a porter habited in black opened the tremendous barricade and Nicolas with horror heard the grating of the heavy bolts that ſhut him in. He was led through paſſages and vaults and melancholy cells, till he was delivered into the dungeon, where he was finally left to his ſolitary meditations. Hapleſs being! what a ſcene of horror.—Nicolas felt all the terrors of his condition, but being an Andaluſian and like his countrymen of

a lively imagination, he began to turn over all the reſources of his invention for ſome happy fetch, if any ſuch might occur. for helping him out of the diſmal limbo he was in: He was not long to ſeek for the cauſe of his misfortune; his adventure with the barefooted friars was a ready ſolution of all difficulties of that nature, had there been any: There was however another thing which might have troubled a ſtouter heart than Nicolas's--He was a Jew.---This of certain would have been a ſtaggering item in a poor devil's confeſſion, but then it was a ſecret to all the world but Nicolas, and Nicolas's conſcience did not juſt then urge him to reveal it: He now began to overhaul the inventory of his perſonals about him, and with ſome ſatisfaction counted three little medals of the bleſſed virgin, two Agnus Deis, a Saint Nicolas de Tolontino and a formidable ſtring of beads all pendant from his neck and within his ſhirt; in his pockets he had had a paper of dried figs, a ſmall bundle of ſegaras, a caſe of lancets, ſquirt and forceps, and two old razors in a leathern envelope; theſe he had delivered one by one to the alguazil, who firſt arreſted him,---"and let him make the moſt of them," ſaid he to himſelf, "they can never "prove me an Iſraelite by a caſe of razors."--Upon a cloſer rummage however he diſcovered in a ſecret pocket a letter, which the alguazil had overlooked, and which his patient Donna Leono-

ra de Caſafonda had given him in charge to deliver as directed—"Well, well," cried he, "let "it paſs; there can be no myſtery in this harm-"leſs ſcrawl; a letter of advice to ſome friend or "relation, I'll not break the ſeal; let the fathers "read it, if they like, 'twill prove the truth of "my depoſition, and help out my excuſe for the "hurry of my errand, and the unfortunate ad-"venture of my damned refractory mule."

And now the cell door opened, when a ſavage figure entered carrying a huge parcel of clanking fetters, with a collar of iron, which he put round the neck of poor Pedroſa, telling him with a truly diabolical grin, whilſt he was rivetting it on, that it was a proper cravat for the throat of a blaſphemer.—"Jeſu-Maria," quoth Pedroſa, "is all this fallen upon me for only cudgelling a "reſtive mule?" "Aye," cried the demon, "and "this is only a taſte of what is to come," at the ſame time ſlipping his pincers from the ſcrew he was forcing to the head, he caught a piece of fleſh in the forceps and wrenched it out of his cheek, laughing at poor Nicolas, whilſt he roared aloud with the pain, telling him it was a juſt reward for the torture he had put him to awhile ago, when he tugged at a tooth, till hebroke it in his jaw. "Ah, for the love of heaven," cried Pedroſa, "have more pity on me; for the ſake of "Saint Nicolas de Tolantino, my holy patron, "be not ſo unmerciful to a poor barber-ſurgeon,

"and I will ſhave your worſhip's beard for nothing as long as I have life." One of the meſſengers of the auditory now came in, and bade the fellow ſtrike off the priſoner's fetters, for that the holy fathers were in council and demanded him for examination. "This is ſome-"thing extraordinary," quoth the tormentor, "I ſhould not have expected it this twelvemonth "to come." Pedroſa's fetters were ſtruck off; ſome brandy was applied to ſtaunch the bleeding of his cheeks; his hands and face were waſhed, and a ſhort jacket of coarſe ticking thrown over him, and the meſſenger with an aſſiſtant taking him each under an arm led him into a ſpacious chamber where at the head of a large table ſate his excellency the inquiſidor general with ſix of his aſſeſſors, three on each ſide the chair of ſtate: The alguazil mayor, a ſecretary and two notaries with other officers of the holy council were attending in their places.

The priſoner was placed behind a bar at the foot of the table between the meſſengers, who brought him, in and having made his obeiſance to the awful preſence in the moſt ſupplicating manner, he was called upon according to the uſual form of queſtions by one of the junior judges to declare his name, parentage, profeſſion, age, place of abode, and to anſwer various interrogatories of the like trifling nature: His excellency the inquiſidor general now opened

his reverend lips, and in a ſolemn tone of voice, that penetrated to the heart of the poor trembling priſoner, interrogated him as follows —

'Nicolas Pedroſa, we have liſtened to the account you give of yourſelf, your buſineſs and connections, now tell us for what offence, or offences, you are here ſtanding a priſoner before us: examine your own heart, and ſpeak the truth from your conſcience without prevarication or diſguiſe.' 'May it pleaſe your excellency,' replied Pedroſa, 'with all due ſubmiſſion to your holineſs and this reverend aſſembly, my moſt equitable judges, I conceive I ſtand here before you for no worſe a crime, than that of cudgelling a refractory mule; an animal ſo reſtive in its nature (under correction of your holineſs be it ſpoken) that although I were bleſt with the forbearance of holy Job (for like him too I am married, and my patience hath been exerciſed by a wife) yet could I not forbear to ſmite my beaſt for her obſtinacy, and the rather becauſe I was ſummoned in the way of my profeſſion, as I have already made known to your moſt merciful ears, upon a certain crying occaſion, which would not admit of a moment's delay.

'Recollect yourſelf, Nicolas,' ſaid his Excellency the inquiſidor general, 'was there nothing elſe you did, ſave ſmiting your beaſt?"

'I take saint Nicolas de Tolentino to witness,' replied he, 'that I know of no other crime, for which I can be responsible at this righteous tribunal, save smiting my unruly beast.'

'Take notice, brethren,' exclaimed the inquisidor, 'this unholy wretch holds trampling over friars to be no crime.'

'Pardon me, holy father,' replied Nicolas, 'I hold it for the worst of crimes, and therefore willingly surrender my refractory mule to be dealt with as you see fit, and if you impale her alive it will not be more than she deserves.

'Your wits are too nimble, Nicolas,' cried the judge; 'have a care they do not run away with your discretion: Recollect the blasphemies you uttered in the hearing of those pious people.'

'I humbly pray your excellency,' answered the prisoner, 'to recollect that anger is a short madness, and I hope allowances will be made by your holy council for words spoke in haste to a rebellious mule: The prophet Balaam was thrown off his guard with a simple ass, and what is an ass compared to a mule? If your excellency had seen the lovely creature that was screaming in agony till I came to her relief, and how fine a boy I ushered into the world, which would have been lost but for my assistance, I am sure I should not be condemned for a few hasty words spoke in passion.'

'Sirrah!' cried one of the puiſny judges, reſpect the decency of the court.'

'Produce the contents of this fellow's pockets before the court,' ſaid the preſident, lay them on the table.'

'Monſter,' reſumed the aforeſaid puiſny judge taking up the forceps, 'what is the uſe of this diabolical machine?'

'Pleaſe your reverence,' replied Pedroſa, '*aptum eſt ad extrahendos foetus.*' — 'Unnatural wretch,' again exclaimed the judge, 'you have murdered the mother.'

The Mother of God forbid,' exclaimed Pedroſa, 'I believe I have a proof in my pocket, that will acquit me of that charge;' and ſo ſaying, he tendered the letter we have before made mention of: The ſecretary took it, and by command of the court read as follows: —

'Senor Don Manuel de Herrera,

'When this letter, which I ſend by Nicolas 'Pedroſa, ſhall reach your hands, you ſhall 'know that I am ſafely delivered of a lovely boy 'after a dangerous labour, in conſideration of 'which I pray you to pay to the ſaid Nicolas 'Pedroſa the ſum of twenty gold piſtoles, which 'ſum his excellency' ——

'Hold,' cried the inquiſidor general, ſtarting haſtily from his ſeat, and ſnatching away the letter, 'there is more in this than meets the

eye: 'Break up the court; I must take an examination of this prisoner in private.'

As soon as the room was cleared the inquisidor general beckoning to the prisoner to follow him, retired into a private closet, wherethrowing himself carelessly into an arm chair, he turned a gracious countenance upon the poor affrighted accoucheur, and bidding him sit down upon a low stool by his side, thus accosted him—'Take heart, senor Pedrosa, your imprisonment is not likely to be very 'tedious, for I have a commission you must exe- 'cute without loss of time: you have too much 'consideration for yourself to betray a trust, the 'violation of which must involve you in inevitable 'ruin, and can in no degree attaint my character, 'which is far enough beyond the reach of malice: 'Be attentive therefore to my orders; execute 'them punctally and keep my secret as you tender 'your own life: dost thou know the name and 'conditions of the lady, whom thou hast delive- 'red?'

[*To be continued.*]

ANECDOTE OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

The Princeſs of Brunſwick having ordered ſome rich ſtuffs from Lyons, which pay a conſiderable duty at Stetin, the place of her confinement, the officer rudely detained them for the duties. The Princeſs, enraged at this inſult, ſent word, that if he would himſelf bring the goods he would be ſatisfied. Accordingly, as ſoon as he arrived, the Princeſs ſecured every article, and after complimenting him with three or four ſmart cuffs on the face, turned him out of the apartment. Upon this he drew up a memorial, complaining bitterly of the treatment he had met with in the execution of his office; and addreſſing it to the King, received the following anſwer:

'The loſs of the duties muſt be placed to my 'account: the ſtuffs are to remain in the poſſeſ-'ſion of the Princeſs---the cuffs with him who 'received them. As to the ſuppoſed diſhonour, 'I cancel it at the complainant's requeſt---but 'indeed, it is of itſelf void---for the delicate 'hand of a fair lady, cannot poſſibly diſhonour 'the face of a cuſtom-houſe officer.

'Signed, FREDERICK.'

PARODIES OF SHAKSPEARE.

I do remember a cook's ſhop—
And hereabout it ſtands—him late I noted
In tuck'd up ſleeves, with night-cap o'er his brows,
Cutting up joints—pleas'd were his looks,
The fattening trade had cover'd well his bones,
And in his reeky ſhop a ſur-loin hung,
A buttock ſtuff'd, nice tripe, and other ſtrings
Of well-ſpic'd ſauſages—and upon his board
A ſovereign remedy for empty ſtomachs,
Green-peas and ducks, pork-ſteak'd and mutton-chops,
Remnant of gooſe, pigeon-pye, and plates of cold-ham,
Were amply ſet out to make up a ſhow.
Noting this plenty, to myſelf I ſaid,
And if a man did need a dinner now,
Whoſe dainty ſmell is preſent appetite,
Here lives a greaſy rogue would cater one.
If I may truſt the flattering truth of noſe,
This ſhould be Porridge Iſland—
Being twelve o' th' clock—the knives and forks are laid.

ROMEO, V. I.

Ay, in the catalogue ye rank phyſicians,
As quacks and mountebanks, corn-cutters, tooth-drawers,
Innoculators, keepers of mad-houſes,
Caſters of water, ſimplers, all are 'clep'd
By the name of doctors—th' apotheeary's file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſlow, the ſure, the ſkilful,
The liberal, the learned; every one
According to degree, which Cam, or Iſis
On him conferr'd; whereby he does receive
Additional fee, for the preſcription
That writes not all alike.

MACB. III. I.

*** *The original* EDITORS *beg leave to inform the* PUBLIC, *that they are no longer concerned in the compilation of* THIS PUBLICATION.

THE CULLER.

VOL. I. Wednesday 11th Nov. 1795. No. XIV.

THE ROVER. N°. XIII.

Take each man's cenſure, but reſerve thy judgement.
SHAKSPEAR.

To the ROVER,

SIR,

I take the liberty of making my caſe known to you, in order that you may either ſhew me where my conduct has been blameable, or find ſome means of retaliating the injuries, which I conceive I have ſuffered. I have received an education, which might have qualified me for ſome of the learned profeſſions; but I have, as yet, made no endeavours to advance myſelf, I have always been more attentive to the cultivation of my mind, than to the accumulation of wealth.

While I attended the Univerſity, I often amuſed myſelf with writing, and paſſed my leiſure hours, in the compoſition of ſeveral eſſays, on ſubjects, which to me, appeared highly intereſting. I ſhewed theſe eſſays, to ſome of my moſt intimate acquaintances, not ſo much, from the vanity of being an author, as from a deſire of aſcertaining my abilities by their judgments:

their univerſal opinion was, that my pieces bore marks of genius in their compoſition, and they gave me broad hints, that I ſhould make them public: when I queſtioned them, concerning any errors, that they might have perceived, they declared, that they knew of none, that were glaring enough, to demand particular criticiſm; and that among ſo many excellencies, a ſlight fault would eaſily be overlooked. My vanity was, no doubt, a little flattered by the concurring good opinions of men of taſte and judgement, and I at laſt ventured to ſend my eſſays to the preſs.

Without dwelling upon all the anxieties I ſuffered, while they were printing, I ſhall paſs to their publication, this dreadful period, at laſt arrived, but I was cautious enough to keep my name a ſecret, my friends too, were deſired to conceal it, in order that I might have an opportunity of hearing the impartial remarks of diſintereſted readers; and I promiſed myſelf much pleaſure, in following my fame, through the city.

But I was often diſappointed, in my ſearch, and I ſoon found, that I did not make nearly ſo great a figure, in the imaginations of other men, as I did in my own; I have ſometimes been under the neceſſity of cenſuring my own works, in hopes of hearing them commended, by the perſons with whom I converſed. In the

ſhops of the bookſellers, I had frequently the opportunity of hearing the criticiſms of the different claſſes of readers; and here it was, that I had many of my faults laid open to me: the queſtion of greateſt importance, there generally introduced, was, who might be the author; and I have often ſmiled, at the conjectures, that have been made concerning me. I remember, I once ſtepped into a ſhop, where a warm debate was going on: I took up a book, and pretended to read, but took great care to liſten; I quickly perceived, the diſpute was, concerning the author, of my eſſays: every one was ſure, that he knew, and had often converſed with him, and yet every one, attributed them to a different perſon; I looked about, and after having examined them, one by one, I could not recollect, that ever I had ſeen one of them before.

It has often afforded great exerciſe, to my patience, to hear the moſt illiterate blockheads, who ſcarce could read their mother tongue, taking my works to pieces, magnifying their faults, and degrading their beauties, paſſing ſentence upon them, without the leaſt mercy: often have I ſeen one of theſe pretenders to criticiſm, take up my book, look to the title page, turn over and give a glance at the firſt ſentence, then look at the number of pages, contained in the whole, lay it down with a diſdainful grin, and mutter

the exclamation, *damn'd ſtuff*, with an air of the greateſt importance.

How have I ſeen one, exult in his penetration, when he perceived a ſentence wanting a comma? the ſlighteſt inaccuracy of expreſſion, was the moſt unpardonable fault, the thoughts and reaſoning, they paſſed over unheeded, and greedily pried, into theſe minute lapſes, of which the moſt perfect production, is not free. I have ſeen many find faults, with the print, as being too large; my margin has been condemned, as uſeleſsly wide; and a very great number, have been prevented from purchaſing my works, becauſe, they ſaid, they were no penny-worth, meaning the book contained too few pages for the price.

I muſt confeſs, however, that among theſe cavillers, I have often met with perſons, of true taſte, who knew the real merit of my pieces, who could diſtinguiſh their beauties, from their defects, who could praiſe the one, and cenſure the other, with propriety. When any of theſe judicious perſons, ſhewed all the hidden grace of my eſſays, the former inſignificant critics, would be mute, and liſten with the greateſt attention, and if he hinted at any paſſage, that might be cenſured, they quickly circulated it among their acquaintances as a remark of their own. A man of true judgement, was one day making remarks upon my eſſays, to a circle of theſe liſ-

teners, and after having with great taſte, pointed out theſe paſſages, which he thought moſt excellent, he took up the book, and read a portion of it; in courſe of reading, he marked a ſentence, in which, he ſaid, the arrangement was not ſo maſterly as uſual; I took notice, that one of the company, inſtantly departed, I wondered what could be his hurry, when I heard it circulated, next day, that my book was full of inelegancies and grammatical errors.

Thus, Sir, have I been peſtered ſince I publiſhed theſe eſſays, I have ſometimes been praiſed, but have been much oftener cenſured, and am yet uncertain, whether to conclude myſelf, a ſprightly genius, or a conceited dunce.

I am,

SIR,

Your's, &c.

I can venture to aſſure this gentleman, that he may reſt ſatisfied, that his work shave merit, he has gained the applauſe of the judicious, and the crowd will infallibly follow them; as to the cavils, of pretenders to knowledge, they are not to be minded; they will find faults, with the moſt perfect performance; were Addiſon himſelf to revive, and publiſh a ſecond Spectator, he would find more to cenſure, than to praiſe. A man of judgement, takes as much pleaſure, in praiſing excellencies, as in cenſur-

ing faults; a man of low abilities, imagines, that his diſcernment might be called in queſtion, if he could not point out errors in what every one praiſes; an author muſt be content, to undergo the criticiſms of ſuch animals, there is no remedy but patience; he who would mind their cenſure, and correct according to their wiſhes, would find their opinions very various; they would often praiſe that to-day, which they would condemn to-morrow; one ſhould conſider, that ſuch critics, are better pleaſed, with a work, in which errrors abound, than with one, that is free from them, becauſe they have greater ſcope for cenſure.

Without paying the leaſt attention to ſuch, we ſhould endeavour to pleaſe thoſe as have ſenſe to be pleaſed, who have diſcernment, to perceive beauties, and judgement to eſteem them, and who have too much knowledge of their own nature, to expect, that any human production can be perfect. E

HISTORY OF NICOLAS PEDROSA.

[*Continued from our laſt.*]

Nicolas aſſured the inquiſidor he knew not the name nor condition of the lady whom he had delivered, and his excellency proceeded as

follows—'Then I tell thee, Nicolas, it is the illuſtrious Donna Leonora de Caſafonda; her huſband is the preſident of Quito, and daily expected with the next arrivals from the South Seas; now, though meaſures have been taken for detaining him at the port, wherever he ſhall land, till he ſhall receive further orders, yet you muſt be ſenſible Donna Leonora's ſituation is ſomewhat delicate: it will be your buſineſs to take the ſpeedieſt meaſures for her recovery, but as it ſeems ſhe has had dangerous and painful labour, this may be a work of more time than could be wiſhed, unleſs ſome medicines more efficacious than common are adminiſtered: art thou acquainted with any ſuch, friend Nicolas?'—'So pleaſe your excellency,' quoth Nicolas, 'my proceſſes have been tolerably ſucceſsful; I have bandages and cataplaſms with oils and conſerves, that I have no cauſe to complain of; they will reſtore its nature to its proper ſtate in all decent time.' 'Thou talkeſt like a fool, friend Nicolas,' interrupting him, ſaid the inquiſidor; 'What telleſt thou me of thy ſwathings and ſwadlings? quick work muſt be wrought by quick medicines: haſt thou none ſuch in thy botica? I'll anſwer for it thou haſt not; therefore look you, ſirrah, here is a little vial compounded by a famous chymiſt; ſee that you mix it in the next apozem you adminiſter to Donna Leonora, it is the moſt capital ſedative

in nature; give her the whole of it, and let her husband return when he will, depend upon it he will make no discoveries from her.'—— 'Humph!' quoth Nicholas within himself, 'Well said inquisidor!' He took the vial with all possible respect, and was not wanting in professions of the most inviolable fidelity and secrecy—'No more words, friend Nicolas,' quoth the inquisidor, 'upon the score; I do not believe thee one jot the more for all thy promises, my dependance is upon thy fears and not thy faith; I fancy thou hast seen enough of this place not to be willing to return to it once for all.'—Having so said, he rang a bell, and ordered Nicolas to be forthwith liberated, bidding the messenger return his clothes instantly to him with all that belonged to him, and having slipt a purse into his hand well filled with dubloons, he bade him be gone about his business and not see his face again till he had executed his commands.

Nicolas bolted out of the porch without taking leave of the altar, and never checked his speed till he found himself fairly housed under shelter of his own beloved brass basin.—'Aha!' quoth Nicolas, 'my lord inquisidor, I see the king is not likely to gain a subject more by your intrigues: A pretty job you have set me about; and so, when I have put the poor lady to rest with your damned sedative, my tongue must be stopt next to prevent its blabbing: But I'll shew

you I was not born in Andaluſia for nothing.' Nicolas now opened a ſecret drawer and took out a few pieces of money, which in fact was his whole ſtock of caſh in the world; he loaded and primed his piſtols and carefully lodged them in the houſers of his ſaddle, he buckled to his ſide his truſty ſpada, and haſtened to capariſon his mule. 'Ah, thou imp of the old one,' quoth he as he entered the ſtable, 'art thou not aſham ed to look me in the face? But come, huſſey, thou oweſt me a good turn methinks, ſtand by me this once, and be friends for ever! thou art in good caſe, and if thou wilt put thy beſt foot foremoſt, like a faithful beaſt, thou ſhalt not want for barley by the way.' The bargain was ſoon ſtruck between Nicolas and his mule, he mounted her in the happy moment and pointed his courſe towards the bridge of Toledo, which proudly ſtrides with half a dozen lofty arches over a ſtream ſcarce three feet wide he found himſelf as completely in a deſart in half a mile's riding, as if he had been dropt in the center of Arabia petræa. As Nicolas's journey was not a tour of curioſity, he did not amuſe himſelf with a peep at Toledo, or Talavera, or even Merida by the way; for the ſame reaſon he took a *circumbendibus* round the frontier town of Badajoz, and croſſing a little brook refreſhed his mule with the laſt draught of Spaniſh water, and inſtantly congratulated himſelf upon entering the

territory of Portugal. 'Brava!' quoth he, patting the neck of his mule, 'thou ſhalt have a ſupper this night of the beſt ſieve-meat that Eſtremadura can furniſh: We are now in a country where the ſcattered flock of Iſrael fold thick and fare well.' He now began to chaunt the ſong of Solomon, and gently ambled on in the joy of his heart.

When Nicolas at length reached the city of Liſbon, he hugged himſelf in his good fortune; ſtill he recollected that the inquiſition has long arms, and he was yet in a place of no perfect ſecurity. Our adventurer had in early life acted as aſſiſtant ſurgeon in a Spaniſh frigate bound to Buenos Ayres, and being captured by a Britiſh man of war and carried into Jamaica, had very quietly paſſed ſome years in that place as journeyman apothecary, in which time he had acquired a tolerable acquaintance with the Engliſh language: No ſooner then did he diſcover the Britiſh enſign flying on the poop of an Engliſh frigate then lying in the Tagus, than he eagerly caught the opportunity of paying a viſit to the ſurgeon, and finding he was in want of a mate, offered himſelf and was entered in that capacity for a cruize againſt the French and Spaniards, with whom Great Britain was then at war. In this ſecure aſylum Nicolas enjoyed the firſt happy moments he had experienced for a long time paſt, and being a lively good-humoured little

fellow, and one that touched the guittar and ſung ſequidillas with a tolerable grace, he ſoon recommended himſelf to his ſhip-mates and grew in favour with every body on board from the captain to the cook's mate.

When they were out upon their cruize hovering on the Spaniſh coaſt, it occurred to Nicolas that the inquiſidor general at Madrid had told him of the expected arrival of the preſident of Quito, and having imparted this to one of the lieutenants, he reported it to the captain, and, as the intelligence ſeemed of importance, he availed himſelf of it by hawling into the track of the homeward-bound galleons, and great was the joy, when at the break of the morning the man at the maſt-head announced a ſquare-rigged veſſel in view: The ardor of a chace now ſet all hands at work, and a few hours brought them near enough to diſcern that ſhe was a Spaniſh frigate, and ſeemingly from a long voyage: Little Pedroſa, as alert as the reſt, ſtript himſelf for his work, and repaired to his poſt in the cock-pit, whilſt the thunder of the guns rolled inceſſantly overhead; three cheers from the whole crew at length announced the moment of victory, and a few more minutes aſcertained the good news that the prize was a frigate richly laden from the South Seas with the governor of Quito and his ſuite on board.

Pedroſa was now called upon deck and ſent on board the prize as interpreter to the firſt lieutenant, who was to take poſſeſſion of her. He found every thing in confuſion, a deck covered with the ſlain and the whole crew in conſternation at an event they were in no degree prepared for, not having received any intimation of a war. He found the officers in general and the paſſengers without excpetion under the moſt horrid impreſſions of the Engliſh, and expecting to be plundered and perhaps butchered without mercy. Don Manual de Caſafonda the governor, whoſe countenance beſpoke a conſtitution far gone in a decline, had thrown himſelf on a ſopha in the laſt ſtate of deſpair, and given way to an effuſion of tears; when the lieutenant entered the cabin, he roſe trembling from his couch and with the moſt ſupplicating action preſented to him his ſword, and with it a caſket which he carried in his other hand; as he tendered theſe ſpoils to his conqueror, whether through weakneſs or of his own will, he made a motion of bending his knee; the generous Briton, ſhocked at the unmanly overture, caught him ſuddenly with both hands, and turning to Pedroſa, ſaid aloud—'Convince this gentleman he is fallen into the hands of an honourable enemy.'—'Is it poſſible?' cried Don Manuel, and lifting up his ſtreaming eyes to the countenance of the Britiſh officer, ſaw humanity, valour and

generous pity so strongly characterised in his youthful features, that the conviction was irresistible. 'Will he not accept my sword,' cried the Spaniard! 'He desires you to wear it, till he has the honour of presenting you to his captain.'—'Ah then he has a captain,' exclaimed Don Manuel, 'his superior will be of another way of thinking; tell him this casket contains my jewels; they are valuable; let him present them as a lawful prize, which will enrich the captor; his superior will not hesitate to take them from me.'——'If they are your excellency's private property,' replied Pedrosa, 'I am ordered to assure you, that if your ship was loaded with jewels, no British officer, in the service of his king, will take them at your hands; the ship and effects of his Catholic Majesty are the only prize of the captor; the personals of the passengers are inviolate.—'Generous nation!' exclaimed Don Manuel, 'how greatly have I wronged thee!'—The boats of the British frigate now came alongside, and part of the crew were shifted out of the prize, taking their clothes and trunks along with them, in which they were very cordially assisted by their conquerors. The barge soon after came aboard with an officer in the stern-sheets, and the crew in their white shirts and velvet caps, to escort the governor and the ship's captain on board the frigate, which lay with her sails to the mast awaiting their arrival;

the accommodation ladder was ſlung over the ſide, and manned for the priſoners, who were received on the gang-way by the ſecond lieutenant, whilſt perfect ſilence and the ſtricteſt diſcipline reigned in the ſhip, where all were under the decks, and no inquiſitive curious eyes were ſuffered to wound the feelings of the conquered even with a glance; in the door of his cabin ſtood the captain, who received them with that modeſt complaiſance, which does not revolt the unfortunate by an overſtrained politeneſs; he was a man of high birth and elegant manners, with a heart as benevolent as it was brave: Such an addreſs ſet off with a perſon finely formed and perfectly engaging could not fail to impreſs the priſoners with the moſt favourable ideas, and as Don Manuel ſpoke French fluently, he could converſe with the Britiſh captain without the help of an interpreter: as he expreſſed an impatient deſire of being admitted to his parole, that he might reviſit friends and connections, from which he had been long ſeparated, he was overjoyed to hear that the Engliſh ſhip would carry her prize into Liſbon; and that he would be there ſet on ſhore and permitted to make the beſt of his way from thence to Madrid.

[*To be continued.*]

ANECDOTE.

The Empreſs of Ruſſia, being informed, that there was in her ſtates a great number of French Tutors, who not only did not underſtand Latin, but were ignorant even of the ſimpleſt elements of their own language, iſſued an order, that all the Maſters of the French language ſhould preſent themſelves before a commiſſion, which ſhe named for the purpoſe of examination. Among the thouſands of *ignoramuſes*, that appeared before this tribunal, there was one, that aſtoniſhed the commiſſioners by his groſs ſtupidity. Being examined on the modes of the verbs, he anſwered that, 'as he left Paris fifteen years ago, 'he could ſay nothing about the actual modes 'of his country, where they were changing from 'day to day.'

ODE TO A FRIEND.

MELVIN, when ſtorms our peace aſſail,
And many a rude and adverſe gale
On human life attend;
Where ſhall the greatly wretched fly,
And pour the tear, and breathe the ſigh,
But to a pitying friend?

Or if by fates' decree are born,
No woes to cloud our youthful morn,
And blight the ſpringing joy;
Soft as the ſun's declining ray,
Or breath of ſummer's opening day,
The careleſs moments fly:

Whence can we nobler joys derive,
What a ſublimer pleaſure give,
Than all in fortune's power?
'Tis ſacred wiſdom, virtue warm;
That came in friendſhip's gentle form,
To wing the ſmiling hour.

Melvin, to whom indulgent Heaven
The all-enlighten'd mind has given,
Where wit and ſenſe combine;
Come, to content's ſerene controul,
The penſive even flow of ſoul,
Oh! let thy converſe join,

For quick the rapid moments haſte;
Soon will our fleeting lives be paſt,
And we perhaps no more;
Or rather, hope, beyond the ſkies,
Unveils a brightening paradiſe,
Where want and pain are o'er.

Serene ſhe takes her daring flight,
To learn the wonders clos'd in night,
Or, o'er the ſtar-pav'd plain,
The ways myſterious to explore,
Which patriots, heroes, trode before,
And joins the godlike train.

Then, and perhaps returning day;
And wing th' impatient ſoul away;
Releas'd from every care:
Then ſhall the raptur'd ſpirit fly
To regions of ſublimer joy,
And wait to meet thee there.

THE CULLER.

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THE ROVER. N°. XIV.

Natura ducimur ad modus. QUINT.

By nature we delight in melody.

The power which modulated ſounds have over the minds of men, is altogether aſtoniſhing: there is no paſſion, nor emotion, which may not be excited by muſic; a good performer, can make us ſad, or ſprightly; effeminate, or courageous, merely by the alteration of his ſtrain. But, without entering here, into the diſcuſſion of muſical ſounds in general, I ſhall confine my remarks, to the melody of compoſition.

That there is a harmony in language, is a truth, obvious to every one's reflection; that this harmony is eſſential to a work, compoſed to pleaſe, is allowed by every perſon of juſt taſte. There are ſome ſpecies of writing, from which harmony may be ſeparated, without detracting from their real utility; but there are others which

we cannot bear to look at, if they are harſh, or unharmonious: in a philoſophical diſcourſe, harmony may be wanting; if the matter be intereſting, the ſound will paſs unheeded; in compoſitions formed for amuſement, harmony is generally expected, and the want of it is always felt. And it may be remarked, that even philoſophy does not diſdain to borrow this ornament; if the ſubject be important, harmony of ſtyle brings it forward, to the greateſt advantage; it adds new charms to truth, and prevents fatigue from ſeizing on our minds, while we follow the mazes of philoſophical reaſoning.

True it is, we too often find the enquirers after uſeful truths, very negligent in this reſpect, anxious about the truth and juſtneſs of their obſervations, they take little care of the manner in which they make them known to others; they deſpiſe a harmonious, and poliſhed ſtyle, as a matter below the notice of a true philoſopher; in this, they are undoubtedly wrong, a minute attention, to the trifling niceties of compoſition, would, no doubt, be blameable in them, but a regard, to a juſt elegance, and manly harmony, is highly becoming; the more they neglect it, the more they detract from the value of their writings; truth, certainly, is not incompatible with pleaſure, nor is the juſteſt propoſition hurt, by being enounced in words that pleaſe the ear, on the contrary, harſhneſs takes

away one eminent quality from truth, that of being agreeable to a refined taſte.

But if a total neglect of harmony be a fault, on one hand, too minute an attention to it, is at leaſt, as blameable on the other; that writer, who attends to his matter, without minding a poliſhed dreſs, is certainly to be preferred to one, who has no recommendation but harmony; whoſe thoughts are trivial or unimporportant, with a ſwelling ſound, raiſed by an accumulation of empty words: even in a caſe where compoſition abounds in intereſting matter, where it is juſtifiable to take ſome pains in ſetting it off, too much attention to harmony, is eaſily conſtrued into affectation: we are apt to admire the art of that writer, whoſe works along with harmony poſſeſs an eaſe, that makes the whole appear the production of nature; but we are as ready to deſpiſe the author, who meaſures all his words and ſentences, and whoſe care of the ſound is viſible in every ſyllable. This is the great fault of all Dr. Johnſon's writings, his matter is often good, and his expreſſions are in general harmonious, but every ſentence appears ſtudied, every period is formed by art, nature never is allowed to appear in her native ſimplicity. But I can go ſtill farther, too anxious a care of harmony, is the general fault of all modern compoſition, and it is, perhaps, in a great meaſure, owing to Dr. Johnſon's writings; he

has many admirers, and many ſervile imitators; but as is generally the caſe in all imitation, his faults are oftener copied than his beauties; many, who have not his judgement and penetration, poſſeſs an ear capable of attaining the cadence of his periods, and when they have wrought up a few common thoughts into his ſounding language, they pride themſelves upon their powers of compoſition; ſound employs all their care, the reaſoning is only a ſecondary object. They who are anxious for the literary merit of their country, and are acquainted with the downfal of ancient compoſition, may dread the conſequences.

We are delighted with a work that is harmonious, yet too much harmony is in danger of running into a diſguſtful monotony; an ordinary ear catches one modulation that pleaſes, and on that forms every ſentence. Variety is eſſential to harmony, without it, all endeavours to pleaſe the ear will be vain; harſhneſs may hurt the ear, but monotony will infallibly fatigue it, and the effect will be nearly the ſame: that ear muſt be of extraordinary delicacy, which can keep up the true harmony of language, during a long compoſition. We may hence infer, that to be a harmonious writer, requires more abilities than is generally imagined; to ſhun the harſhneſs and diſcordance of one extreme, and the monotony and pedantry of the other, requires an acute

judgement and a well formed ear, qualities which few poſſeſs at all, and ſtill fewer in perfection.

To lay down rules for harmony in compoſition, would be difficult, and, I am afraid, would be uſeleſs, as very few, I am perſuaded, give them the leaſt attention when compoſing; to a perſon of a juſt ear, they could make nothing known, which he did not know before; to a perſon who had no formed ear they would be nearly unintelligible: every one of a delicate ear, will eaſily acquire a harmonious ſtyle, with the proper attention, one whoſe ear is courſe, can never write harmoniouſly, while it remains in that condition: the only true way then of becoming a harmonious writer, is to be attentive to the improvement of the ear, when it is improved, one great ſtep is attained towards writing with harmony; in order to improve the ear, much attention ſhould be paid to the moſt harmonious Engliſh writers, one ſhould form his ear to their cadences, and ſtrive to write as harmoniouſly, without falling into a ſervile copy of all their periods. Temple's, and Addiſon's works abound with eaſe and harmony, two qualities of ſtyle, which we ſeldom find joined in one writer: Goldſmith's works have a great deal of harmony, joined with the moſt elegant ſimplicity; Hawkeſworth's writings are poſſeſſed of an elegant and ſtately harmony, but there appears more of art in them, than in the compoſition of Goldſmith.

A knowledge of muſic, as it improves the ear, muſt be of advantage to one, who wiſhes to write harmonioufly: by a diligent application to theſe things, a bad ear may be corrected, and a good one improved, and a harmonious ſtyle will be the infallible conſequence of that induſtry: a knowledge of language too, is neceſſary to one who would write with harmony, he muſt have abundance of words, ſo as to be able to chuſe the moſt noble and graceful; a writer that brings forward his thoughts, in an eaſy and natural manner, who dreſſes them in the moſt proper terms, will generally be eſteemed harmonious, nothing is more deſtructive of a graceful and well-formed ſtyle, than forced tranſpoſitions, and far-fetched words: affectation is the bane of harmony, as well as of every excellency of fine writing.

Upon the whole however, harmony is but a ſecondary quality of ſtyle; as it is of more importance, to profit the underſtanding, than to pleaſe the ear; a writer that abounds in good ſenſe, will juſtly be preferred before one that abounds in ſounding trifles; the ſenſe ſhould never be ſacrificed to the ſound, whereas the ſound muſt always yield to the ſenſe, where neceſſity requires it. A writer may recommend himſelf, by good ſenſe alone, but that can never be the caſe with harmony. We are not from this to infer, that a harmonious ſtyle is to be

deſpiſed; it is a matter of much importance, and dearer attention; good ſenſe and pleaſant ſounds recommend each other, a good ſentiment is doubly pleaſant, when expreſſed with harmony; and harmony never delights us ſo much, as when it is made the vehicle of good ſenſe.

S.

HISTORY OF NICOLAS PEDROSA.

[*Continued from our laſt.*]

Don Manuel talked of his wife with all the ardor of the moſt impaſſioned lover, and apologized for his tears by imputing them to the agony of his mind and the infirmity of his health under the dread of being longer ſeparated from an object ſo dear to his heart, and on whom he doated with the fondeſt affection. The generous captor indulged him in theſe converſations, and, being a huſband himſelf, knew how to allow for all the tenderneſs of his ſenſations. 'Ah, ſir,' cried Don Manuel, 'would to Heaven it were in my power to have the honour of preſenting my beloved Leonora to you on our landing at Liſbon—Perhaps,' added he, turning to Pedroſa, who at that moment entered the cabin, 'this gentleman, whom I take to be a Spaniard, may have heard of the name of Donna Leonora de Caſafonda; if he has been at Madrid, it is

poſſible he may have ſeen her; ſhould that be the caſe he can teſtify to her external charms; I alone can witneſs to the exquiſite perfection of her mind.'—'Signior Don Manuel,' replied Pedroſa, 'I have ſeen Donna Leonora, and your excellency is warranted in all you can ſay in her praiſe; ſhe is of incomparable beauty.' Theſe words threw the uxorious Spaniard into raptures; his eyes ſparkled with delight; the blood ruſhed into his emaciated cheeks, and every feature glowed with unutterable joy; he preſſed Pedroſa with a variety of rapid enquiries, all which he evaded by pleading ignorance, ſaying that he had only had a caſual glance of her, as ſhe paſſed along the Prado. The embarraſſment however, which accompanied theſe anſwers, did not eſcape the Engliſh captain, who ſhortly after drawing Pedroſa aſide into the ſurgeon's cabin, was by him made acquainted of the melancholy ſituation of that unfortunate lady, and every particular of the ſtory as before related; nay, the very vial was produced with its contents, as put into the hands of Pedroſa by the inquiſidor.

'Can there be ſuch villainy in man?' cried the Britiſh captain, when Pedroſa had concluded his detail; 'Alas! my heart bleeds for this unhappy huſband: aſſuredly that monſter has deſtroyed Leonora; as for thee, Pedroſa, whilſt the Britiſh flag flies over thy head, neither Spain nor Portugal, nor inquiſitors, nor devils ſhall

annoy thee under its protection; but if thou ever ventureſt over the ſide of this ſhip, and raſhly ſetteſt one foot upon Catholic ſoil, when we arrive at Liſbon, thou art a loſt man.'—'I were worſe than a madman,' replied Nicolas, 'ſhould I attempt it.'—'Keep cloſe in this aſylum then,' reſumed the captain, 'and fear nothing: Had it been our fate to have been captured by the Spaniard, what would have become of thee?'—'In the worſt of extremities,' replied Nicolas, 'I ſhould have applied to the inquiſidor's vial; but I confeſs I had no fears of that ſort; a ſhip ſo commanded and ſo manned is in little danger of being carried into a Spaniſh port.'——'I hope not,' ſaid the captain, 'and I promiſe thee thou ſhalt take thy chance in her, ſo long as ſhe is afloat under my command, and if we live to conduct her to England, thou ſhalt have thy proper ſhare of prize-money, which, if the galleon breaks up according to her entries, will be ſomething towards enabling thee to ſhift, and if thou art as diligent in thy duty, as I am perſuaded thou wilt be, whilſt I live thou ſhalt never want a ſeaman's friend.'—At theſe chearing words, little Nicolas threw himſelf at the feet of his generous preſerver, and with ſtreaming eyes poured out his thanks from a heart animated with joy and gratitude.—The captain raiſing him by the hand, forbade him as he prized his friendſhip ever to addreſs him in that poſ-

ture any more; 'Thank me, if you will,' added he, 'but thank me as one man ſhould another; 'let no knees bend in this ſhip but to the name of God.—But now,' continued he, 'let us turn our thoughts to the ſituation of our unhappy Caſafonda; we are now drawing near to Liſbon, where he will look to be liberated on his parole.' 'By no means let him venture into Spain,' ſaid Pedroſa; 'I am well aſſured there are orders to arreſt him in every port or frontier town, where he may preſent himſelf.'---'I can well believe it,' replied the captain; 'his piteous caſe will require further deliberation; in the mean time let nothing tranſpire on your part, and keep yourſelf out of his ſight as carefully as you can.' ---This ſaid, the captain left the cabin, and both parties repaired to their ſeveral occupations.

As ſoon as the frigate and her prize caſt anchor in the Tagus, Don Manual de Caſafonda impatiently reminded our captain of his promiſed parole. The painful moment was now come when an explanation of ſome ſort became unavoidable: the generous Engliſhman with a countenance expreſſive of the tendereſt pity, took the Spaniard's hand in his, and ſeating him on a couch beſide him, ordered the centinel to keep the cabin private, and delivered himſelf as follows ---

'Senior Don Manuel, I muſt now impart to you an anxiety which I labour under on your account; I have ſtrong reaſon to ſuſpect you have enemies in your own country, who are upon the watch to arreſt you on your landing; when I have told you this, I expect you will repoſe ſuch truſt in my honour and the ſincerity of my regard for you, as not to demand a further explanation of the particulars, on which my intelligence is founded.'---'Heaven and earth!' cried the aſtoniſhed Spaniard, 'who can be thoſe enemies I have to fear, and what can I have done to deſerve them?'---'So far I will open myſelf to you,' anſwered the captain, 'as to point out the principal to you, the inquiſidor general.'---'The beſt friend I have in Spain,' exclaimed the governor, 'my ſworn protector, the patron of my fortune: He my enemy! impoſſible.'---'Well, Sir,' replied the captain, 'if my advice does not meet belief, I muſt ſo far exert my authority for your ſake, as to make this ſhip your priſon, till I have waited on our miniſter at Liſbon and made the enquiries neceſſary for your ſafety; ſuſpend your judgment upon the ſeeming harſhneſs of this meaſure till I return to you again;' and at the ſame time riſing from his ſeat, he gave orders for the barge, and leaving ſtrict injunctions with the firſt lieutenant not to allow of the governor's quitting the frigate, he put off for the ſhore and left the

melancholy Spaniard buried in profound and ſilent meditation.

The emiſſaries of the Inquiſition having at laſt traced Pedroſa to Liſbon, and there gained intelligence of his having entered on board the frigate, our captain had no ſooner turned into the porch of the hotel at Buenos-Ayres, than he was accoſted by a meſſenger of ſtate with a requiſition from the prime miniſter's office for the ſurrender of one Nicolas Pedroſa, a ſubject of Spain and a criminal, who had eſcaped out of the priſon of the Inquiſition in Madrid, where he ſtood charged of high crimes and miſdemeanors.—As ſoon as this requiſition was explained to our worthy captain, without condeſcending to a word in reply he called for pen and ink, and writing a ſhort order to the officer commanding on board, inſtantly diſpatched the midſhipman, who attended him, to the barge with directions to make the beſt of his way back to the frigate and deliver it to the lieutenant: then turning to the meſſenger, he ſaid to him in a reſolute tone—'That Spaniard is now borne on my books, and before you ſhall take him out of the ſervice of my king, you muſt ſink his ſhip.' Not waiting for a reply, he immediately proceeded without ſtop to the houſe of the Britiſh Miniſter at the further end of the city: here he found Pedroſa's intelligence with regard to the Governor of Quito expreſsly verified, for the or-

der had come down even to Liſbon upon the chance of the Spaniſh frigate's taking ſhelter in that port: to this miniſter he related the horrid tale, which Pedroſa had delivered to him, and with his concurrence it was determined to forward letters into Spain, which Don Manuel ſhould be adviſed to write to his lady and friends at Madrid, and to wait their anſwer before any further diſcoveries were imparted to him reſpecting the blacker circumſtances of the caſe: in the mean time it was reſolved to keep the priſoner ſafe in his aſylum.

The generous captain loſt no time in returning to his frigate, where he immediately imparted to Don Manuel the intelligence he had obtained at the Britiſh miniſter's — 'This indeed,' cried the afflicted Spaniard, 'is a ſtroke I was in no reſpect prepared for; I had fondly perſuaded myſelf there was not in the whole empire of Spain, a more friendly heart than that of the inquiſidor's; to my beloved Leonora he had ever ſhewn the tenderneſs of a paternal affection from her very childhood; by him our hands were joined; his lips pronounced the nuptial benediction, and through his favour I was promoted to my government: Grant, Heaven, no misfortune hath befallen my Leonora! ſurely ſhe cannot have offended him and forfeited his favour.'

[*To be continued.*]

ANECDOTE.

Some time after Dr Swift's memory began to fail him, Mr Handel, being at Dublin, and deſirous to have a concert, waited on the Dean, to beg the favour of him, to permit one of his choiriſters to ſing at it. He ſent up his name, and the Dean enquiring at his ſervant, *who this Handel was*, received for anſwer, that he was a *very famous muſician, a great genius.* "Go aſk him," ſaid the Dean, "*what countryman he is*," and on the ſervant's bringing him back word that he was a *German.*—"A *German* and a *genius!*" exclaimed the Dean, with humorous admiration, "Send him up, ſend him up."

ELEGY ON WINTER.

HOARSE blows the wind, from yonder northern ſphere,
And loudly whiſtles thro' the hollow wood;
Deep groans, aſcending from the caves, I hear;
And furly murmurs from each limpid flood.

See now ſtern Winter, with a ruthleſs ſway,
Strips ev'ry tree, and withers ev'ry flower:
No lark, exulting, hails the dawn of day;
No ſongſter warbles at the midnight hour.

The thruſh, and linnet, whoſe mellifluous notes,
Full oft have made the vocal vallies ring,
Penſively ſit, nor ſwell their little throats,
To chant the rural elegance of ſpring.

From out the windings of yon attic grove,
Where naked trees ſolemnity create,
Soft come the ſorrows of the plaintive dove,
That mourns the abſence of her widow'd mate.

Round ruin'd piles, the mantling ivy twin'd,
Screens the lone ſcreech-owl from the noon-tide glare;
Now, wak'd from ſlumbers by the liſtleſs wind,
His boding cries the village matrons hear.

The open fields, with ſmiling Ceres crown'd,
With golden fruits that ſcented ev'ry gale,
Breathe now no more their fragant ſweets around,
Nor vie in ſplendor with the humbler vale.

One dreary proſpect ſtrikes the glaring eye,
No plowmen whiſtle, and no milk-maids ſing;
Cold froſt, when Cynthia climbs the azure ſky,
Congeals the earth, and locks up ev'ry ſpring.

The ſportive trout, and the more lordly bream,
Reft of the influence of Apollo's ray,
No longer wanton in the lucid ſtream,
Nor break it's ſurface at their hov'ring prey.

On yon lone pond, to move along the ſlide,
The truant ſchool boys others oft entice;
While ſome, expert on ſkaits, with manly pride,
Cut many letters on the bending ice.

Ere the ſhrill crowing of the cock is heard,
Forth to the barn the ſturdy threſher hies,
All day he toils, nor thinks his lot too hard,
His honeſt labour ev'ry want ſupplies.

With manly arms he beats the well-dry'd grain,
Around his door the half-ſtarv'd poultry creep;
Meanwhile fierce *Boreas* rages on the main,
And dreadful cataracts o'er the woodlands ſweep.

Down craggy rocks, the beating rains deſcend;
And, falling, mingle with the melting ſnow;
The lowing herds for ſhelter, homewards bend,
And plodding ruſtics quit the ſpade and plow.

They round the fire their weary'd limbs regale,
And feel new vigour creep thro' ev'ry vein;
And, when enliven'd with refreſhing ale,
No peer is happier than the humble ſwain.

But hark! loud cries ſalute my liſt'ning ear;
The deep-ton'd cries of poverty and pain,
That draw from tender ſympathy a tear,
And ask of affluence for relief in vain.

Ye hapleſs ſouls, oppreſs'd by rig'rous fate,
For you my heart with ſofteſt pity glows;
The learn'd are fools, the rich in vain are great,
If deaf and ſenſeleſs to another's woes!

To plead the anguiſh of the poor diſtreſs'd,
To ſome the pow'rs of eloquence are giv'n,
And thoſe of India or Peru poſſeſs'd,
Are nought but ſtewards of the boon of heaven.

'Tis their's to wipe the tear from ſorrow's eye;
'Tis their's, the pangs of indigence to feel;
'Tis their's, the balm of comfort to apply,
And ſooth the wounds that death alone can heal.

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——— Th' internal pow'rs
Active, and ſtrong, and feelingly alive.

AKEN.

To a common obſerver of mankind, nothing can ſeem more unaccountable, than the great differences among the opinions of philoſophers; in every ſubject that has been liable to diſpute, in critical, in moral, and in religious matters, every one has his favourite tenets, and looks with pity or contempt on the notions of ſuch as differ from him: in every ſubject that can be inveſtigated by human reaſon, great differences have ariſen, and it ſeldom happens, that we find the ideas of two great men ſimilar in all reſpects. Yet who does not wonder at this? philoſophers pretend to be free from the miſts of vulgar error, they profeſs themſelves zealous only for truth, and they aſſure us that they are open to conviction; can men, whoſe conceptions are clear from the vigour of their underſtandings, and whoſe reaſoning faculties are ſtrengthened by exerciſe, can ſuch view every object in ſo very different a light, as to occaſion each to form notions of it peculiar to himſelf; ſo far from be-

ing open to conviction, we often find them only rendered more ſtedfaſt in the ſupport of a favourite doctrine, the more it has been oppoſed; inſtead of ſhrinking from the force of argument, they eagerly catch at the ſlighteſt advantage, by which they may maintain their poſitions.

It muſt be confeſſed, that this is highly unfavourable to the advancement of knowledge, it tends to prolong debates, it gives employment, to ſophiſtry and falſe reaſoning; by this means errors are as often ſupported as truth, and it gives occaſion to the ſceptic to doubt of every thing, who, ſince he cannot take the pains to ſearch out the hidden truth himſelf, takes every thing for falſehood. But, although theſe are ſome of the bad conſequences of differences in opinion, yet, ſince they are ſo conſtituted by the Deity, we may reaſonably expect to find it productive of ſome good conſequences, at leaſt equal to the evil which it occaſions.

The natural cauſe of theſe differences ſeems to be this, that men of genius have ſtrong feelings; their paſſions are lively and active, they are ſoon intereſted in what appears to them to be right; they have a delicate ſenſe of honour, and eſteem themſelves as bound to maintain the cauſe they have eſpouſed; hence we often find them to have great partialities, the cauſe that they embrace they ſupport with vigour, and when their paſſions are engaged all oppoſition

ſerve but to ſtrengthen their attachment. I do not ſay that there are the original and primary cauſes of difference in ſentiments, theſe muſt be ſought for in the different degrees of intelligence and ſenſibility poſſeſſed by each, but this much may be ſafely affirmed, that lively feelings are the principal ſupport of ſuch differences.

Men of mean genius, of low abilities, are not liable to ſuch diſagreements, their feelings are not ſtrong, their paſſions are weak, they have little inflammable in their conſtitutions; they are not much affected by any object, and their paſſions are ſeldom intereſted in any debate: the man of genius is generally warm in friendſhip, bitter in hate, and generous to exceſs; the man of no genius is cold and phlegmatic, ſubject neither to ſtrong friendſhips, nor to inveterate enmities, his ſoul is a ſtranger to generoſity of ſentiment, and he is generally ſubject to the ſway of ſelf-intereſt: hence he will not be eaſily intereſted in any ſubject, nor will he differ from any other with ſuch violence, as the man whoſe abilities are ſtronger. The former feels with ſtrength, and ſupports a cauſe with earneſtneſs, the latter is not eaſily affected, his feelings are not touched where his intereſt is out of the queſtion, hence we generally find the man of genius to be warm in the cauſe of ſome favourite tenet, while the perſon deſtitute of genius ſurveys them all with the ſame languid feelings.

With one of each of these classes I am personally acquainted, Eugenius and Hebes are both of the same University, they are companions, and they have the same ends in view, but their dispositions and parts are widely different: Eugenius is allowed by all that know him, to have strong abilities, while Hebes walks undistinguished among the middle order of minds; Eugenius in consequence of his great capacity, is endowed with the most lively feelings, he is easily melted at the tale of the mournful, he loves with eagerness, he hates with bitterness, his passions are easily inflamed, and it requires the whole strength of his mind to command them when roused. Hebes, on the contrary, feels the effects of no passion but a selfish pride; he can hear of the distress of a friend with little emotion, it is never his friend, but his own interest that attaches him.

Eugenius has his favourites among our English poets, to whom he is strongly partial, he will not allow them to be equalled by these of any age or nation; Hebes pretends to admire our poets too, but his feelings are roused more by the reports of others, than by his own experience; mention a fault of one of these poets to Hebes, he is as much pleased as if he had found out a beauty; mention the same fault to Eugenius, and he will quickly oppose it, by bringing forward some striking beauty from the

ſame poet. Eugenius is continually prying into his favourite writers, he ſees with a diſcerning eye all their beauties and blemiſhes, Hebes reads them over with unconcern, the beauty muſt be very minute that eſcapes Eugenius's attention, it muſt be very prominent to attract the notice of Hebes.

Eugenius may be ſaid to repreſent every ſoaring mind; Hebes marks that very numerous claſs, whoſe talents are too weak to command eſteem, and too ſtrong to ſuffer the poſſeſſor of them to be denominated a dunce. Every towering genius has lively feelings, and ſtrong partialities, and conſequently it is not much to be wondered at, if they differ ſo much in their tenets. This partiality is attended with ſome bad conſequences, but it has others that are good: it prompts to a ſtrong and eager enquiry into their favourite ſubject, that they may be able to ſupport their cauſe, and vindicate their opinions to the world; their diſquiſitions are, no doubt, often wrong, but they always throw new light upon the ſubject; they tend, either to eſtabliſh the doctrine beyond diſpute, or to guide others to an unanſwerable confutation of it.

No true genius ever knew of a diſpute, without eſpouſing one ſide of the queſtion, or other; a perſon of ordinary talents, can liſten very unconcernedly to the diſputes of philoſophers, without feeling themſelves intereſted on either ſide;

were all men thus unconcerned, an effectual ſtop would be put to the progreſs of ſcience. It is the partiality of a man of lively feelings, that gives a ſpur to all his endeavours, and that enables him to proſecute with vigour, that ſubject which has gained his approbation, without ſuch a partiality, no ſuch eagerneſs of purſuit would exiſt; were every man a Hebes, every man would leave matters as he found them, without giving themſelves the trouble of a farther proſecution; they would form their opinions, not from their own judgements, but from the judgement of theſe who went before them. It is better as it is, we have many Eugeniuſes, who will take no man's authority in ſupport of a cauſe, who employ their own judgement in forming their notions; who have ſtrength of mind ſufficient to form an opinion of their own, and whoſe abilities are adequate to the ſupport of that opinion; who can ſoar into the ſublime regions of ſcience, and who, although they may wrong themſelves, eaſily detect the errors of others.

A.

A REMARKABLE STORY OF A STORK.

Some years ago a tame ſtork was kept in the court-yard of the Univerſity of Tubingen in Germany. One day Count Gravenitz, a ſtudent there, ſhot at a ſtork's neſt adjacent to the college, and probably wounded the ſtork then in it,

as he was obſerved, for ſome weeks, not to ſtir out of the neſt. This happened in autumn, when foreign ſtorks began their periodical emigrations. In the enſuing ſpring, a ſtork was obſerved on the roof of the college, and, by its inceſſant chattering, gave the tame ſtork, walking below in the area, to underſtand, that it would be glad of its company. But this was a thing impracticable, on account of its wings being clipped; which induced the ſtranger, with the utmoſt precaution, firſt to come down to the upper gallery, the next day ſomething lower, and at laſt, after a great deal of ceremony, quite into the court. The tame ſtork, which was conſcious of no harm, went to meet him, with a ſoft cheerful note, and a ſincere intention of giving him a friendly reception; when, to his great ſurpriſe, the other fell upon him with the greateſt fury. The ſpectators preſent, indeed, for that time, drove away the foreign ſtork; but this was ſo far from intimidating him, that he came again the next day to the charge, and during the whole ſummer, continual ſkirmiſhes were interchanged between them. Mr. G. R. v. F. had given orders that the tame ſtork ſhould not be aſſiſted, as having only a ſingle antagoniſt to encounter: and, by being thus obliged to ſhift for himſelf, he came to ſtand better on his guard, and made ſuch a gallant defence, that at the end of the campaign, the ſtranger had no

great advantage to boaſt of. But next ſpring, inſtead of a ſingle ſtork, came four; which, without any of the foregoing ceremonies, alighted at once on the college area, and directly attacked the tame ſtork, who indeed, in the view of ſeveral ſpectators ſtanding in the galleries, performed feats even above human valour (if I may uſe that expreſſion) defending himſelf, by the arms nature had given him, with the utmoſt bravery, till at length, being overpowered by by ſuperior numbers, his ſtrength and courage began to fail, when very unexpected auxiliaries came in to his aſſiſtance: all the turkies, ducks, geeſe, and the reſt of the fowls, that were brought up in the court (to whom, undoubtedly, this gentle ſtork's mild and friendly behaviour had endeared him) without the leaſt dread of the danger, formed a kind of rampart around him, under the ſhelter of which he might make an honourable retreat from ſo unequal a rencounter: and even a peacock, which before never could live in friendſhip with him, on this emergency, took the part of oppreſſed innocence, and was, if not a true-bottomed friend, at leaſt a favourable judge on the ſtork's ſide. Upon this a ſtricter watch was kept againſt ſuch traiterous incurſions of the enemy, and a ſtop put to more bloodſhed; till at laſt, about the beginning of the third ſpring, above twenty ſtorks ſuddenly alighted in the court with the greateſt

fury; and, before the poor ſtork's faithful life-guards could form themſelves, or any of the people come in to his aſſiſtance, they deprived him of life, thou h, by exerting his uſual gallantry, they paid dear for their purchaſe. The malevolence of theſe ſtrangers, againſt this innocent creature, could proceed from no other motive than the ſhot fired by Count Victor from the college, and which, they doubtleſs ſuſpected, was done by the inſtigation of the tame ſtork.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MR. VANDILLE, A REMARKABLE MISER.

Mr. Vandille was the moſt remarkable man in Paris; both on account of his immenſe riches, and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would admit him, to avoid noiſe or viſits; maintained one poor old woman, to attend him in his garret; allowed her only ſeven ſous per week, or a penny per diem. His uſual diet was bread and milk; and, for indulgence, ſome poor four wine on Sunday; on which day he conſtantly gave one farthing to the poor; being one ſhilling and a penny per annum; which he caſt up, and, after his death, his extenſive charity amounted to forty-three ſhillings and fourpence. This prudent œconomiſt had been a magiſtrate, or officer, at Boulogne; from which obſcurity he was removed to Paris, for the repu-

tation of his wealth, which he lent upon undeniable ſecurity to the public funds, not caring to truſt individuals with his life and ſoul. While a magiſtrate at Boulogne, he maintained himſelf by taking upon him to be milk-taſter general at the market; and from one to another filled his belly, and waſhed down his bread at no expence of his own; not, doubtleſs, from any other principle than that of ſerving the public, in regulating the goodneſs of milk. When he was called to Paris, knowing that Stage-vehicles were expenſive, he determined to go thither on foot; and, to avoid being robbed, he took care to export with himſelf neither more nor leſs than the conſiderable ſum of three-pence ſterling, to carry him one hundred and thirty miles; and, with the greater facility to execute his plan of operation, he went in the quality of a poor prieſt, or mendicant, and no doubt gathered ſome few pence on the road, from ſuch pious and well-diſpoſed perſons of the country who were ſtrangers to him,

The great value a miſer annexes to a farthing, will make us leſs ſurprized at the infinite attachment he muſt have to a guinea, of which it is the ſeed, growing, by gentle gradations, into pence, ſhillings, pounds, thouſands and ten thouſands: he contracted a fever in ſummer, which made him ſend for a ſurgeon to bleed him, who aſking half a livre for the operation, was diſmiſ-

ſed; he then ſent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand; he then ſent for a poor barber, who undertook to open a vein for three-pence a time; 'But,' ſays this worthy œconomiſt, 'friend, how often will it be requiſite to bleed!'—'Three times,' ſaid he—'And what quantity of blood do you intend to take?'—'About eight ounces each time,' anſwered the barber.—'That will be nine-pence: too much, too much;' ſays the old miſer, 'I have determined to go a cheaper way to work: take the whole quantity you deſign to take at three times, at one time, and that will ſave me ſix-pence:' which being inſiſted on, he loſt twenty-four ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving all his vaſt treaſures to the king, whom he made his ſole heir.—Thus he contracted his diſorder by pilfering; and his death, by an unprecedented piece of parſimony.

HISTORY OF NICOLAS PEDROSA.

[*Concluded from our laſt.*]

'As I know him not,' replied the captain, 'I can form no judgment of his motives; but this I know, that if a man's heart is capable of cruelty, the fitteſt ſchool to learn it in, muſt be the inquiſition.' The propoſal was now ſuggeſted of ſending letters into Spain, and the governor retired to his deſk for the purpoſe of writing them; in the afternoon of the ſame day the miniſter paid a viſit to the captain, and receiving a packet from the hands of Don Manuel,

promiſed to put it forward by a ſafe conveyance according to direction.

In due courſe of time this fatal letter from Leonora opened all the horrible tranſaction to the wretched huſband:—

"The guilty hand of an expiring wife, under the agonizing operation of a mortal poiſon, traces theſe few trembling lines to an injured wretched huſband. If thou haſt any pity for my parting ſpirit, fly the ruin that awaits thee, and avoid this ſcene of villainy and horror. When I tell thee I have borne a child to the monſter, whoſe poiſon runs in my veins, thou wilt abhor thy faithleſs Leonora; had I ſtrength to relate to thee the ſubtle machinations, which betrayed me to diſgrace, thou wouldeſt pity, and perhaps forgive me. Oh agony! can I write his name?---the inquiſidor is my murderer---my pen falls from my hand.---Farewell for ever."

Had a ſhot paſſed through the heart of Don Manuel, it could not more effectually have ſtopt its motions, than the peruſal of this fatal writing: he dropped lifeleſs on the couch, and but for the care and aſſiſtance of the captain and Pedroſa in that poſture he had probably expired. Grief like his will not be deſcribed by words, for to words it gave no utterance; 'twas ſuffocating, ſilent woe.

Let us drop the curtain over this melancholy pauſe in our narration, and attend upon the

mournful widower now landing upon Engliſh ground; and conveyed by his humane and generous preſerver to the houſe of a noble Earl, the father of our amiable captain, and a man by his virtues ſtill more conſpicuous than by his rank. Here amidſt the gentle ſolicitudes of a benevolent family, in one of the moſt enchanting ſpots on earth, in a climate moſt ſalubrious and reſtorative to a conſtitution exhauſted by by heat and a heart near broken with ſorrow, the reviving ſpirits of the unfortunate Don Manuel gave the firſt ſymptoms of a poſſible recovery. At the period of a few tranquillizing weeks here paſſed in the boſom of humanity, letters came to hand from the Britiſh miniſter at Liſbon, in anſwer to a memorial, that I ſhould have ſtated to have been drawn up by the friendly captain before his departure from that port, with a detail of facts depoſed and ſworn to by Nicolas Pedroſa, which memorial, with the documents attached to it, was forwarded to the Spaniſh court by ſpecial expreſs from the Portugueſe premier. By theſe letters it appeared that the high dignity of the perſon impeached by this ſtatement of facts had not been ſufficient to ſcreen him from a very ſerious and complete inveſtigation; in the courſe of which facts had been ſo clearly brought home to him by the confeſſion of his ſeveral agents, and the teſtimony of the deceaſed Leonora's attendants together

with her own written declarations, whilſt the poiſon was in operation, that though no public ſentence had been executed upon the criminal, it was generally underſtood he was either no longer in exiſtence, or in a ſituation never to be heard of any more, till rouſed by the awakening trump he ſhall be ſummoned to his tremenduous laſt account. As for the unhappy widower it was fully ſignified to him from authority, that his return to Spain, whether upon exchange or parole, would be no longer oppoſed, nor had he any thing to apprehend on the part of government, when he ſhould there arrive. The ſame was ſignified in fewer words to the exculpated Pedroſa.

Whether Don Manuel de Caſafonda will in time to come avail himſelf of theſe overtures, time alone can prove: As for little Nicolas, whoſe prize-money has ſet him up in a comfortable little ſhop in Duke's place, where he breathes the vein and cleanſes the bowels of his Iſraelitiſh brethren in a land of freedom and toleration, his merry heart is at reſt, ſave only when with fire in his eyes and vengeance on his tongue he anathematizes the inquiſition, and ſtruts into the ſynagogue every ſabbath with as bold a ſtep and as erect a look, as if he was himſelf high prieſt of the temple, going to perform ſacrifice upon the re-aſſembling of the ſcattered tribes.

STANZAS OCCASIONED BY THE WINTER.

NO more the zephyrs ſhed perfume,
No more the riſing flow'rets bloom,
No more their tribute bring;
The lark no longer ſtrains his throat,
Nor linnet tunes his trilling note,
To hail the riſing ſpring.

But o'er the deſolated plains
Bleak winter ſpreads his icy chains,
And boiſt'rous tempeſts blow;
Now ſwell the riſing floods around,
Anon, in icy fetters bound,
The ſtreams forget to flow.

The whiſtling hind no longer ſtrays,
With pleaſure o'er the verdant maze,
Or ſeeks th' embow'ring grove;
Around the hoſpitable hearth
With jocund heart and harmleſs mirth,
He tells ſome tale of love.

Meanwhile, in more auſpicious ſkies,
Where proud Auguſta's temples riſe,
With ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Gay pleaſure wreath'd in ſmiles, invites
To ſocial mirth and ſweet delights,
Where love and joy abound.

The youths in bright attire advance,
And ſhine like meteors in the dance,
Thus fleet the hours away;
While beauty fluſh'd in all her charms,
Awakes the ſoul to love's alarms,
And bears unrival'd ſway.

The tragic muſe my ſteps ſhall guide
Where Shakeſpeare walks by nature's ſide,
Where plaintive Otway calls;
Here Lear excites the pitying tear,
And beauteous Belvidera there,
While dauntleſs Jaffier falls.

Theſe are the joys of taſte refin'd,
The nobler pleaſures of the mind,
Which lift the ſoul on high:
The fair too catch the kindred woe,
Their boſoms ſwell, their ſorrows flow,
In ſympathy they ſigh.

Leſs lovely then do they appear,
When heaves the ſigh, when flows the tear?
Let fair Cleora tell.
Her native charms ne'er ſhine ſo bright,
Nor fix ſo ſtrong the wond'ring ſight,
As when her ſorrows ſwell.

Bleſt with her charms might I but live,
No choicer boon could fortune give,
From all her boundleſs ſtore;
Aſſiſt ye pitying pow'rs above,
Oh! grant me but Cleora's love,
And I can aſk no more.

Then whether ſultry ſummer reigns,
Or hoary winter binds the plains,
My joys ſhall ſtill encreaſe
'Till death, at laſt, ſhall ſhift the ſcene,
And bear me to that bliſsful plain
Of everlaſting peace.

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The generous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world, with reaſon to admire,
Then criticiſm the muſes handmaid prov'd,
To dreſs her charms and make her more belov'd.

POPE.

Criticiſm is a ſpecies of writing, which has often been praiſed, and as often cenſured; by ſome, it has been extolled as the true touchſtone whereby the merits of writing are to be determined by others, it has been degraded as a learned way of finding faults, and the ſure means of damping riſing genius. Both theſe parties ſpeak the language of prejudice, for we find thoſe who are loud in its praiſes, generally to have been critics themſelves, and ſuch as take pleaſure in degrading it, are for the moſt part found to have been authors who dreaded its attacks. It is not the only means of aſcertaining an author's excellence, that muſt be tried by the determinations of different ages, and we often find works that criticiſm has condemned, continue to be

the wonder of distant generations; it must still be allowed, however, to have great power, by laying open an author's excellencies or defects, to strengthen our admiration or heighten our disgust.

They who have condemned criticism as the science of finding faults, seem to have had an incompleat idea of the art; to illustrate beauties is as great a part of the critic's task, as to point out blemishes; instead of being a dead weight to genius, it imposes no burden whatever, it only points out the faults and beauties of such as have already wrote, and thence the writer of genius may take the hint, to correct what is wrong, and give vigour to what is right in his imagination. It delineates the fair course to perfection, and marks the rocks and sands which have proved hurtful to former adventurers, that knowing all the helps and all the difficulties of the way, he who wishes to prosecute the same attempt, may be able to take all the advantage of the former, and to avoid the latter, and by this means attain, as nearly as possible, to perfection.

When we have laid aside the prejudices of both parties, criticism puts on an appearance, altogether different from the representations we find made of it; we find it, when practised in a rational manner, to be a pleasing help in the formation of our ideas of eminent authors, and an amiable monitor to the rising mind.

It muſt be allowed however, that nothing can be more dull and inſipid, than general criticiſms on any author, nor is there any advantage to be derived from them: what can be eaſier, than to ſay of any work, that it is good, or that it is bad, or what can be more void of entertainment than ſuch information: of what advantage is it for me to know that Milton's works are excellent, unleſs I know likewiſe in what theſe excellencies conſiſt; or where is the good of informing me that Shakeſpeare's writings are defective, unleſs I am at the ſame time informed of what kind his imperfections are. Theſe general criticiſms, give no characteriſtical marks of their author, they may, with equal propriety, be applied to a very great number; of every eminent author, it may be ſaid, that he is good, and of every writer, it may be aſſerted that he has imperfections: ſuch criticiſms, by belonging to every body, may be ſaid to belong to nobody.

In order to ſhew, in what the beauties of an author conſiſt, and to point out the reaſon of his faults, it is neceſſary to ſelect paſſages from his writings to go over them with the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny, and thence to draw juſt concluſions. Such a procedure is, no doubt, liable to ſome inconveniences, it cauſes a great number of quotations, which may before, be well known to the reader, but very many paſs over a beautiful paſſage, without forming any other idea of it, than

that it pleaſes them, the cauſe of that pleaſure they ſeldom think of examining; hence though one may find the ſame paſſage which he formerly admired, quoted and examined, he cannot aſſert, that the quotation is needleſs, if he find the cauſe of his pleaſure laid open to him. Such criticiſms on the admired paſſages of a writer, open up beauties to our view, which had formerly eſcaped us, one obſervation leads to another, and every new excellence gives charms to the beauties with which we were formerly acquainted.

Theſe are the reaſons why particular criticiſms, are always preferred to ſuch as are general, one ſcene of Shakeſpeare, analyſed in this manner, is worth whole volumes of empty declamations in his praiſe.

Particular criticiſms may be ranged under two claſſes; the firſt, conſiſts of illuſtrations of particular paſſages, of the writings of eminent authors; the ſecond, is when a particular propoſition is illuſtrated by ſimilar paſſages, ſelected from various authors: of theſe, the firſt is of great uſe in giving us true notions of the merits of a writer, the ſecond ſerves well to illuſtrate general maxims or obſervations: the firſt, forms our ideas of particular writings, the ſecond, tends to give us juſt notions of fine writing in general.

Theſe branches of criticiſm, when judiciouſly executed, inſtead of being pedantical or formal, conſtitute an elegant part of literary knowledge, they tend to improve the judgement and to refine taſte: in them too we are leſs ſubject to error, than in general criticiſms; as it is a far more exact way of going to work, to ſcrutinize a ſelect paſſage, than to pronounce concerning a whole piece.

Mr Addiſon, in his criticiſm on Milton, mentions an acquaintance with all the ancient and modern critical writings, as abſolutely neceſſary to one who would excel in this art: ſuch knowledge is indeed neceſſary for one who compoſes a regular eſſay on any author, and gives a deciſive opinion of his production, but no ſuch deep erudition is neceſſary to the peruſal of our own ſelect poets; we can feel all the charms of Thomſon, without having recourſe to the critical writings of Ariſtotle or Quintilian: no doubt, an acquaintance with ancient literature, give a greater extent to our conceptions, and, perhaps, tends to form our judgments; but we have a ſenſe within us which judges of theſe productions, independent of the remarks of any critical writer whatever.

All this muſt be underſtood, however, to extend only to the occaſional critic, who examines the works of our great writers more for pleaſure than information; the perſon who goes far-

ther, who pretends to point out theſe beauties to others, and to illuſtrate them by ſhewing their cauſes, muſt of neceſſity be verſed in all the learning of moderns and ancients; his taſte muſt have every help that literary information can afford it: his deciſion, by becoming public, has greater influence on the general judgment of the people, it ſhould therefore be as correct as poſſible, which can only be the caſe if his judgement and taſte be regular, delicate and refined.

S.

STORY OF NICOLA PESSACOLA.

In the time of Frederic, king of Sicily, there lived a celebrated diver, whoſe name was Nicolas, and who, from his amazing ſkill in ſwimming, and his perſeverance under water, was ſurnamed the fiſh. This man had, from his infancy, been uſed to the ſea; and earned his ſcanty ſubſiſtence by diving for corals and oyſters, which he ſold to the villages on ſhore. His long acquaintance with the ſea, at laſt, brought it to be almoſt his natural element. He frequently was known to ſpend five days in the midſt of the waves, without any other proviſions than the fiſh which he caught there, and ate raw. He often ſwam over from Sicily into Calabria,

a tempeſtuous and dangerous paſſage, carrying letters from the king. He was frequently known to ſwim among the gulphs of the Lipari iſlands, no way apprehenſive of danger.

Some mariners out at ſea, one day obſerved ſomething at ſome diſtance from them, which they regarded as a ſea-monſter, but upon its approach, it was known to be Nicolas, whom they took into their ſhip. When they aſked him whither he was going in ſo ſtormy and rough a ſea, and at ſuch a diſtance from land, he ſhewed them a packet of letters, which he was carrying to one of the towns of Italy, exactly done up in a leather bag, in ſuch a manner as that they could not be wetted by the ſea. He kept them thus company for ſome time on their voyage, converſing and aſking queſtions; and after eating an hearty meal with them, he took his leave, and jumping into the ſea, purſued his voyage alone.

In order to aid theſe powers of enduring in the deep, nature ſeemed to have aſſiſted him in a very extraordinary manner; for the ſpaces between his fingers and toes were webbed, as in a gooſe; and his cheſt became ſo very capacious, that he could take in at one inſpiration, as much breath as would ſerve him for an whole day.

The account of ſo extraordinary a perſon did not fail to reach the king himſelf; who, actuated by the general curioſity, ordered that Ni-

colas ſhould be brought before him. It was no eaſy matter to find Nicolas, who generally ſpent his time in the ſolitudes of the deep; but at laſt, however, after much ſearching he was found, and brought before his majeſty. The curioſity of this monarch had been long excited by the accounts he had heard of the bottom of the gulph of Charybdis; he now, therefore, conceived that it would be a proper opportunity to have more certain information He therefore commanded our poor diver to examine the bottom of this dreadful whirlpool; and, as an incitementt to his obedience, ordered a golden cup to be flung into it. Nicolas was not inſenſible of the danger to which he was expoſed; dangers beſt known only to himſelf; and he therefore preſumed to remonſtrate; but the hopes of the reward, the deſire of pleaſing the king, and the pleaſure of ſhewing his ſkill, at laſt prevailed. He inſtantly jumped into the gulph, and was ſwallowed as inſtantly up in its boſom. He continued for three quarters of an hour below; during which time, the king and his attendants remained upon ſhore, anxious for his fate; but he at laſt appeared, buffeting upon the ſurface, holding the cup in triumph in one hand, and making his way good among the waves with the other. It may be ſuppoſed he was received with applauſe, upon his arrival on ſhore: the cup was made the reward of his adventure; the king or-

dered him to be taken proper care of; and, as he was ſomewhat fatigued and debilitated by his labour, after an hearty mail, he was put to bed, and permitted to refreſh himſelf by ſleeping.

When his ſpirits were thus reſtored, he was again brought, to ſatisfy the curioſity with a narrative of the wonders he had ſeen; and his account was to the following effect. He would never, he ſaid, have obeyed the king's commands, had he been apprized of half the dangers that were before him. There were four things, he ſaid, that rendered the gulph dreadful, not only to men, but even to the fiſhes themſelves: firſt, the force of the water burſting up from the bottom, which require great ſtrength to reſiſt; ſecondly, the abruptneſs of the rocks, that on every ſide threatened deſtruction; thirdly, the force of the whirlpool, daſhing againſt thoſe rocks; and, fourthly, the number and magnitude of the polypous fiſh, ſome of which appeared as large as a man, and which were every where ſticking againſt the rocks, projected their fibrous arms to entangle him. Being aſked how he was able ſo readily to find the cup that had been thrown in, he replied, that it happened to be flung by the waves into the cavity of a rock, againſt which he himſelf was urged in his deſcent. This account, however, did not ſatisfy the king's curioſity: being requeſted to venture once more into the gulph for further

diſcoveries, he at firſt refuſed; but the king, deſirous of having the moſt exact information poſſible of all things to be found in the gulph, repeated his ſollicitations; and, to give them ſtill greater weight, produced a larger cup than the former, and added alſo a purſe of gold. Upon theſe conſiderations, the unfortunate Peſſacola once again plunged into the whirlpool, and was never heard of more.

INSTANCE OF LOVE AND RESOLUTION IN A YOUNG WOMAN.

The laws of France look upon a rape of ſeduction in nearly the ſame light as a rape of violence, and have made the former, as well as the latter, a capital crime when fully proved.

In the year 1594, when Henry the Fourth was king of France, a young gentleman, named Pouſſet, a native of Sees in Normandy, was a ſtudent in law at the Univerſity of Angers. He there beheld Renee Corbeau, the daughter of a citizen of that city. Her character may be given in four words: ſhe was young, modeſt, beautiful, and ſprightly. Theſe ſhining qualities were indeed obſcured by one defect, which philoſophers would not count one, but which the world (thanks to the corruption of the age) eſteems to be the greateſt. In a word, her father was not

rich. The ſight of the lovely Renee inſpired the young Pouſſet with the moſt lively paſſion, the progreſs of which was ſo quick, that he no longer lived but to ſee and converſe with her. He ſoon inſpired her with a mutual flame; and in one of his tranſports he offered her marriage, and even gave her a promiſe in writing. In the like tranſports, upon the faith of that promiſe, ſhe forgot her chaſtity; and love, in one hour, deſtroyed a virtue, the work of many years: he ſeized a treaſure which can never be too carefully kept, and made uſe of the only moment in her life, when the vigilance of diſtruſt (its only guardian) was relaxed.

The fair one ſoon diſcovered fatal effects, which ſhe was obliged to diſcloſe to her mother, who revealed it to the father. After they had made ſeveral reproaches to their unfortunate girl, they agreed that they ſhould feign a journey to their country-houſe, that ſhe ſhould give Pouſſet an appointment, and that when he was come, the parents would come in and ſurprize them.

This project was well executed: the ſurprized lover told them, 'That they need not be alarmed at the ſtep which love had made him take; that he had honourable views; and had not triumphed over her honour to cover her with ſhame, but that he was willing to marry her.' The father, ſomewhat comforted with this declaration, aſked him if he was willing to paſs a contract of

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marriage with her daughter directly. Pouſſet immediately conſented; and a Notary (who was not far off) drew up the contract of marriage, which was directly ſigned by Pouſſet.

The gentleman had no ſooner ſigned, *The authentic Inſtrument of the marriage yoke*, as the poet calls it, than all the beauties of his miſtreſs, which had ſo much charmed him, were now no longer ſtriking, and he quickly repented of his engagement. He ſoon quitted his miſtreſs, and went to Sees, to his father; to whom he unfolded the whole of his amorous adventure. The father, who was in poſſeſſion of a plentiful eſtate, and preferred the gifts of fortune to thoſe of nature, told him he could never approve of a marriage with a girl of ſo ſmall a fortune, and charged him to forget all his promiſes and obligations. Whether it was that the ſon was moved by his father's advice, or whether by his own inclinations, he entered into holy orders, and was ordained ſub-deacon and deacon. Thinking thereby he had formed an invincible obſtacle to his marriage.

Renee Corbeau heard this news with that grief and anger which an honeſt heart muſt feel, when it finds love repaid with ſuch black perfidy. Her father laid an information againſt him at Angers, for a *Rape of Seduction*, and Pouſſet was ordered into cuſtody: he appealed from that order, and the cauſe was brought before

the Parliament of Paris. The proceedings of Pouſſet appeared ſo odious to the eyes of the judges, eſpecially as having taken orders to elude his promiſe of marriage, that they condemned him to be beheaded, or to marry Renee. He declared, that the ſanctity of holy orders rendered that alternative impoſſible; and the court decreed (after that declaration) that he muſt undergo the execution of their ſentence. He was delivered over to the executioner, and the prieſt, who was to aſſiſt him in his laſt moments, came to prepare him for death.

Renee had her heart torn with anguiſh, when ſhe ſaw that the violent love which ſhe had, and ſtill cheriſhed, for Pouſſet, led him to death. No longer able to ſupport the dreadful thought, and guided only by her love, ſhe ran to the court where the judges were yet aſſembled, and covered with grief and ſhame, threw herſelf at their feet, and ſpoke thus:

'Gentlemen, I preſent to your eyes the moſt unfortunate object, that ever appeared in the face of juſtice. In condemning my lover, you have not thought that I was culpable, or have judged at leaſt that my crime might be excuſeable, and yet you condemn me to death by the ſame ſtroke which ſlaughters him. You condemn me to the cruelleſt of all torments; for the ignominy of his death will rebound upon me; and I, as well as he, ſhall die with diſho-

nour. You have deſigned a reparation of my injured honour; yet your remedy will cover me with the opprobrium of the whole world. Thus, though you have thought me more unfortunate than criminal, you have puniſhed me with the moſt grievous of all puniſhments. How then can you reconcile my ſufferings with your juſtice? You cannot be ignorant (ſince you were men before you were judges, and have felt the power of love) what torment a perſon who loves muſt ſuffer, when ſhe can reproach herſelf with being the cauſe of death, and that an ignominious one, to the perſon ſhe loves. Can any ſufferings equal that inſupportable idea? The death which ends it, muſt be eſteemed a favour from Heaven.

'But, Gentlemen, I will undeceive you; I have concealed my crime, thinking to keep that a ſecret, that you might order Mr. Pouſſet to reſtore my honour by marriage. But my remorſe of conſcience now obliges me to declare I was the ſeducer; I loved him firſt, and communicated the flame I felt to that unhappy man, I was myſelf the inſtrument of my diſhonour. Ah, venerable Gentlemen! change your ſentiments; look upon me as the ſeducer, and my lover the ſeduced. Puniſh me, but ſpare him; and if juſtice demands a victim, it is myſelf that ought to be it.

[*To be continued in our next.*]

ANECDOTE.

The Algerines are not at all afraid of a bombardment. Beſides their having nothing to loſe, they can live as well under tents as between four walls. On the other hand, the Dey, greedy after riches, ſees with pleaſure the houſes deſtroyed, for he builds them up on his own account, if the proprietor is not able to be at the expence. The Dey gave the following anſwer on this ſubject to the Engliſh Ambaſſador. The latter having complained, and demanded ſatisfaction for an inſult offered to one of his maſter's ſhips, he terminated his harangue by giving the Dey to underſtand, that the King of England was able to bombard Algiers. The Dey, who heard him thus far with great compoſure, interrupting him, ſaid, "How much will it coſt thy "Maſter to bombard Algiers?" Such a ſum replied the Ambaſſador. "Well, let him only "ſend me the half of it, and I will raze Algiers from the foundation." The Envoy could obtain no other anſwer.

SONG OF THE BARDS, FROM FINGAL.

NIGHT THE FIRST. BY A LADY.

DARK, dull, and hazy is the dreary night;
No moon, nor green-beam'd ſtar emits its light.
I hear the blaſt that whiſtles in the woods,
The valley-ſtreams deſcend in ruſhing floods,

Murmurs the lake, but ſullen is the ſound,
And vapours gleam, and light'nings flaſh around,
On the lone tree, that ſhades the peaceful grave
Of Oſſian's mighty ſon, the wiſe and brave,
The hooting owl ſends forth a doleſnl ſcream,
And the dim ſpectre ſhoots athwart the gleam.
It fades, it flies, ſome funeral goes this way,
The dancing meteor doth its path diſplay;
No bird of melody is heard to ſing,
The heathcock rooſts with head beneath his wing;
The roes within the rocky clifts retreat,
Nor lick the hounds the mighty Fingal's feet.
Their howling yell is at a diſtance heard;
While wet and ſhivering ſtands the tuneful bard.
He waits the riſing moon, his ſteps to guide
To the low hut, beneath the mountain's ſide,
Upon whoſe moſſy brow, the ſtag reclin d,
Starts, bounds, and trembles, at each blaſt of wind;
He feels the ſtorm amidſt his branchy horns,
While the poor traveller ſtrays thro' brakes and thorns,
Dark, trembling, ſad, he wanders thro' the glen,
And fears the gurling rill, or marſhy fen.
No beaſt, no bird unhous'd but howl and fox,
He couch'd aloft in clouds amidſt the rocks,
She on a leafleſs tree, nor heeds the roar
Of foaming billows daſhing on the ſhore,
The boughs are torn, loud groans the aged fir,
Along the graſs is whirl'd the clinging bur——
Hark! a light tread, around pale ſpectres glide,
And o'er the vale the grey miſt hovers wide.
Tir'd wet, and cold, my joints have loſt their power,
Bleak, duſky, gloomy, is the midnight hour,
The dead are all abroad; ah! weary plight!
Receive me, friends, from dark and hideous night.

THE CULLER.

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THE ROVER. N°. XVII.

A garment adorns the body,
Modeſty the countenance.

To the Rover.

SIR,

It may be ranked among the improvements of the preſent age, that ſhame is a ſenſation which we have wholly overcome; this bluſh, is, at laſt, happily baniſhed from every cheek: we have found, from experience, that modeſty is but a troubleſome companion, and that all her votaries make a very aukward appearance. This is in my opinion a very happy circumſtance, and when we reflect on the ſuperior excellence, which impudence maintains with regard to the conduct of life, we ought to congratulate ourſelves on the exchange.

The bad effects of modeſty, are too many to be enumerated. It is a complete ſtep to the attainment of wealth or honour. The modeſt man fooliſhly thinks from the public eye, while

impudence intrudes upon every occaſion; the former doubts of his own abilities, and accordingly they meet with general contempt, the latter imagines himſelf to be excelled by none, and his talents are ſure to be highly eſteemed. In judging in this manner, the world follows a very natural method, every man is beſt acquainted with his own parts, and can but form an idea of their excellence, the generality of people are too indolent to judge for themſelves, they accordingly take every man at his word, and eſteem him in the ſame manner he eſteems himſelf: the obvious conſequence of this is, that the impudent man's abilities are elevated; theſe of the man are degraded: can any perſon then doubt of the ſuperiority of impudence, for raiſing one's fortune; in ſhort a modeſt man who has been ſucceſsful in the world, is a kind of prodigy.

But this is not all, nothing can be more prejudicial to a proper behaviour in company than modeſty, or as it is generally called ruſticity: what an inſipid figure does a company of modeſt men and women make, ſimpering and mincing out the few words they venture to utter, with their eyes caſt down towards their feet, admiring one another's ſhoes, bluſhing every now and then, at the leaſt ſpirited expreſſion, never venturing to look in each others faces; ſuch a company, always puts me in mind of a ſet of waxen images, and the one would be nearly as enter-

taining as the other; but it is greatly to our honour that few ſuch companies exiſt, our young gentlemen and ladies converſe with ſpirit and freedom, and talk together in a manner, which a man of modeſty would, perhaps, think unbecoming, even in huſband and wife; our ladies laugh heartily at a double *entandre;* and what is more, they often make them themſelves: ſuch eaſe in converſation gives a high flow to the ſpirits, and occaſions many bright ſallies of wit; no wonder then, that modeſty is eſteemed as a failing, by thoſe who know the advantages of impudence.

Conſidering theſe numerous advantages of impudence, we need not be amazed, if we find the acquiſition of it, to be the main deſign of a modern education. To harden the forehead againſt the ſenſation of ſhame, to embrazen the face, and render it incapable of the bluſh of modeſty, employ all the induſtry of a modern teacher. At the dancing-ſchool, that great ſource of every gentleman-like accompliſhment, much time is ſpent for this laudable purpoſe: there our young gentlemen and ladies are early initiated into the art of living, there they ſhake off that modeſty, which would otherwiſe be ſo diſagreeable a companion.

If the gentleman or lady, be of a high rank, they have many helps to the acquiſition of impudence, or ſelf-ſufficiency: the former are ſoon taught that they are gentlemen, that conſequent-

ly they are a race ſuperior to ordinary mortals; they are ſoon taught to conſider every other being as infinitely diſtant from themſelves in perfection, and conſequently that any labours in improvement are needleſs: with the latter the caſe is nearly the ſame, as ſoon as they are capable of ſurveying themſelves in a looking-glaſs, they are taught to look upon themſelves as conſummate beauties, their whole ſtrength are employed on their charms, and all their ſtudy is, how to ſet them off to the beſt advantage.

When ſuch is the education of our gentry, modeſty is eaſily overcome, becauſe they never are endowed with it: is that gentleman likely to be modeſt, who looks on himſelf as ſuperior to every other being; or is that lady likely to blink, who imagines herſelf to merit every one's adoration; on the contrary, the gentleman is always employed in ſhewing a ſuperiority, which he owes only to his birth; and the lady's whole care lies in diſplaying charms, which are, in his opinion, irreſiſtible.

The ſucceſs of this mode of education, is very evident in moſt of our men and women of faſhion; the gentleman never doubts that he is maſter of every accompliſhment, whether he has laboured in the acquiſition of it or not, and the lady, imagining that all worth conſiſts in external charms, never gives herſelf any trouble, to obtain ſuch as are internal: hence they are both

ignorant, the only difference between them is this, that the gentleman thinks himſelf knowing, the lady never takes it into her head to give herſelf any thought about it.

Our gentlemen, thus taught to deſpiſe every one, who happens not to be born in high life, very wiſely concludes, that no one of low extraction can poſſibly poſſeſs any parts equal to themſelves; with them, the want of an eſtate, is a convincing reaſon, that a man is a blockhead: in their mode of calculation, a Lord, who has, perhaps, learned to read his mother-tongue, is a man of genius and taſte: while one of a lower rank, muſt be content to remain ignorant, in ſpite of all his endeavours to acquire knowledge.

Our ladies, imagining that the diſplay of their perſons, is the only end of their being, employ all their time in that laudable employment: not being troubled with modeſty, they are very liberal in the diſplay of their charms; hence, in a warm ſummer, they throw away as many cloaths as they can poſſibly want; they conſider them only as ornaments to their bodies; and a fair lady, knowing her boſom to be far more beautiful than any thing that ſhe can employ to carreſs it, wiſely diſplays it without a vail.

The lower ranks having now got a conſiderable length, in the imitation of the faſhionable, in their circumſtances; modeſty and decency

are at a low ebb, and have been forced to give way to impudence and ſelf-ſufficiency.

I leave every man of ſenſe to imagine the conſequence. I am,

Sir, Your's, &c.

Y.

INSTANCE OF LOVE AND RESOLUTION IN A YOUNG WOMAN.

[*Concluded from our laſt.*]

'You judge it to be his crime, that he entered into holy orders, that he might not have the power to fulfil his promiſes; but that was not *his* work, but the action of a barbarous and imperious father, whoſe authority he could not reſiſt. A will ceaſes to be ſo when tyrannized over; thus he has not done this of his free will and choice. His father is the only criminal; and were not he the father of him I love, I ſhould demand the vengeance of the law.

'Beſides, Gentlemen, how have you retracted your firſt ſentence? You have condemned him to death, if he would not marry me. You gave him his choice; how then can you take that choice away, in chuſing for him? I muſt indeed be very odious in your eyes, ſince you decree him to a ſhameful death, rather than to marry me.

'But he has declared his preſent condition would not permit him to marry, and that declaration hath led you to order him to a capital puniſhment. What ſignifies his declaration? He would have ſaid that he would marry me, if he could have done it. Thus, if he could, you could not have condemned him to death, after the choice you had given. Yet who can doubt but he may yet marry me, notwithſtanding his Deacon's orders? Though I was but a very ignorant girl, yet my love hath ſoon made me learned in that point. What ſcience would it not have taught me, if his life had demanded my knowledge! Yes, gentlemen, I know, and you are not ignorant, that we may yet marry with the Pope's diſpenſation. We daily expect the Legate of his Holineſs, with the plenitude of the ſovereign Pontiff's power; I will ſolicit that diſpenſation, and am ſure my love will obtain it. What obſtacle would it not ſurmount, if neceſſary! Thus, gentlemen, let compaſſion for unfortunate lovers obtain a favourable judgement. Vouchſafe at leaſt to ſuſpend the execution of your ſentence, and give us time to obtain that diſpenſation from the Legate. Should you regard my dear Pouſſet as guilty of an enormous crime, what crime hath he not expatiated, ſince the apparatus, and all the horrors of approaching ſhameful death, hath been before his eyes? He hath already ſuffered a thouſand times ſince his ſentence was pronounced.—Ah! why can ye

not enter into my heart, to behold what I now ſuffer! If you could, were ye hardened by the moſt rigid juſtice, you would be moved. I dare hope that pity is not extinct in the hearts of judges, who have once tenderly loved, and thoſe even who have not loved (if there is one amongſt you who has not) have certainly had friendſhip in their breaſts, and know the pangs they muſt have felt for an unhappy ſuffering friend. Some among you, gentlemen, are yet young, and by your youth the more diſpoſed to receive the impreſſions of that paſſion; and the others more aged muſt have experienced all thoſe tender ſentiments. Thus my reſource is in the hearts of you all. You may, gentlemen, reconcile mercy with juſtice And ſhould I have but few voices for me, ought not theſe to carry my point in favour of humanity over the reſt, though more in number? But if you are all inflexible, at leaſt refuſe me not the mercy of dying with him I love, by the ſame ſtroke.'

The unfortunate fair one had a very favourable audience. The judges loſt not a word of her oration, which was pronounced with a firm and clear voice, though with the emotions of a perſon deeply afflicted. Her words found a quick paſſage from the ears to the hearts of her judges. The charms of her perſon, her tears, and her eloquence, were too powerful not to melt and perſuade men of humanity. She was

ordered to withdraw while they gave their opinions; and Mr. Villeray, their firſt preſident, having collected their votes, pronounced a reſpite of the ſentence for ſix months, that applications for a diſpenſation might be made.

Cardinal De Medicis (who was afterwards Pope Leo XI.) came as Legate ſoon after to Paris. But his eminence conceived ſuch indignation againſt Pouſſet for having entered into holy orders purpoſely to avoid the marriage, that whatever application was made to him he conſtantly refuſed the diſpenſation.

Renee Corbeau by this refuſal, was again plunged into deſpair; the more terrible, as before having entertained ſome hopes. However, her zeal was not abated: ſhe threw herſelf at the king's feet, relating her unfortunate caſe, and begging her lover's life. Henry, who had too often felt the power of love, not to be moved by her beauty, and her eloquence, condeſcended to be himſelf her ſolicitor to the Legate. Such an advocate could not be refuſed. The Cardinal, as Pouſſet had not received the higheſt orders of the prieſthood, granted the diſpenſation: the marriage was ſolemnized, and they lived ever after in the moſt perfect union; the huſband ever regarding his wife as his guardian angel, that had ſaved at once both his life and honour.

THE SELF-ADMIRER.

A TALE FROM MODERN LIFE.

That mankind are blind to their own imperfections, is a truth which has been maintained by the concurrent opinions of writers of all denominations, ſacred and prophane; hiſtorians, poets, and dramatiſts, have reiterated the complaint; and what has been allowed to be univerſal, has ceaſed to be thought extraordinary.

Thus, when a grave judge upon the bench, inſtead of turning his whole attention to the caſe of *Iſles* and *Styles*, wanders from the legal track to exhibit the mellifluous flowers of inapplicable oratory; the deviation is attributed to the proper cauſe, and his ſympathetic auditors, inſtead of deploring the fate of the deſerted ſuitor, or being fired with indignation at the perverſion of talents, content themſelves with obſerving, *that his lordſhip is captivated with his own abilities*, and derives more ſatisfaction from hearing himſelf talk, than from cloſely diſcuſſing points of law, or the unimportant determination of queſtions of right.

And ſhould one of his auditors, ſmit with the charms of ſelf-approbation, determine to improve on the declamation of the ſilver-tongued judge, and in an humbler circle retail his ha-

rangue, in mutilated periods, and ſophiſticated language, the attempt would excite no aſtoniſhment, nor any other remark, than *that the gentleman has a good opinion of himſelf*, and fancies he can make a better ſpeech than Judge Plauſible.

Nor when a nobleman of ſixty-five totters through the ſtreets in a cloſe frock and a ſtrait boot, ſtaggers down a dance at Almack's, ſighs love through his age-broken teeth, and ogles with black luſtre eyes, is the phænomenon obſerved with horror; on the contrary, the beaux admire his grace's reſolution, which ſcorns to yield to the invader age, and applaud that ſelf-approving ſpirit, which ſtill introduces him to the aſſemblies of the fair and the gay.

Sir Valentine Vizor was a general lover; his pretences to that character will be beſt underſtood by a ſketch of his hiſtory, perſon, and qualifications.

The earlier part of his life had been ſpent in the uſual occupations of young men of faſhion; he had acquired knowledge enough at ſchool to write badly, ſpell tolerably, and conſtrue Ovid's Epiſtles: at the Univerſity he ſtudied the three firſt problems of Euclid with the uſual ſucceſs; and in his travels he poſſeſſed himſelf of French and Italian enough to ſpeak thoſe languages with tolerable fluency, and laid in a very conſiderable ſtock of embroidered cloaths and catſkin linings;

with theſe acquiſitions, and a French cook, he returned at twenty-three, and ſet up for a man of the world on an eſtate of 3000 l. a year, which he enjoyed from the bounty of his grandfather, independent of his father, at whoſe death he would be entitled to another of double that annual value.

During the life of this parent he belonged to all the faſhionable clubs, kept running horſes, ſported a miſtreſs of the firſt figure, frequented aſſemblies, dreſſed, danced, gave good dinners, and never neglected an opportunity of paying his addreſſes to every young woman of condition who fell in his way, and boaſting his conqueſts and deſertions.

But if his ſucceſſes were not rather founded in his own vanity than in reality, caprice muſt govern the fair ſex with the moſt abſolute dominion; for of all the votaries of Venus, Mr. Vizor ſeems to have enliſted in her train with the moſt unpromiſing appearance.

He was upwards of ſix feet high, but nature had been too laviſh of length to allow a proportionable breadth; he was the thinneſt of the tribe who are diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of meagre; and this flimſy frame was ſupported by legs, which, in the ſtyle of vulgar witticiſm, would have been denominated *ſpindles*. To compleat the ſymmetry, a pair of feet of four-

teen inches by three, ſerved as vehicles for the conveyance of this human ſpectre.

Moſt faces are deſcribed as long or ſhort, thin, or broad; that of Mr. Vizor beggared all deſcription. The forehead was narrow, high, and pointed; at the cheek bones it ſpread to an enormous width, and from thence gradually narrowed to the extremity of the chin, where it bore the exact ſhape of a ſhoeing horn; with this difference, that inſtead of an elevated curve, it turned obliquely, ſo that as he ſtood in a poſture perfectly erect, the termination of it was immediately above his right ſhoulder.

His eye (he had but one, for the other had been unfortunately loſt in the ſmall pox, the virulence of which diſeaſe had alſo made various other treſpaſſes on his viſage) was of that colour, which being grey, with a caſt of green, hath been conceived to bear a reſemblance to this organ of a cat: but the likeneſs held in no other reſpect; for, inſtead of being prominent and vivacious, it was ſunk at leaſt an inch in the orbit, and its perfect want of brilliancy was happily ſupplied by a plentiful effuſion of ſcalding rheum, which preyed upon the ſurrounding lids, and gave the whole, if not a dazzling, yet at leaſt an affecting appearance.

The ſummit of this animated lanthorn was crowned by a few ſtraggling hairs, which the ingenuity of a Pariſian hair-dreſſer tortured into

a toupee, and by the help of a profuſion of powder and pomatum, formed into a covering, which bore all the appearance of a branch of furze in a froſty morning.

Such was Sir Valentine Vizor, when at the age of thirty-ſeven he ſucceeded to that title, and his father's eſtate; and ſuch, with very little variation, did the aſſiſtance of bruſhing, plaiſtering, and bolſtering, continue him, till at the diſſolution of the fourth parliament ſince his father's deceaſe, he gave a ball to his paſt and intended conſtituents at the borough of B——. At the diſtance of twenty-eight years from the laſt-mentioned event, according to the computations of ordinary chronologers; though in the calculations of the baronet himſelf time moved on much ſlower pinions, for at the æra we commemorate, he could not be prevailed upon to admit that his age exceeded forty-two.

To this borough, which is ſituated within a day's journey of the metropolis, had lately retired Mr. Inveſt; who, though deſcended from one of the moſt ancient families in the kingdom, had been bred to commerce, and had traded with unſullied reputation, till the failures of payments for very conſiderable conſignments by ſome of his American correſpondents, had compelled him to retire from a profeſſion, which had left him little more than the faireſt character in the world, and a bare competence for himſelf,

his wife, and a daughter, who had juſt turned her ſeventeenth year.

But however neceſſary and agreeable this retirement might prove to the diſappointed merchant, and the partner of his cares, it was attended with circumſtances of a truly pitiable nature to the blooming and ſuſceptible Caroline; who, with the approbation of her parents, had, in the zenith of her father's proſperity, beſtowed her heart on the worthy and accompliſhed Mr. Maynard, a youth who had been bred to buſineſs in the compting-houſe of Mr. Inveſt, and to whom, with his daughter, this gentleman intended to have given up his extenſive trade, and to have doubled his own private fortune, which was about 15,000 l.

But when the merchant found his own capital reduced to little more than half the ſum which he had intended for the immediate portion of his Caroline, and that no part of that ſlender pittance could be ſpared during the lives of himſelf and his lady, he determined to break off an engagement which he conceived he could not ſuffer to be compleated with honour.

[*To be continued in our next.*]

TO-MORROW.

When life's great field firſt opens wide,
Our courſe begins—all ſorrow!
On time's ſwift wings we blindly ride,
Nor think upon to-morrow.

While on the ſtill contracting way
Gay phantoms ſeem to riſe,
And wanton on the road they play,
Fair flow'rs attract our eyes.

But as we 'pproach theſe objects bright,
And ſtrengthen our deſires,
The phantoms vaniſh from the ſight,
The flowers now are briars.

The hopes of love, we find, when gone,
Their pleaſing forms but borrow;
The joys of love, we ſee, are none,
Yet hope for joy to-morrow.

Ambition's proſpects fix the heart:
We wealth and pow'r purſue:
But wealth and pow'r no joy impart:
Joy only comes in view.

Thoſe well-form'd ſchemes of happineſs,
Which but exiſt in thought,
Though now they ſeem the utmoſt bliſs,
To-morrow brings to nought.

Thus in imagination's maze
We paſs our years away,
'Till time brings on decrepit age,
And quickly ends the play.

THE CULLER.

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THE ROVER. N°. XVIII.

Aſt alii ſubeunt.

VIRG.

Another band appears.

It has been a very common obſervation, that cowardice readily follows the ſteps of courage; that which has terrified every one when ignorant of its nature, has become the ſport of the moſt daſtardly, when explored by the brave.

This may be illuſtrated by a very common example. Let us ſuppoſe that in the dark receſſes of a ruined caſtle, ſome one has diſcovered a narrow paſſage, leading farther down, under the tottering foundation: the irreſolute crowd ſtand gazing at its mouth, but dare venture no farther, their cowardly imaginations are continually figuring to them, the hideous ſpectres which inhabit its gloomy ſides. In the mean time a man of courage comes up, his curioſity prompts him to know what is within, and no

vain fears hinder him from profecuting his deſign, he proceeds forward without heſitation, and having examined the cavern at his leiſure, he returns to relate what he has ſeen, to thoſe who remain without: when they were aſſured that no ſupernatural appearance poſſeſſes the place, and are informed that he was affrighted by no apparition, their fear is quickly gone, they ſtrive who ſhall get in firſt, and every one boaſts, how unconcernedly he entered the paſſage which, a moment before, had appeared ſo dreadful.

It may perhaps appear preſumptuous in the Rover, to apply this to himſelf, but the dictates of truth muſt be obeyed.

This city has long flouriſhed by its extenſive trade, and has been the habitation of men, who ſtand at the head of many of the branches of philoſophy: it is the ſeat of an Univerſity, which for all the branches of learning yields to none in Europe, and its inhabitants have always been remarkable for their enterpriſing ſpirit: but notwithſtanding all theſe advantages, there had never been undertaken a publication in the form of our venerable Claſſics, a neighbouring city had already given birth to two, while the inhabitants of Glaſgow ſeemed to think the deſign impracticable.

At length the Rover appeared, and he is proud to acknowledge that his attempts met with con-

ſiderable encouragement; but mark the conſequence, people no longer dreaded to attempt this arduous taſk, and ſhould every undertaking of this kind be ſucceſsful, I queſtion not but that we ſhall ſoon have abundance of Claſſics, and that we ſhall be as famous through the nation for this, as for many other manufactures. I am happy in being the occaſion of exciting a ſpirit of literary emulation. In my native city, I earneſtly expect from it the moſt ſalutary conſequences, I look forward with tranſport to the future figure this city muſt make in the annals of fame, and to the renown which it muſt acquire, from the number of eminent men, that our laudable emulation will raiſe

But, amidſt all my joy, there is one bad conſequence attends the frequency of theſe attempts, that, I am afraid, may counter-balance all the good, that can flow from them; from the numerous undertakings of this kind, which now begin to make their appearances, I foreſee that we ſhall have authors in too great abundance, every one that pants for fame, and deſires to make a figure among mankind, will have recourſe to this method of raiſing himſelf to eminence, and when we are all authors, where ſhall we find purchaſers?

This will give riſe to another evil, of a tendency of poſſible worſe; ſhould the rage of writing become too general, it will infallibly

entice a number of uſeful hands from employments which are neceſſary to the good of ſociety; every fellow that has learned to write, infected by this deſire of ſcribling, will forſake his former employment, in hopes of becoming a fine writer; the weaver will throw away his ſhuttle, the taylor will abandon his needle; in ſhort tradeſmen of every denomination will diſdain to ſubmit to live unnoticed, they will advance in formidable troops, and take Parnaſſus by ſtorm.

Such, I foreſee, will be the conſequences of this rage of being authors; I would therefore adviſe every one to abide by his old employment, and not forſake it, before he has a proſpect of excelling as an author: to write well, requires more abilities and more labour than is generally imagined, whatever may be aſſerted to the contrary, natural genius is indiſpenſibly neceſſary, nor will even genius ſucceed, without a ſuitable education: I know, a great many conceive that nothing is eaſier, than to become a writer; they fondly imagine that they can equal, if not excel what has been admired for ages, but they ſhould recollect, that others do not view them with partial eyes; when real merit ſcarce attains to fame. What can theſe expect, who attempt to be authors without any of theſe qualifications, which are neceſſary to attain even mediocrity.

I am ſenſible that all this may be retorted upon myſelf, and accordingly I am determined to ſet others a good example, and to abandon my ſcheme of writing, till that time arrive, when I ſhall be in leſs danger of ſo many formidable rivals.

S.

THE SELF-ADMIRER.

A TALE FROM MODERN LIFE.

[*Continued from our laſt.*]

Tho' the lover earneſtly perſiſted in his ſuit, and entreated permiſſion to eſpouſe the lovely Caroline, and to exert his induſtry in the increaſe of that fortune which, though unequal to her deſert, was already abundantly ſufficient to ſupply their wiſhes; yet neither theſe arguments, nor the ſighs of the gentle Caroline, who, though ſhe acquieſced in the will of her father, could not wholly ſuppreſs theſe marks of regret, could prevail on the determined Mr. Inveſt to recede from his fixed reſolution not to encumber a young beginner with expences, which would cramp him in his outſet, and prevent his ſucceſsful progreſs in the line of his profeſſion: ſo that the lovers were compelled to part; not, however, without vows of conſtancy, and en-

gagements to correſpond, notwithſtanding the ſtrict prohibition of the father.

As Mr. Inveſt and his family, even in their retrenched ſituation, made a very conſiderable figure in the borough of B——, they were included by the agent of the baronet in the general invitation to the election-ball; and he had no ſooner entered the aſſembly-room, than he was ſtruck with the figure of the beautiful and elegant Caroline Inveſt.

Having prevailed on one of his conſtituents to introduce him to the ſtrangers, to whom he paid very particular attention, he entreated the honour of the young lady's hand to open the ball; and having exhibited repeated proofs of his agility in a *minuet a la cour*, he had the hardineſs to ſolicit a continuance of her favour in the country-dances; and actually went down fifteen couple three times, in ſpite of the remonſtrances of a ſciatica) which puniſhed theſe efforts of activity with ſevere and reiterated twinges.

On the ſucceeding morning, before the amiable Caroline left her pillow, a billet-doux was delivered to her; and as ſhe was informed that it came from the baronet, who in the courſe of the preceding evening had given her ſeveral hints of his intentions to honour her with his addreſſes, which were by no means received with a due degree of gratitude by his fair partner, ſhe felt herſelf well inclined to have re-

turned it unopened; but being told that it had paſſed through the hands of her father, ſhe conſidered this intimation as an injunction to peruſe its contents; and breaking the ſeal, read as follows:

"Madam,

"That it ſhould be reſerved for you to fix the heart of the wandering Vizor, will not appear ſurprizing to thoſe who, like him, have had opportunities of gazing on your world of beauties. Yes, adorable Caroline! you will have the merit of binding in indoſſuluble chains a *youth*, who finds in your perſon united the charms of all your ſex, and whoſe happineſs depends on your ſmiles. Permit me, then, to enjoy the inexpreſſible happineſs of hope, till you think fit to determine the more rapturous deſtiny of,

"Madam,

"Your moſt devoted admirer,

"VALENTINE VIZOR."

No ſooner had the amorous baronet diſpatched this precious morſel, than he called his valet de chambre to council; and having equipped himſelf in a morning-dreſs of the moſt faſhionable materials and conſtruction, he followed his meſſenger, '*nothing doubting;*' and being arrived at Mr. Inveſt's, demanded an audience

of that gentleman; and, with all the promptitude of self-sufficient superiority, communicated to him the occasion of his visit.

And here, gentle reader, it becomes necessary to inform thee, if thou hast not yet made the discovery, that is, if thou hast not lived ten days or a fortnight with *the world*, that Honour is a relative term, bearing respect in all cases, to time, circumstances, and occasion. For instance; Captain Strut and Captain Standfast dispute on the colour of a Lady's hair in the upper side-box. Captain Strut asserts; Captain Standfast denies---Captain Strut insists; Captain Standfast maintains——Captain Strut resents; Captain Standfast defies——Captain Strut draws in defence of his honour; Captain Standfast declines---Captain Strut blusters and insults; Captain Standfast draws, and advances——Captain Strut retires, and sheaths. The quarrel ends, and the bottle is resumed. Here Honour will be found to bear strict relation to Captain Strut's courage.

Again; the Mayor of T.--- is tempted---- 'Make a return in favour of my friend Lord Froth, and accept this bank-note as a token of his respect.' The Mayor refuses; the Agent presses---the Mayor pleads his honour; the Agent offers two notes---the Mayor hesitates; the Agent offers three notes---the Mayor complies.

In this caſe you find the relation of Honour is to the *quantum* of the proffered bribe.

This rightly underſtood, it will be unneceſſary to explain the motives which influenced Mr. Inveſt, *the beſt kind of man in the world*, whoſe *honour* had interferred to prevent the union of his daughter and Mr. Maynard, to favour the pretences of Sir Valentine Vizor, and to inſiſt that his daughter ſhould receive him as the man deſtined to be her huſband.

But the conſtant Caroline could not ſo eaſily be brought to give up her prepoſſeſſion in favour of the youthful Maynard. Title, wealth, and equipage, had no weight againſt the ſcale which love preponderated; and though ſhe was too well acquainted with her father's diſpoſition to make ſhew of reſiſtance, yet ſhe gave immediate notice to her abſent lover of her critical ſituation, and exhorted him to concert ſome means for her deliverance from the intended ſacrifice.

On the receipt of this letter, Mr. Maynard communicated the contents to his elder brother, and ſolicited his advice and aſſiſtance: and Sir George Maynard having a ſlight knowledge of of Sir Valentine, propoſed, as a firſt effort, to introduce his brother to his acquaintance; and for this purpoſe he took him with him to the next Newmarket meeting; and having announced him to Sir Valentine, as an admirer of

his taſte in dreſs, horſes, and equipage, he ſoon found his way to ſuch an intimacy with him, as left him not a ſtranger to any of his concerns, but thoſe private ones which, relating to the management of his perſonal beauties, were confided only to his faithful valet de chambre.

In the courſe of this intimacy, Mr. Maynard learnt from his new-made friend, that Mr. Inveſt, his lady and daughter, were to be preſent at the laſt day's ſport, in order to be witneſſes of the extraordinary ſkill and activity of the intended bridegroom, in a match which he was to ride againſt the celebrated Lord Cremona; a circumſtance of which Mr. Maynard had alſo been informed by his fair correſpondent.

That ſuch a tottering ſpectre as Sir Valentine Vizor ſhould attempt to ride a match, was ſo extraordinary a piece of preſumption, That Mr. Maynard could not help ſuſpecting ſome myſtery, which he was determined to fathom; and, notwithſtanding the ſecrecy of the baronet and his privy-counſellor, he found means to diſcover that the veteran had a contrivance to faſten himſelf to the ſaddle by the aſſiſtance of a ſtrap, or girth, which, being buckled to one thigh, was brought under the horſe's belly, and ſecured to the other; and that this ſtay was to be applied after he was mounted, by his truſty aſſociate, who was to get acceſs to him,

under pretence of lengthening or ſhortening the ſtirrups.

Poſſeſſed of this intelligence, Mr. Maynard, by dint of bribery and ſtratagem, got the anchor on which the baronet reſted his ſafety into his hands; and finding it compoſed of a ſtrong thong of leather, covered with a quilting, he opened the latter, and having divided the leather in the middle, cloſed the covering, and returned it to thoſe from whom he procured it, with much admiration of ſo excellent a contrivance.

At length the hour arrived, when the amorous Sir Valentine was to exhibit his youthful powers to the miſtreſs of his heart; but, in the morning of that momentuous day, Mr. Maynard had taken leave of his friends at Newmarket, under pretence of a ſudden call to the metropolis, having firſt promiſed his friend to meet him at B——, and to make one at a ſecond public entertainment which the baronet intended for his conſtituents.

Sir Valentine and his competitor now appeared on the courſe, equipped in equeſtrian habits, and rivalling their grooms in this ſpecies of finery; and being both mounted, the former ſaluted his miſtreſs with irreſiſtible grace, and the heroes preſſed forward to ſtruggle for victory and fame.

For the better half of the race, all was well; but as the baronet grew fatigued, he began to

place more confidence in his artificial ſupport; which, like moſt other friends, failed him in the moment of need, and he was brought to the poſt, with his arms clinging round his horſe's neck, about five minutes later than his antagoniſt.

But the loſs of the race was of little importance; the rider, whoſe breath and ſtrength were wholly exhauſted, arrived ſpeechleſs and ſenſeleſs at the gaol; and thoſe whoſe officious care was exerted in diſengaging him from the ſaddle, were witneſſes of the diſgrace attending a public diſplay of the fruitleſs expedient that that had been deviſed to avoid the fate which it appeared to have accelerated. The tale was echoed from every quarter of the courſe; and the unfortunate baronet was obliged to betake himſelf to his chaiſe, and make a ſpeedy retreat to B----, without daring to look his miſtreſs in the face, or to attempt an apology for the miſcarriage of this effort of affected vigour.

On his arrival at B----, he found his friend Mr. Maynard; and, in the agonies of deſpair, recounted every part of the adventure, but that which fell within this gentleman's own knowledge: and having conferred with him on the ſubject of a viſit to his adored Caroline, it was determined that it ſhould take place as if nothing had happened; and that he ſhould again

claim her hand at the ball which was to be given on the following evening.

But Mr. Maynard hinted to him, that it was not impoſſible but his affection for Miſs Inveſt might receive a rude ſhock at the enſuing entertainment; where, he was informed, a lady would appear, whoſe beauties would eclipſe thoſe of the whole aſſembly, not excepting even the diſtinguiſhed Caroline.

This intelligence operated like lightening on the vain and fickle baronet; he already repented his raſh engagement to Mr. Inveſt, with whom he had actually adjuſted terms of ſettlement; and curſed his eagerneſs, which had involved him in a difficulty that might not be eaſily obviated.

But if ſuch were the ſuggeſtions of his mind before he had ſeen this newly-riſen ſtar, he was inflamed to actual madneſs at her appearance in the ball-room; and having, with obvious embarraſſment, danced a minuet with Caroline, he aſked her permiſſion to offer his hand, for the country-dances, to the fair ſtranger, as a piece of civility which was due from him as the maſter of the ceremonies; a diſpenſation which was readily granted by the gentle Caroline, who began to entertain ſuſpicions of the actual ſtate of her partner's mind, and to draw from it inferences favourable to her paſſion for Mr. Maynard.

No ſooner was the entertainment finiſhed, than Sir Valentine retired to his aſſociate; who, on pretence of indiſpoſition, had declined appearing at the ball: and being furniſhed by him with an account, gathered in his abſence, of the name and condition of this new object of his regards, who was repreſented to him as the only daughter of a gentleman of reſpectable family, and immenſe fortune, who had eloped from her father to avoid a diſagreeable match; he lamented, in the bittereſt terms, his pre-engagement, and earneſtly intreated his friend to deviſe ſome means of enabling him to avoid that entanglement, and to profit by the oppreſſion which, he was well aſſured, the lady had received in his favour; who, he aſſerted, had accepted very graciouſly ſome tender advances, and had by no means given a negative to his whiſpered ſolicitations for permiſſion to wait on her the next day.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

NIGHT.

Softly ſtealing from the weſt,
Over cottage, hill and plain,
Night in ſable garments dreſt,
Now begins her awful reign.

From the gloomy deſart vale,
Riſing o'er the mountain's brow,
Miſty vapours thick exhale,
Bred in dewy damps below.

Not a gleam of luſtre peeps
Thro' the foreſt's dreary ſhade,
To direct the traveller's ſteps,
Save the glow-worm's glimm'ring aid;

But like tapers, ſeen from far,
O'er the moor or marſhy fen,
Dancing meteors oft appear,
And miſlead th' unwary ſwain;

Till the moon with aſpect bright,
Pleas'd her empire to reſume,
Lends her kind enliv'ning light,
To diſpel the ſullen gloom.

See! ſhe ſpreads her lucid beams,
O'er yon ivy-twiſted tower
Where the blink-ey'd howlet ſcreams
Nightly, from her ſecret bower.

When a mild reſplendent ray
Silvers o'er that aged thorn,
Philomel with plaintive lay,
Warbles till th' approach of morn

Whilſt the downy god of ſleep
O'er each hamlet ſpreads his wings,
Where he reigns in ſilence deep,
Till the early mattin rings.

As in ſilken fetters bound
Swains oppreſs'd with toil are laid,
Fancy flutters all around,
In her airy veſtments clad.

Colin in his humble lot,
Happier than a monarch ſeems,
Stretch'd beneath his ſtraw-thatch'd cot,
Whilſt of Chloe's charms he dreams.

Now the thin aerial ſpright
In the church-yard haunt is ſeen,
At the ſolemn noon of night,
Gliding o'er the duſky green.

THE CULLER.

Vol. I. Wednesday 23d Dec. 1795. No. XX.

THE ROVER. N°. XIX.

To be or not to be? that is the queſtion.

SHAKS.

The revolutions and viciſſitudes of human affairs, have furniſhed fables to the poet, and declamation to the moraliſt, from the earlieſt ages: and the uncertainty of our ſtate in this world, has become proverbial in every known language. While we are thus uncertain as to what is to be the general ſtate of our affairs, there is one thing of which we may reſt aſſured, an end muſt come to all our pains, and to all our pleaſures: of this we may be certain, though no one can tell when that end is to come, or how it is to be brought about. From this the wretched may take hope, and the diſſipated may be brought to conſideration; time will blunt the ſharpeſt grief, and bring the moſt exquiſite pleaſures to a termination.

When every thing is thus ſubject to change, and liable to unforeſeen accidents, need we be

amazed that time has brought the weekly labours of The Rover to a concluſion. Many are the revolutions which this little performance has undergone; the gentlemen who firſt undertook it were fully reſolved that it ſhould be carried to a conſiderable length, but they had ſcarce finiſhed the firſt volume, when they learned the weakneſs of human determinations, in being obliged to give it up. The writer who ſucceeded, was likewiſe reſolved to make the work of a reſpectable length, but time has likewiſe informed him, that he muſt deſiſt at the end of the firſt volume.

I have, in my laſt paper, given my chief reaſon for deſiſting from this publication; it is a ſacrifice to the good of the city, and it muſt ſurely raiſe my reputation for my public ſpirit. Some may indeed inſinuate, that I have given up writing, becauſe my ſubſcribers have given up reading, but I aſſure them they are miſtaken; the Rover has always received ample encouragement, more perhaps than he merits, for which he returns the public his grateful thanks.

Others, I know, will be imagining, that I have withdrawn becauſe I was conſcious of being unfit to ſtand againſt my new rivals; I will confeſs that there is nobody more diffident of their abilities than I am, and that nobody would be more unwilling to hurt the reputation of others; I ſhall therefore forbear making compariſons; it would be mean to raiſe an unfavour-

able idea, of a new adventurer, I diſdain the action; the public will paſs an impartial judgment on my endeavours, if my ſucceſſors' merit ſhall appear to be greater than mine, let them enjoy their fame, I may aſpire to imitate, but ſhall never envy them: all I aſk is, that a fair compariſon be made, and that no *engraving* be taken into the queſtion.

Beſides the reaſon aſſigned in my laſt, there are ſome other motives, which have had their influence in putting an end to my lucubrations (if I may uſe the expreſſion), theſe motives, however, are not, perhaps, proper for the public ear, I muſt therefore be excuſed for not publiſhing them; and they who have nothing elſe ado, may employ ſome time in making conjectures, and though they ſhould be wrong, they may aſſure themſelves that they will not be detected.

It remains only to diſtinguiſh the papers belonging to the different authors. All the papers with F. or O. for ſignature, are written by the two gentlemen who began the publication. The paper having for ſignature P. Q. and all the papers marked with any of the letters A. S. E. Y. are written by one perſon, who took up the publication, when the former authors left it off. All the myſteries contained under theſe letters, would have been explained, had the work gone on, but as it is, the public muſt here too make

as many conjectures as they pleaſe, they ſhall never be contradicted.

Many will, no doubt, be very anxious to know the names of the gentlemen concerned in this volume; I ſhall give them all the information in my power, the two authors of the former part of it, are ——, deſirous that nobody ſhould know them; and the writer of the other papers, is ——, in the ſame predicament: In ſhort, none of them are yet known for authors, and are not willing that their names ſhould appear in an unfiniſhed piece. When any one, then, has occaſion to mention the writers of this ſmall volume, they will be ſo good as to uſe the fictitious name, THE ROVER.

A.

THE SELF-ADMIRER.

A TALE FROM MODERN LIFE.

[*Concluded from our laſt.*]

The greater part of the night was ſpent in contriving and over-ruling a variety of plans, ſome ſuggeſted by the baronet, and others by his friend. One of the latter was, however, at length adopted; and it was agreed that Mr. Maynard, diſguiſed in Sir Valentine's livery, ſhould be diſpatched in the morning with a letter to Miſs Inveſt, intreating that lady to elope

with him the ſucceeding evening, as the only way in which his happineſs could be inſured, for reaſons which he would in due time communicate to her. In the mean time, the baronet himſelf undertook to make the ſame propoſition to his new flame; and both ladies being thus fairly embarked in a love adventure, Mr. Maynard was of opinion he ſhould find no difficult taſk in perſuading Miſs Inveſt to accept his hand, inſtead of returning with a ſullied reputation: and he kindly offered to give his friend this proof of his regard; who, with proper gratitude, preſſed on him a bond for 10,000 l. payable on the day of his marriage with Miſs Caroline Inveſt.

It will be eaſily conceived, that Mr. Maynard found no great difficulty in prevailing on his Caroline to favour a plan calculated for the accompliſhment of their mutual wiſhes. Nor was the baronet leſs ſucceſsful in his ſuit: yielding to the irreſiſtible force of his perſonal qualifications, and the powers of his oratory, the lady of his heart ſighed her conſent; and preparations were made for their departure to a neighbouring kingdom, in two poſt-chaiſes and four; one of which was to be occupied by Sir Valentine and his prize, whilſt the other was filled by Mr. Maynard and his amiable Caroline; for, to enhance the obligation, the laſt-named gentleman had repreſented to the baronet his having in-

duced Miſs Inveſt to commit herſelf to his care, and meet her intended huſband on the ſpot where their union could be compleated. And as it was abſolutely neceſſary that the parties ſhould not encounter on the road, matters were ſo arranged, that Mr. Maynard and his partner were to ſet off ſome hours before the baronet and his treaſure.

After a proſperous journey, the former couple arrived in ſafety at Gretna-Green; where Mr. Maynard thought it prudent to bring matters to a concluſion with all poſſible ſpeed, leſt any explanation might have taken place between the pair who were to follow, which might have occaſioned difficulty or delay: and as very little ceremony is neceſſary for the celebration of a marriage in this part of the united kingdoms, Mr. Maynard had exchanged vows with his charming Caroline ſome hours before the arrival of Sir Valentine and his intended bride.

As ſoon as this couple reached Gretna-Green, the impatient baronet diſpatched a meſſenger for the occaſional miniſter, the exerciſe of whoſe function was to ſecure him the legal poſſeſſion of his Lucretia and her fortune: but before this gentleman could be found, Mr. Maynard demanded an audience; and an eclairciſſement enſued, which rendered his preſence wholly unneceſſary.

Sir Valentine was now informed by Mr. May-

nard, that the lady, whose hand he was about to take, had no other fortune than those charms of which he had experienced the power, nor any other pretences to character, than most of those damsels whose unfortunate situation exposes them to the temporary addresses of the rake and the libertine: that the whole was a contrivance of his, to obtain possession of his lovely Caroline; and that having attained the object of his wishes, he was ready to return his bond, on the easy condition of paying 500 l. to his travelling companion, who might, with this sum, be enabled to pursue her virtuous inclination, and abandon the paths of vice, which she had long wished to forsake.

It is impossible to describe the mortification of the confounded baronet, at a recital so subversive to the ruling principle of his life: to be duped by a stripling, and despised by a portionless girl, were injuries which bore hard on his self-approbation, and occasioned, for a few moments, the most violent paroxysm of rage.

But his passion soon subsided; vanity again mounted her throne; he paid down the 500 l. and retired to fresh conquests, and new adventures: whilst Mr. Maynard, and the partner of his heart, returned to those enjoyments which mediocrity will never fail to afford to those whose souls being atuned to love and harmony, extend their grateful arms to receive the greatest of all earthly blessings, content.

HUMOROUS INSTANCE OF PRESENCE OF MIND.

An officer, a native of Ireland, happening, in the war before the laſt, to ſerve under general Wolfe, had the honour one day to receive an invitation from him to ſupper. Meeting in the interim by accident with one of his brother officers, who ſtrongly urged him to go and make one of a party at cards with ſome other gentlemen of the ſame corps, he excuſed himſelf, and added with a *degage* though ſelf-important air of familiarity, 'I am to ſup to-night with Wolfe!' ---The laſt word was hardly uttered, when up came the general. 'If not for reſpect to myſelf, ſir,' ſaid he to the aſtoniſhed Hibernian, 'yet from reſpect, at leaſt, to the rank I hold, for the future ſay, *general* Wolfe.' 'Your pardon, ſir,' replied the other, with a countenance ſeemingly unembarraſſed: 'we never ſay *general* Cæſar, *general* Hannibal: therefore I thought it altogether ſuperfluous to ſay *general* Wolfe.'

A SUMMER NIGHT, FROM TEN TO FIVE IN THE MORNING.

BY A LADY.

How mild and pleaſing is the ſummer's night,
No ſpectres roam, nor meteors flaſh their light;
Calm and ſerene, the zephyrs gently move
Along the turfy lawn and leafy grove;
The village lights are out, no ſturdy clown
Mows the rank graſs, or dances on the down.
Stretch'd in a ſoft repoſe, the lord and ſwain
Nights the fierce battle, tills the fruitful plain;

In theſe ſtill hours kind nature laviſh pours;
Her genial dews imbibe the budding flowers;
How fragrant is their ſcent? Each hill and dale
The lofty foreſt, and the lowly vale,
All, all around one bloſſom'd ſcene appear,
The gladſome promiſe of a plenteous year;
On the green herbage lie the wooly dams,
And faſt beſide them reſt the bleating lambs;
The brawny bull forgets his love-ſick roar,
No tawny boatman labours at the oar;
Soft glides the riv'let thro' the daiſy'd mead,
The glow-worm ſhines beneath the ſprouting weed.
Hoarſe croak the frogs from out the deep-ſunk well,
The bee ſips honey, in her waxen cell;
While the fleet ſtag, ſwift o'er the riſing ground,
Seeks the cloſe thicket, ſafe from man and hound.
See the bright bear, and all the ſtarry train,
With full-orb'd moon are drawing to the main;
In light refulgent as they ſlowly paſs,
Picture each hedge and ſhrub, and blade of graſs.
Now opening morn is kindled on the hills,
It burſts in floods upon the diſtant fields:
Wak'd by its beams, the neſtling larks ariſe,
Expand their wings, and ſoar to th' azure ſkies,
Sweetly melodious, while the thruſh and jay
Join the glad concert, hail the new-born day.
Phebe is up, quick croſs the glade ſhe flies,
With cleanly pail, red cheek, and ſloe-black eyes;
Young Roger, whiſtling, drives his team this way;
Hark! hear the bells; how ſweetly ſmells the hay:
But ſultry hours approach, my friend retreat
To yonder copſe, where, on a moſſy ſeat,
Social, we'll ſit 'till evening breezes riſe,
Curls the ſmooth pond, and cools the heated ſkies.

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